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FROM THE DIRECTOR OF IRON WANG



COWBOYS & ALIEN SLUTS

SUMMER 2011

HUSTLER Parody. This is not a real ad. It is a parody of the movie *Cowboys & Aliens*. Although we have given a sexy twist to the flick, it is unlikely that there are any extraterrestrial-provided blowjobs in the human race's future. The aliens are coming—that's a given—but only to harvest our organs for food. Or possibly to give Charlie Sheen a ride back to his home planet, where the atmosphere is 95% cocaine and 5% whore.



"Finally! It's here! My Charlie Sheen home rehab kit!"



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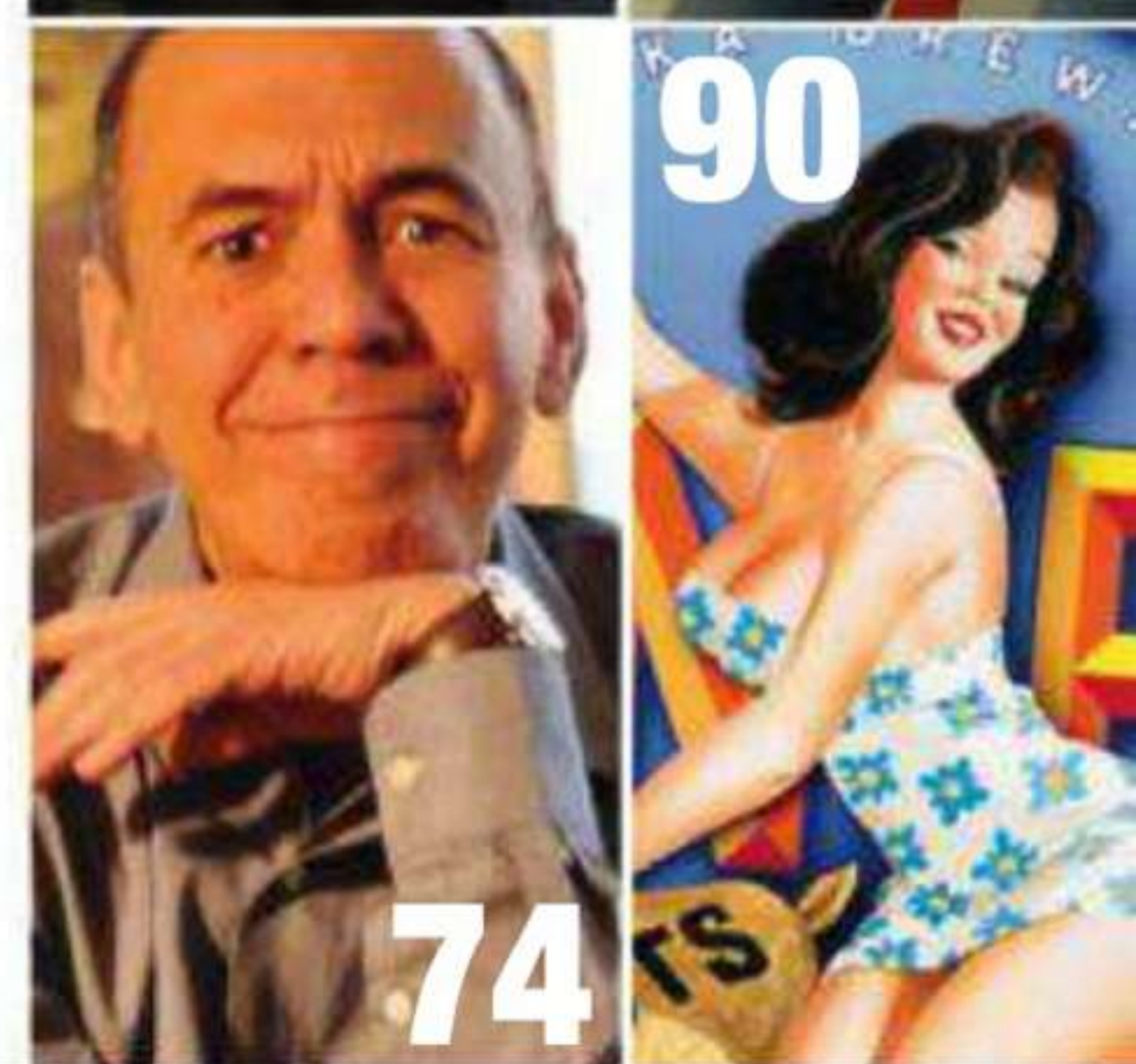
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A handful of short-and-sweet newbies!



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OBAMA: NO, YOU CAN'T!

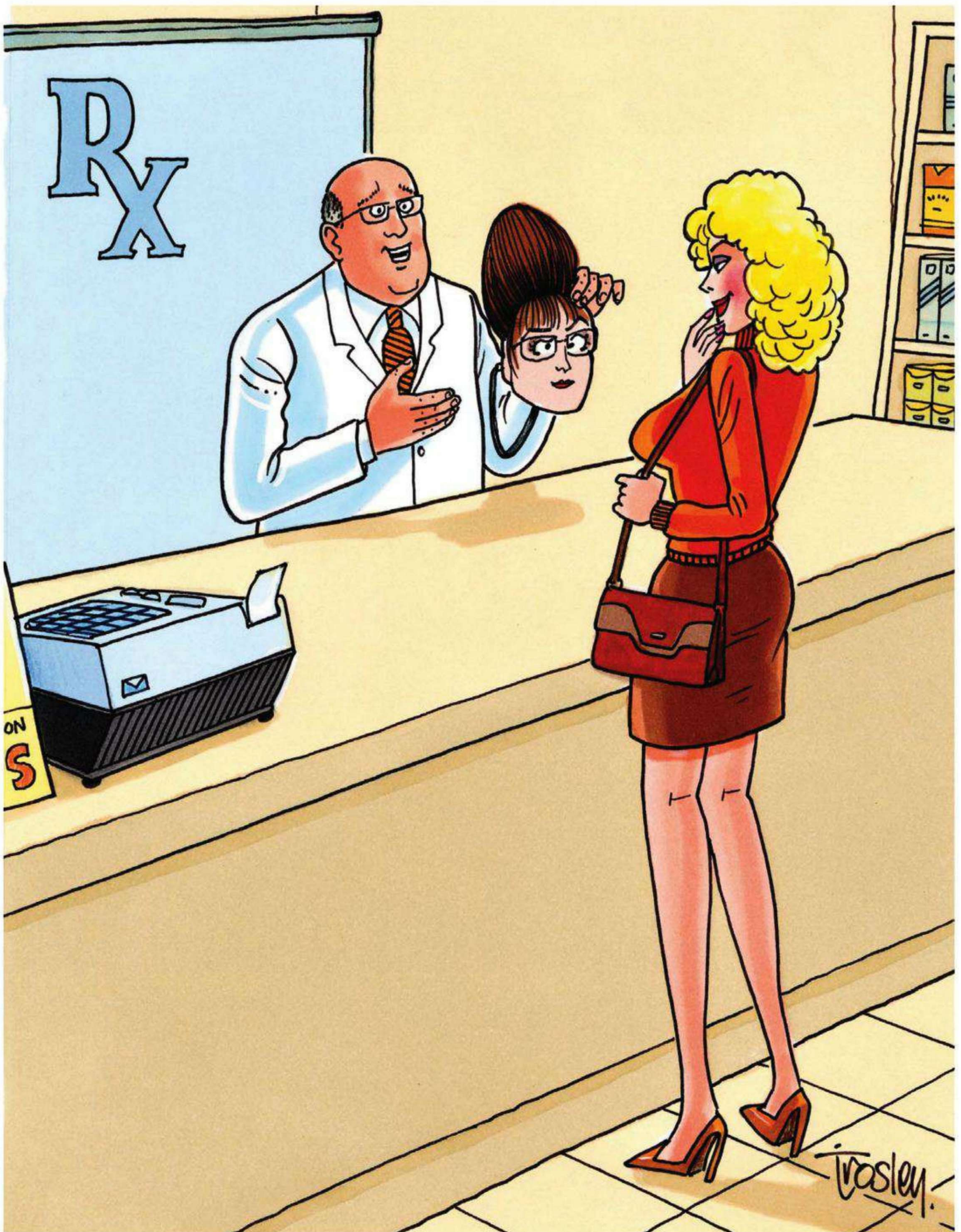
Mr. President: I'm sure you realize that for the 2012 Presidential campaign you cannot use the same threadbare rhetoric which helped get you elected in 2008. "Yes, We Can" and "The Audacity of Hope" have lost the power they once held. Young voters, black voters, progressive voters and swing voters are no longer seduced by them. You need something new. So here are a few suggestions:

"This Time I Mean It" speaks directly to voter concerns about your willingness to fight for the people. "The Other Guy Is Worse Than Me" will no doubt also have a ring of truth to it. Then there's "Don't Blame Me—I Voted for McCain." Those foregoing slogans

probably need some fine-tuning, but here's one I think is perfect for you: "The Audacity of Compromise."

Well, I'm sure you'll come up with something. You have to. As it stands, you can no longer count on any of the groups that supported your Presidential bid last time around.

Larry Flynt
Publisher



"We're temporarily out of birth control pills. Try wearing this Sarah Palin mask."

KENNEDY CAPERS: In my recently published book *One Nation Under Sex*, I reveal the secret escapades of various U.S. Presidents. After writing it, I've concluded that voters should not rule out a political candidate solely on his or her sexual behavior. If having an extramarital affair—which reportedly applies to half of all married men—were to disqualify someone from holding public office, this country would lose a lot of talent. But there may be instances when voters should think twice about accepting a politician's sexual behavior, particularly if it's reckless.

My book discusses President John F. Kennedy's relationship with Ellen Rometsch, an East German native with whom JFK fraternized on numerous occasions in the White House. In July 1963, FBI agents questioned Rometsch about her past, concluding she could well be a Soviet spy. When Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy learned of the FBI probe, he had his brother's lover deported. The Kennedy White House subsequently pressured the Senate Rules Committee not to investigate the Rometsch affair. Weeks later, JFK was assassinated.

Politics, in general, attracts men with high levels of testosterone and adventurous, competitive, risky personalities. The Kennedys epitomized such qualities. Recently released FBI documents reveal that a young Ted Kennedy arranged to rent a brothel for a night while visiting Chile in 1961, just before being elected to the U.S. Senate.

A friend of mine told me that in the mid-1980s he once accompanied Kennedy to a Paris bordello, where he waited hours for the senator to finish his liaison. Eventually, my friend gave up and returned to his hotel. Later, Ted Kennedy told him about stumbling from the cathouse with no money in his pocket and no idea where he was. Miraculously, a taxi driver recognized Kennedy, who'd managed not to lose his room key, and happily returned him to his hotel free of charge.

Sex is a poor basis to judge a candidate's ability to serve the public. But the public has a right to know if his or her private life might

endanger the country's security or their own.

MILLIONAIRE ACRES: Congress is populated by numerous politicians whose personal financial assets far exceed those of the citizens they represent. Worth \$1 million or more are 60% of the Senate freshman class of 2010 and 40% of new House members.

NUCLEAR POWER TOURS: The disaster in Japan hasn't caused the U.S. nuclear power industry to flinch. Days after that country's devastating earthquake and resultant tsunami, Exelon—a Chicago-based energy corporation that operates 17 of America's 104 nuclear reactors—invited every member of Congress to tour one of its nuclear power plants as a PR stunt. This was not well received by Senator Dianne Feinstein (D-California). She is concerned that two nuclear plants in her state—Diablo Canyon and San Onofre—were built to with-

work? Among the 33 staffers reprimanded in 2010 for such behavior were several who held senior positions and earned more than \$200,000 annually. A federal judge recently denied a request to release the names of the disciplined employees.

DODD AT HOME IN HOLLYWOOD: In 2008 then-U.S. Senator Christopher J. Dodd (D-Connecticut) was investigated by a Senate ethics panel regarding allegations that he'd received improper discounts for mortgages he was awarded by Countrywide Financial Corporation. Now the ex-lawmaker has hit the jackpot by being named the new head of the Motion Picture Association of America, the lobbying arm of Hollywood's movie and TV studios. Dodd will be paid more than \$2 million a year but must wait until January 2013 to lobby former colleagues on legislation.

MONICA MOANS:

Fifteen years after America's most famous intern got down on her knees for Bill Clinton, Monica Lewinsky continues to tell friends that she hasn't married because no one could ever make her shine like the former President.

BOMBS AWAY: The

National Nuclear Security Administration plans to spend about \$88 billion over the next ten years to sustain America's nuclear arsenal and to modernize its infrastructure. But no one on Capitol Hill can identify which targets around the world require nuclear strikes or pinpoint the minimum number of warheads needed to meet U.S. obligations to other countries.

GHOSTS OF GINGRICH'S PAST: A

University of Pennsylvania student asked Newt Gingrich, a 2012 Republican Presidential aspirant, if the former Speaker of the House was worried about having been wed three times and admitting to an extra-marital affair during his second marriage with the woman who is now his wife. Gingrich's response: "If the primary concern of the American people is my past, my candidacy would be irrelevant. If the primary concern...is the future, that's a debate I'll be happy to have."



Politics, in general, attracts men with high levels of testosterone and adventurous, competitive, risky personalities. The Kennedys epitomized such qualities.

stand earthquakes only up to magnitude 7. (The March 11 quake that struck northern Japan measured 9 on the Richter scale.) Seismologists believe there is an 82% probability that California will experience a magnitude-7 quake within the next 30 years.

MEN'S ROOM AFICIONADO RETURNS:

Former U.S. Senator Larry Craig knows no shame. The Idaho Republican, who was arrested for lewd conduct in a lavatory at a Minneapolis airport in 2007, is returning to Capitol Hill as a lobbyist. Craig won't be hawking rolls of toilet paper. He's spending two weeks a month working for New West Strategies, a consulting firm he cofounded.

WHERE ARE THE FINANCIAL REGULATORS? The U.S. Securities and Exchange Commission suffered a PR barrage two years ago for having failed to notice Bernard L. Madoff's multibillion-dollar Ponzi scheme. Were SEC watchdogs spending too much time watching porn at



PASS THE MIC

You know you want to be like the multi-platinum rapper/producer/actor behind the best-selling iPhone music app of 2010. T-Pain is the man. Well, now you can autotune your voice with the **I Am T-Pain Mic**. This handheld plaything, which employs the same technology as the aforementioned app, even lets you distort your voice, turning it into T-Pain's trademark growl. Note: Although the **I Am T-Pain Mic** will help you get funky, it will *not* help you get bitches. Sorry, yo!

Available in toy stores this fall. Suggested retail price: \$39.99.

THE REALLY BIG PICTURE

How many inches are enough? We're talking about televisions here, you pervert! Electronics giant Mitsubishi has taken TVs and blown them up in a big way—really, really big, as in 92 inches. And we're not just



talking any old TV here: It's the **3D Home Cinema TV**. The color and picture are breathtaking, and the 3D is totally immersive. Now if only we had the space for it in our cramped apartment. Well, that and money to buy one. On that note, Mitsubishi also has smaller models available (60-, 65-, 73- and 82-inches). If size doesn't matter to you, FYI, it matters to your girl. She told us.

Available at Mitsubishi-tv.com. Suggested retail price: still pending, but around \$5,000.



LET IT FLOW

Isn't it time the way you listen to the radio evolved? With PURE's new **EVOKE Flow** portable digital Internet radio, it can. The sleek, lightweight unit features Wi-Fi, enabling you to access thousands of Internet podcasts and radio shows anywhere and anytime. It also has an organic LED display, built-in

alarm clock, timer, ten presets and a 3.5 mm input so you can use the gizmo as a speaker for your iPod or iPhone. With an **EVOKE**, which is powered by the patented PURE Lounge media portal, you'll never have to struggle to find all your favorite radio content. It's available in three styles: high gloss, piano black and wood casework. Get rockin'. Get an **EVOKE Flow**.

Available at PureServiceCenter.co.uk. Suggested retail price: \$245.



NICE PAD

Let's be honest: We hate those fucks at Apple. They think they have a monopoly on all the electronic things we can't live without. Well, they do, but we're not going to stand for it. That's why we like Creative Labs. This company strives to make *competitive* gadgets. Its latest, the **ZiiO Entertainment Tablet**, is a wireless digital wonder that you can use to access the Internet, watch movies, download music, play games, use apps and more.

Just like that *other* pad, only cooler-looking, more portable and less expensive.

Plus, it features built-in Wi-Fi, a crystal-clear HD touch screen and top-notch audio quality through Pure Android Audio. The best part is we have one to give away to a lucky HUSTLER reader! See below.

Available at US.Creative.com. Suggested retail price: \$269.99 (7-inch, 16 GB); \$299.99 (10-inch, 8 GB); \$319.99 (10-inch, 16 GB).

PUT A TABLET ON YOUR TABLE!

For your chance to win a cool ZiiO Entertainment Tablet, just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to: ZiiO Entertainment Tablet Giveaway, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211 or e-mail info to HUSTLER@LFP.com.

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Bits & Pieces ☐ Music Section ☐ Celebrity Section ☐

Other _____

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BY KEITH VALCOURT

GAME ON



BRINGING YA TO THE...

Brink

Bethesda Software
PS3, PC, Xbox 360

Every first-person shooter out there brags about its fully customizable fighters. Trumping all that, **Brink** provides an endless combination of faces, attire, weapons and armor. You'll never see anyone else who looks like your one-of-a-kind combatant. The gameplay is a perfect mix of co-op and online multiplayer action. Join in as either a security fighter or resistance rebel. And you also have the ability to switch sides at any point in the battle. **Brink** is sure to bring you to the...

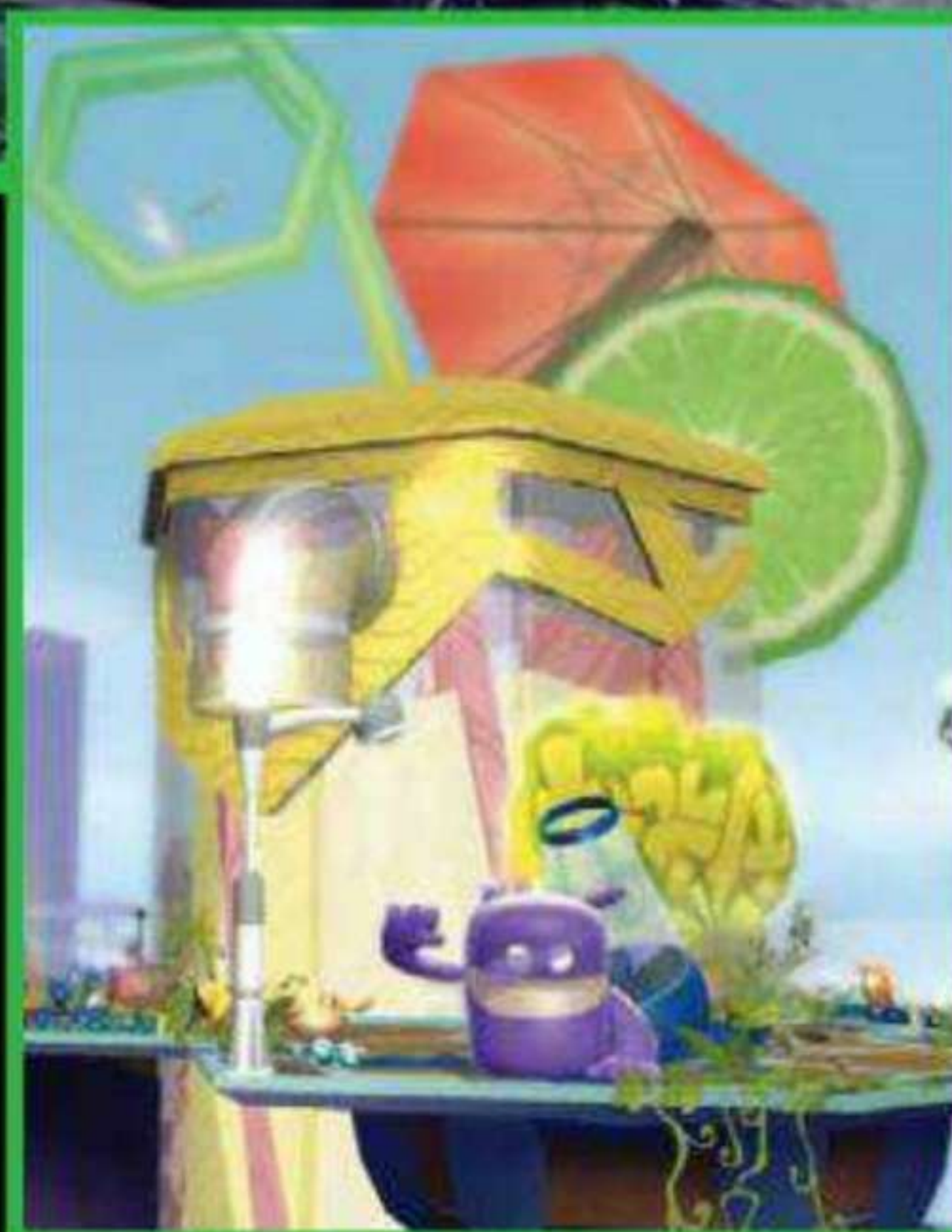


SCARED STIFF

F.E.A.R. 3

WB Games
PS3, PC, Xbox 360

This heart-pounding paranormal thriller game is not for the faint of heart. We understand if you can't take it. **F.E.A.R. 3** takes you deep inside the dark and tortured world of homicidal maniacs with an unquenchable lust for blood and gore. This first-person shooter offers a brutal combination of intense combat and cinematic horror. My God, did you see the guys on meat hooks?! How the hell are we going to destroy that zombie who's got telekinetic powers? Oh, that's right, you're too frightened to play. Pussy!

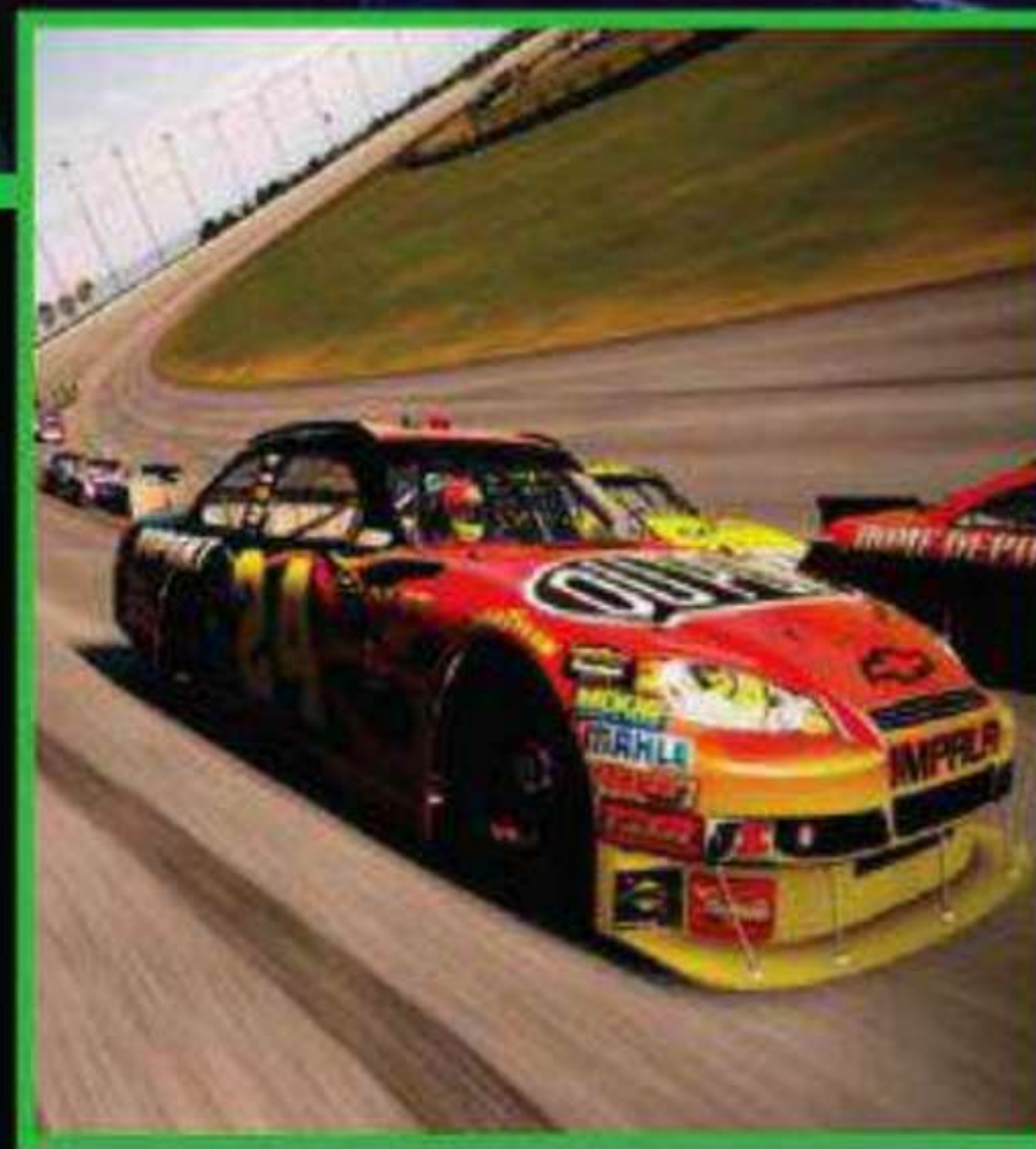


DIS GAME IS DE BEST

de Blob 2

SyFy Kids
PS3, Xbox 360, Wii, DS, 3DS

The first *de Blob* game was a clever blend of fun, old-school gaming and frantic, modern energy. The sequel takes that up a notch. Once again you're the bouncing and squishy hero rolling around in the most colorful metropolis you've ever seen in a game. Well, Prisma City was colorful, but some evil force has drained all of its hues. Now you and your minions (known as the Color Underground) have to repaint the city. Wacky, zany, 3D fun awaits you in **de Blob 2**.



GENTLEMEN, START YOUR ENGINES

NASCAR 2011: The Game

Activision
PS3, Wii, Xbox 360

Everyone wants to be a NASCAR driver. What you wouldn't give to strap yourself in behind the wheel of a high-performance stock car. Well, now you can—sort of—with **NASCAR 2011: The Game**. This gear-shifting, adrenaline-soaked challenge delivers the most spectacular simulated racing experience to date. The cars are fast (over 200 mph), the tracks are incredibly realistic, and the action is intense. Race against the computer or take your car online to go pedal to the metal with other drivers. 🏁



"High blood pressure is the leading cause of heart attacks in men over 50. That and seeing your daughter in *Beaver Hunt*."

PLEASE CUT THE CRAP

THE BANKERS AND OTHER WHEELER-DEALERS WHO IMPOVERISHED THE NATION CONTINUE TO ENRICH THEMSELVES.

Republicans are the party of the super-rich, pure and simple, and all that Tea Party garbage about small government is nothing but a big-lie propaganda ploy by an extremely radicalized fringe of the GOP that betrays its moderate heritage.

This is coming from a journalist who still thinks Dwight D. Eisenhower was the best modern day American President after Franklin Delano Roosevelt and who got along just fine with Ronald Reagan and Richard Nixon when he profiled them. Nixon even wrote me a letter expressing thanks for my "objective" reporting on his domestic policy, which included a call for a guaranteed minimum income for all

obscene amounts is good for the rest of us.

Even former Fed Chairman Alan Greenspan, who supported the Bush tax cuts, has come to his senses by arguing against their extension in the midst of the global economic crisis: During an appearance on NBC's *Meet the Press* he stated, "This crisis is so imminent and so difficult that I think we have to allow the so-called Bush tax cuts all to expire." With regard to how much the U.S. government could save from letting income taxes go back up to levels last seen under President Bill Clinton—an estimated \$3.6 trillion—Greenspan said, "That is a very big number."

He specifically shot down the absurd notion

The Republicans are drunk on the notions of voodoo economics whereby giving more money to those who already have obscene amounts is good for the rest of us.

Americans and the creation of the Environmental Protection Agency.

Try finding a single Republican politician today who is proud to support either of those sensible Nixon proposals. Even the two Bushes look pretty reasonable compared to the current crowd that wants to wipe out Medicare and Social Security to save our tax dollars for even more exorbitant gifts to the bankers and other corporate hotshots who impoverished the nation while enriching themselves.

At a time when 10 million Americans will have lost their homes by year's end, when \$5.6 trillion in home equity has been wiped out, when most workers face steep unemployment rates and stagnant wages, Republican ideologues insist that extending the Bush-era tax cuts is the best way to create jobs. The Republicans are drunk on the notions of voodoo economics whereby giving more money to those who already have

that those tax cuts will reduce the deficit by freeing up more money in the hands of the rich for investment. When host David Gregory asked his guest if he believed that the tax cuts pay for themselves, as Republicans argue, Greenspan replied unequivocally, "They do not."

The GOP argument that the tax cuts will generate new economic activity because wealthy people will invest more flies in the face of a reality in which the rich are awash with cash but do not spend it in ways that create jobs in this country, as opposed to U.S. corporate investment abroad.

As the *New York Times* reported, "In the fourth quarter, profits at American businesses were up an astounding 29.2%, the fastest growth in more than 60 years. Collectively, American corporations logged profits at an annual rate of \$1.678 trillion."

And to add insult to injury, the top executives—who seem unable or unwilling to create

jobs or adequately reward their workers—have increased their own compensation by a whopping 12% over the previous year, leaving the median pay at \$9.6 million for those in control of the 200 leading companies. The *Times* report added that "CEO pay is also on the rise again at companies like Capital One and Goldman Sachs, which survived the economic storm with the help of all of those taxpayer-financed bailouts."

What the Republicans want you to forget is that the recession brought about by their wild deregulatory policies, allowing Wall Street greed to run wild, was launched by their much-hyped "Reagan Revolution," which is the basis of our debt crisis. The debt now looms so large because the government had to bail out many of those same corporations, quite a few of which—most notably General Electric and AIG—pay no taxes and have no problem paying truly obscene amounts to their top executives.

General Electric CEO Jeffrey Immelt is making as much as he did before the recession hit, a recession that his GE Capital division did much to cause with its reckless loans. AIG, saved with a government infusion of \$170 billion, has lavishly rewarded its top executives but has provided no relief for the homeowners ripped off by its phony credit default swaps.

The result of the Reagan Revolution is that the top 1% of Americans own 40% of the total national wealth, mocking the idea that we are a middle-class-based democracy. That is because the after-tax income of that top 1% has more than doubled in the 30 years since Reagan assumed the Presidency. That's after-tax income, so don't tell me they are hurting from too high taxation.

The reality is quite the opposite: The rich are getting richer while the purchasing power of wages and other income for most Americans has been declining. How obscene then that the Republicans want to gut programs like Medicare, Social Security and workers pensions, which are the main barrier keeping most Americans from a life of retirement in poverty.

Before serving 30 years as a columnist for the *Los Angeles Times*, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. Now editor of **TruthDig.com**, Scheer has written such hard-hitting books as *The Pornography of Power: How Defense Hawks Hijacked 9/11* and *Weakened America* and his latest, *The Great American Stick-Up: Greedy Bankers and the Politicians Who Love Them*. 



"Glenn Beck reminds me of my high school algebra class. I didn't understand any of that fucked-up shit either."

WE THE PEOPLE VS. OBAMA'S HEALTHCARE RATIONER

THE SLY APPOINTMENT OF A HEARTLESS MEDICAL CZAR HAS LAWMAKERS AND CITIZENS SEETHING.

I've never forgotten U.S. Supreme Court Justice William Brennan, in his chambers, firmly instructing me, "From the First Amendment, all our liberties flow." This fundamental freedom includes objecting to government dictates.

A powerful example is the storm of non-partisan protests against President Obama's appointment of Dr. Donald Berwick as administrator of the Centers for Medicare and Medicaid Services (CMS), which is responsible for the health-care of one in three Americans.

For years, Berwick has been a fervent admirer of how the British nationalized healthcare system decides the costs of treatment and medications. If these costs are deemed too expensive for patients near the end of life or with little prospect of improvement, healthcare is denied.

Here in this country, with the federal government determined to slash staggering budget deficits, cost-benefit healthcare is a primary goal of Obamacare. As it is for Berwick, who infamously made his intentions clear even before being named CMS head honcho. "It's not a question of whether we will ration care," he said during an interview with *Biotechnology Healthcare* magazine. "It is whether we will ration with our eyes open."

Fearful that Congressional confirmation hearings would be too controversial prior to the 2010 midterm elections, Obama first sneaked Berwick into a recess appointment. Earlier this year, Berwick did appear at such hearings and—what do you know?—backtracked from his previous declaration of "love" (his word) for the British system.

But what Berwick does truly believe is fully documented in his pre-Obama articles and interviews. Even though anger and fear of Obamacare is mounting nationwide, he still holds his crucial position because the

President renominated him in January 2011. But without confirmation, Berwick's tenure will last only until the end of this year.

On March 5, 2011, Berwick's doomsday was predicted in a **LifeNews.com** report titled "Senate Democrats Abandon Rationing Czar Donald Berwick." The Democratic leadership had received an ominous letter from 42 Republicans. If Berwick's nomination is sent to the floor, it spelled out, they threatened a filibuster—thanks to having enough

"When the government is involved and has built-in cost-cutting incentives, there is a tremendous incentive to warp the decision-making process and make it a financial triage issue."

numbers, plus some errant Democrats—to cut off Berwick's budding career as the ultimate decider of how long some of us dependent on government healthcare can live.

Considering the number of Americans 90 years old and over requiring medical attention, not to mention hospital stays, Berwick's presence as head of Medicare and Medicaid Services could have terminal consequences for some octogenarians as well.

But rationing would go beyond that. Many of us younger Americans may well get diagnoses requiring fast and expensive medical care. In a May 2010 **DailyCaller.com** article, Michael Tanner—like myself, a senior fellow at the Cato Institute—addressed Berwick's long public love affair with British healthcare. Tanner pointed out that "750,000 patients are awaiting admission to British NHS [National Health System] hospitals.... The latest estimates suggest that for most specialties, only 30% to 50% of patients are treated within 18 weeks. For trauma and orthopedics patients, the figure is only 20%."

And dig this: "Overall," Tanner continued, "more than half of British patients wait more

than 18 weeks for care. Every year 50,000 surgeries are canceled because patients become too sick on the waiting list to proceed. The one thing the NHS is good at is saving money. After all, it is far cheaper to let the sick die than to provide care."

How could Obama have resisted appointing Berwick, an ardent admirer of the NHS—except when testifying before Congress—to run the cost-efficient core of Obamacare? Whatever ruse the President may devise to keep Berwick in charge of reducing part of the national budget deficits, persistent public use of the First Amendment to oust him will only mean the appointment by Obama of yet another healthcare czar. Meanwhile, even if Berwick is removed, he may unobtrusively remain as an adviser to our doctor in chief.

That's what happened when former Senate Majority Leader Tom Daschle (D-South Dakota)—a key Obama adviser on how to bring the British system to these shores—withdrawed his nomination as secretary of Health and Human Services because of what

were euphemistically called tax difficulties. Yet Daschle remained a frequent visitor to the Oval Office to counsel Obama on healthcare efficiency.

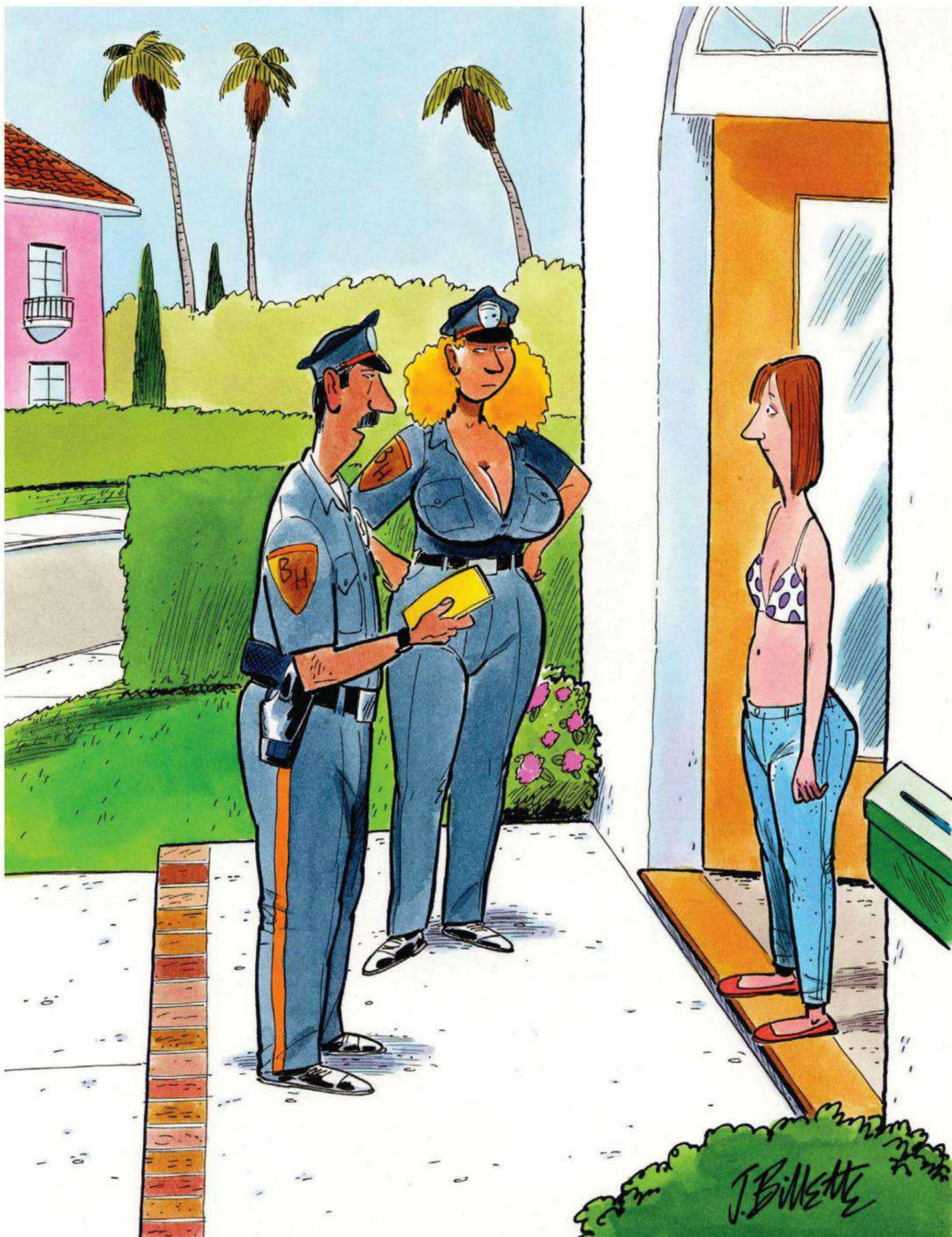
As long as Barack Obama is President, many of us will be confronted by what Bruce Chapman wrote on **DiscoveryNews.org**: "We all

face the end-of-life-treatment choices, either because of someone we love, or ourselves. Families, doctors, hospitals all do the best they can and situations vary.

"But when the government is involved and has built-in cost-cutting incentives, there is a tremendous incentive to warp the decision-making process and make it a financial triage issue. That is what President Obama was hinting at in several of the comments he has made in the past about end-of-life care. He thinks that the government cannot afford to take care of all the old and terminally ill and still give full care to the young and fit."

Whatever your age, it would be reasonable—in self-defense—to keep the ultimate cold-hearted creator of Obamacare in mind when you go to the polls in November 2012.

Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the *Village Voice* and *Free Inquiry*. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America*; *Living the Bill of Rights*; and the forthcoming *Is This America?* 



"Miss, our records show that you have lived in Beverly Hills for over two years now and have failed to get your breasts enlarged. That is a violation of city ordinance 1584B."

QUALITY TIME WITH THE COMMIES

HAVING RECENTLY RETURNED FROM CHINA, OUR FAVORITE RADIO PERSONALITY SHARES HIS INSIGHTS.

My girlfriend works for the Chinese. Forty years ago that would have gotten her arrested as a foreign agent. Now it gets her a trip to Beijing for her employer's annual company meeting. Happily enough, she asked me if I wanted to tag along.

I've never been to a Communist country, and given mainland China's long history of human-rights violations, I had no idea what to expect. What I found made me realize why the Chinese are waxing our butts in the world financial community.

The first surprise is Beijing Capital International Airport. These days the Chinese don't build *anything* small. Built thanks to the 2008 Summer Olympics, Terminal 3 is shaped like a flying dragon with a cavernous interior that stretches out for what seems like forever. China has the largest, most beautiful airport I have ever seen.

I expected to see soldiers and police everywhere. On the contrary, the only uniforms I saw were those of the passport-control people, and they hustled us through pleasantly and without a hassle. It was the easiest entry to any country I have visited.

(One side note: I was chronicling my trip with a video camera and wasn't told once to stop. This would be unthinkable at New York City's JFK Airport. Once, while waiting to board a plane there, I was stopped by local gestapo when I tried to shoot video through a terminal window. What I was shooting could be seen on Google Maps, but that didn't seem to matter to them.)

As my girlfriend and I drove into Beijing on expansive freeways that would have been dirt roads 20 years ago, I could see large, attractive buildings where once stood shacks. The skyline made Manhattan look like Omaha. The most imposing sight was China Central Television Headquarters. With two leaning towers conjoined at the top, the architectural wonder reminded me of an M.C. Escher painting. Being a New Yorker, I shouldn't gasp at such things, but I did.

We eventually moved into a business apartment that was fully tricked out with every amenity, including Wi-Fi. It was here that I first encountered a taste of the totalitarian state. Our passports were taken and sent to the local police station, which registered my girlfriend and me and issued credentials. The other sign came when I fired up

my computer. In China there are some things you just can't access on the Internet. No Facebook or Twitter. I couldn't go to any porn sites, which was to be expected, but less explainable was my inability to bring up the Internet Movie Database.

I hear that certain news is censored, but I didn't encounter it. I could watch BBC News and Bloomberg financial reports, which didn't appear to be watered-down but could have been, since much of the country's imported TV is adapted to be China-friendly.

The neighborhood we stayed in was sweet. There was a nice park across the street with a huge modern-art statue. All day long, keeping his eye out for trouble, a policeman stood at attention on a podium. Instead of scaring me he actually gave me a sense of safety, like the old days when American cops walked a beat. He was unarmed because, as I later found out, carrying a gun is against the law in China—even for the cops!

Nearby was a 7-Eleven but no Slurpies. The Chinese don't like ice. They feel it's bad for you. If you want ice, you have to ask for it. That's how I learned my second Chinese word after *ni hao* ("hello"). *Bing* means "ice."

The third word I learned was the easy-to-remember *bu yao*; it's Chinese for "I don't want it" or "I don't want to." *Bu yao* is important because, if the Chinese have a drawback, it involves their concept of personal space. They keep bumping into you, especially at the tourist sites, where they are

always trying to sell you something.

There was a Walmart nearby. That wasn't amazing, since everything in America's Walmarts is made in China. Until you get to the food section, it's pretty much a standard-issue Walmart. But you can't get fresh turtle in America.

If I wanted KFC, no problem. There are 3,200 stores in more than 700 cities, making the Colonel's mug the most pervasive logo in mainland China. As a matter of fact, according to Yum! China Division—the brand's corporate owner—KFC is the fastest-growing restaurant chain in the Communist country and the first to offer franchising and drive-throughs.

As you walk around Beijing, you notice how clean the city is. The sidewalks are pristine: no trash, no chewing gum and, as opposed to New York City, no chalk outlines. Crime is very low in China. At night, Beijing is remarkably quiet for a metropolis. There is an old part that's basically for show. It has become more touristy and less authentic, but I ate the best bowl of noodles in my life there.

That's how it is in China. Next month we get into the nitty-gritty of the politics and why the Chinese have become the best capitalists in the world, beating us at our own game.

Alex Bennett is a longtime HUSTLER contributor. The two-time Emmy winner, who broke into broadcasting as a teenager, can be heard on Sirius Left 146 (9 a.m. to noon ET) and XM America Left 167 (midnight to 3 a.m. ET).

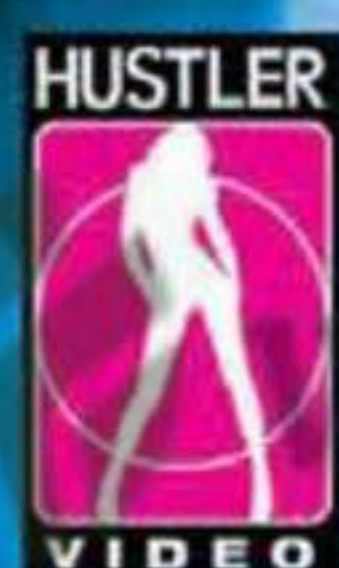


PHOTO BY ALEX BENNETT

China Central Television Headquarters adds an architectural twist to Beijing's skyline.

**DOUBLE
FEATURE!**

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SIREN SONG

WHAT'S IT LIKE TO HAVE SEXUAL POWER OVER MEN? NO ONE KNOWS BETTER THAN THE GLAMOROUS AUTHOR OF THIS COLUMN.

"Women and cats will do as they please, and men and dogs should relax and get used to the idea." —Robert A. Heinlein

I was recently reminded of how philosopher Alan Watts described the state of enlightenment. "It's just like everyday existence," he said, "except it's a foot off the ground."

Being a so-called sex goddess is really one of those things too weird to talk about. It requires turning your awareness simultaneously inward and outward to describe the inner sensation of another's external perception of you. It's also a little tricky to write about without sounding too self-serving.

I'm not even sure what being a "sex goddess" means. In Greek mythology, Circe was certainly a sex goddess. She delved in love potions and other drugs, and—if sufficiently pissed off—she could turn men into swine. A redundant power, IMHO, since so many men are *already* swine. (FYI: Following the Trojan War, Odysseus convinced Circe to change his crew back into men and promptly sailed away, leaving the goddess with three sons. Tell me *that* isn't just like a man.)

Marilyn Monroe was once asked what it was like being a sex symbol, and she replied, "Isn't that one of those things you pound on?" Cymbal, symbol—get it? Often the term "sex symbol" gets used interchangeably with "sex goddess" as a way to dismiss a woman. If one is *sexy*, how could she also be sincere, dependable, intelligent, loving or just plain friendly?

The territory of the sex goddess comes with perks and disadvantages. She can

almost always get a free drink in a bar or a good table at a restaurant—if the bartender and maître d' happen to be guys. On the other hand, it is very difficult for a sex goddess to have women or men as friends. Women are often motivated to compete, while men find it difficult to see you as a person. It is also hard to appear in public without full war paint and regalia for fear that someone—a paparazzo, for example—might be lurking behind a hedge. Sex goddesses must always appear goddesslike.

I admit it is hard to recall a time when men wouldn't jump through hoops for me.

When I was 15, a young mechanic who worked with my father let me borrow his car—his most precious possession—any time I wanted. He would also buy me endless chocolate

malts at my whim. When I first went to Las Vegas as a teenager with my father (who loved to gamble), men would give me handfuls of chips just to stand next to them for luck at the crap table.

Jack Dempsey, former heavyweight champion of the world, fell ass over teacup in love with me when I was 18 and working in a Broadway musical. Jack, who was then in his 50s, loved to have a young girl on his arm as a way of resurrecting his youth.

During my days as a Universal starlet, I dated a young millionaire named Bill Stead, whose family owned thousands of acres of grazing land in northern Nevada. Bill loved fast airplanes and boats. When I announced my engagement to bandleader Ray Anthony, Bill was so distraught that he

Often the term "sex symbol" gets used interchangeably with "sex goddess" as a way to dismiss a woman. If one is sexy, how could she also be sincere, dependable, intelligent, loving or just plain friendly?



PHOTO BY THOMAS DIXON

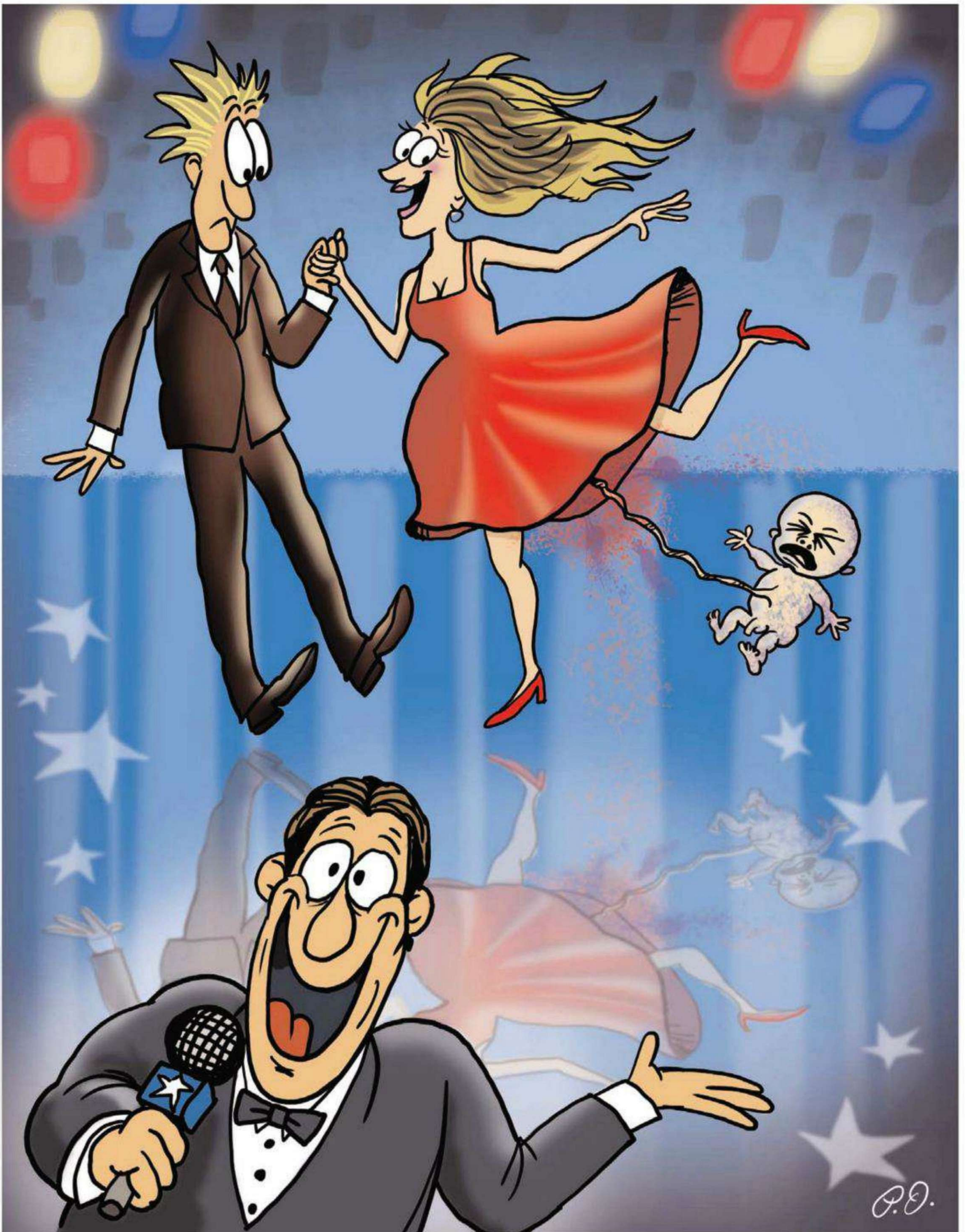
buzzed my house, coming in so low I thought he'd crash into it.

Elvis Presley came under my spell when he saw my show in Las Vegas. While riding around Sin City in his Cadillac afterward, he sang "Love Me Tender." That's pretty good goddessing.

Perhaps the best example of a sex goddess is Mae West. I never met Mae, but as I have written elsewhere, Mae and I shared actor Steve Cochran as a lover. Steve never went into much detail about their relationship, but from all accounts, Mae was able to light the fire of just about anyone she wished.

Sex goddesses have no need to try. They only have to be.

Mamie Van Doren, who starred in such films as *Untamed Youth*, *Teacher's Pet* and *High School Confidential*, chronicles her amazing life at MamieVanDoren.com.



"Tonight on *Dancing With the Stars*, Bristol Palin drops an illegitimate, retarded baby out of her pussy."



Short End

I'd like to share some thoughts about the protests by public-sector workers in Ohio to stop Governor John Kasich and the state legislature from eliminating collective bargaining.

Collective bargaining has proven itself as an effective process for management and unions to negotiate everything from wages and hours to working conditions. The key idea is good faith, and it has been breached. Evidently it wasn't good enough for the unions to agree to a string of concessions that directly and negatively affect the quality of life for thousands of employees and their families.

Kasich was quoted as saying that if Ohio lawmakers didn't dismantle collective bargaining, then he would. It's easy to make decisions that don't affect your own livelihood. Why do employees have to be punished for the mistakes of government and corporate leadership?

Keep fighting, union members! And know that the unions across the land support you.

—**Joe Bialek**
Cleveland, Ohio

Editor's Note: The Republican-backed, union-busting Senate Bill 5 passed in late March, but the Buckeye State's unions have vowed to fight on.

Pay to Play

Wow! Your May '11 issue is a real winner! I just *got* to comment on your highway extortion article [*Drivers Beware!*]. The sheriffs in Nevada County (where I live)

have been issuing unfair citations too. Plus, the California Highway Patrol has been working the back country roads.

The main thing I've learned is you want to have license, registration and proof of insurance ready to hand over. And give 'em a big smile and say "Howdy!" Whatever you do, don't argue. I once had a cop let me go after I laid down 100 feet of rubber. He said he guessed I had a "traction problem"!

Whenever I get a ticket I feel I don't deserve, I drive like hell afterward to make up for it!

—**Stevo**
Grass Valley, California

Two for Two

Your preview of *This Ain't Two and a Half Men XXX* [April '11] did exactly what it was supposed to do: It made me go out and get the DVD for myself and jerk off to it. Madison Ivy and Jenna Presley were fantastic!

In keeping with my "blondes first" policy, I started with Madison Ivy. She had sex like there was going to be a prohibition against it tomorrow! Her work is brilliant, allowing the camera to focus on her tits and cunt the whole time. She was naked from the start, took cock every which way and was rewarded with a load of cum all over her body. Plus, she delivered all her lines perfectly!

After seeing Madison's performance, I'm baffled why so many of her photos in the magazine showed her with bra and panties on. She deserves more hard-core pictures soon!

Jenna Presley put on her own fireworks-packed dildo show. It's awesome to hear her say how good she tastes after fucking herself with her toy, then licking it clean. There were plenty of superb close-ups, but the most special shot was of Jenna's legs spread and the dildo plugged into her cunt all by itself. No hands! I hope Jenna wins the



Porn star Madison Ivy prompted a devoted reader to recount one of her filthy performances in intimate detail. Who said the art of the love letter is dead?

AVN Award for Best Masturbation Scene. She deserves it.

One question: Why didn't Madison and Jenna get fucked in the ass? They're porn stars! They're used to such things. Anyway, a lesbo scene with Madison and Jenna would be out of this world. How about it?

—**Stephen J. Bahnsen**
Chicago, Illinois

Blowback

I recently saw a Miley Cyrus lookalike. She waved at me, then gave me the finger. I was happy to see you shut Miley up in *Bits & Pieces* [June '11] with a dick in her mouth!

—**Ted Verges**
Johnson Creek, Wisconsin

Town Crier

I hope you consider a pictorial of Real College Girl Danielle from Florida Atlantic University [May '11]. She is smokin'!

Teagan Presley must be livin'

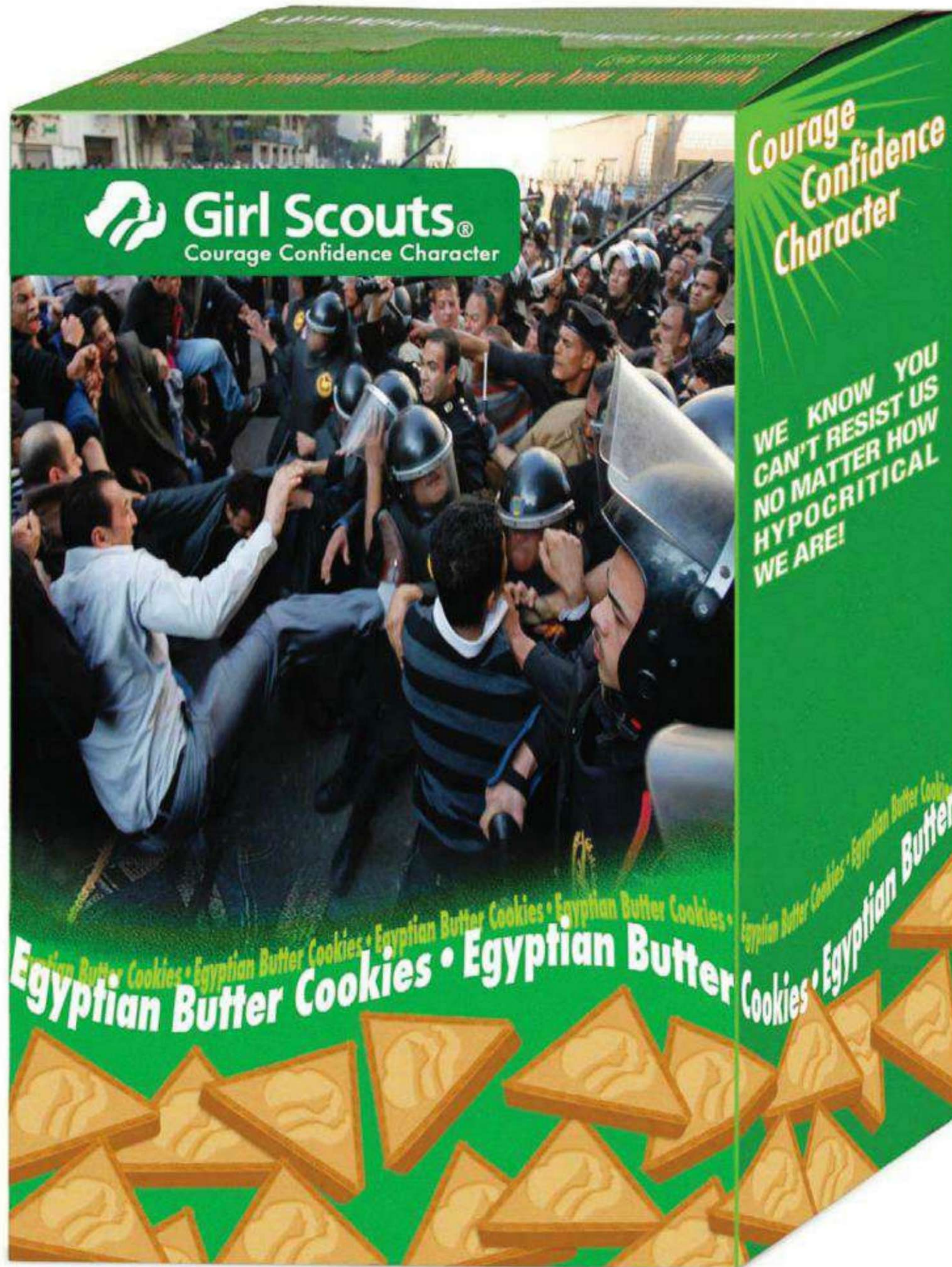
right. I could bounce a quarter off every part of that hard sex-athlete body. Her pictorial [*Constant Contact*, May '11] reminds me of the first video of hers I watched. Her screaming mesmerized me so much, I forgot that the volume was way up and the windows were open. People must have heard her screams five blocks away.

For years I endured snide remarks and mock sex noises from the local high school kids. It was all worth it!

—**Jon Root**
Kirkland, Washington

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to **HUSTLER Feedback**, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to Hustler@LFP.com and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

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Somebody should check the water supply in Wisconsin. Given what's going on there politically, how surprised would you be if it was discovered that something in the state's drinking water was turning its politicians stupid? Or nasty?

First, Governor Scott Walker leads an apparently successful attempt to destroy unions in Wisconsin (thereby limiting pay raises for public workers) as a way of making up for tax breaks he gave the super-rich. Now U.S. Representative Paul Ryan (R-Wisconsin) has come out with the GOP's plan to reduce the staggering federal deficit. Like Walker's union-busting agenda, this too is another full-frontal attack on working-class Americans.

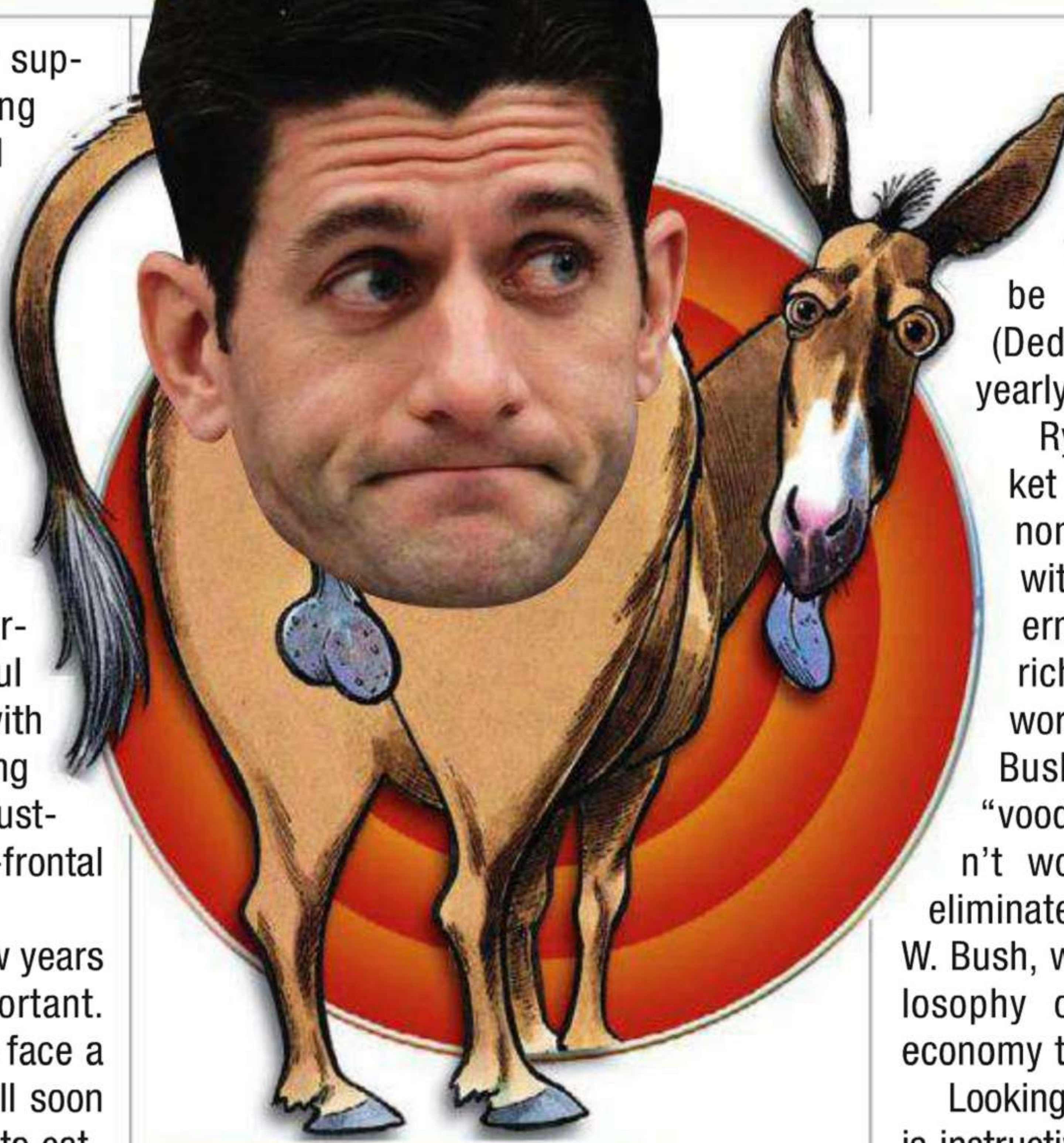
Let's look at what Ryan said: "A few years ago, reducing spending was important. Today it's imperative. Here's why: We face a crushing burden of debt. The debt will soon eclipse our entire economy and grow to catastrophic levels in the years ahead."

Of course, Ryan failed to mention that the debt was caused by his own political party thanks to its unquestioning support of George W. Bush's policies. Ironically, those are the very same policies that the Republicans are pushing now—tax cuts for the rich paid for by the middle and lower classes.

Here's what onetime Ryan supporter Ezra Klein of the *Washington Post* had to say: "Ryan's savings all come from cuts, and at least two-thirds of them come from programs serving the poor. The wealthy, meanwhile, would see their taxes lowered, and the Defense Department would escape unscathed. It is not courageous to attack the weak while supporting your party's most inane and damaging fiscal orthodoxies. But the problem isn't just that Ryan's budget is morally questionable. It also wouldn't work."

Among other things, Ryan's cost cuts target Medicare, effectively turning it into a voucher program. This means the burden of paying will be shifted from the government to the people. They will have to pay a private company for health insurance; what the voucher doesn't cover will come out of their pockets. And good luck getting those companies to insure you when you turn 65.

Medicaid, for low-income people, is also targeted. Ryan is suggesting the federal gov-



REP. PAUL RYAN

ernment give the states yearly block grant payments, which would rise with the rate of inflation. But he knows that healthcare costs are soaring well beyond the rate of inflation. So the poor and the elderly would receive less care as costs rise.

But that's not all Ryan is going after: Food stamps, Pell Grants for college students and other mandated programs would be cut by \$1.8 trillion. Other deep cuts would come from high-speed rail, the Environmental Protection Agency, unemployment compensation, earned-income and child tax credits, infrastructure projects and most veterans programs—all while slashing taxes for the rich and for corporations by more than \$4 trillion.

Ryan even has Social Security in his sights, although not overtly. The congressman said he wants "a special process to reform Social Security in which the President—working with the program's trustees—and Congressional leaders would have to put forward a plan to restore solvency if the program is not sustainable."

Of course Social Security has nothing to do with the deficit. It is funded by those of us who pay into the program—workers and employers. If the government hadn't "borrowed" from the Social Security piggy bank,

there would be no talk of insolvency at all. As it stands, Social Security actually is solvent through 2037. Even if there is a problem, it can easily be solved by raising the cap. (Deductions are only assessed on yearly earnings up to \$106,000.)

Ryan, a self-proclaimed free-market capitalist, believes that the economic system can regulate itself without interference from the government and that tax breaks for the rich somehow benefit the poor and working class. President George H.W. Bush once famously called that "voodoo economics" because it doesn't work. Any doubt was completely eliminated under the eight years of George W. Bush, who unleashed a free-market philosophy on steroids—thus causing the economy to crash.

Looking at Ryan's campaign contributors is instructive. His second-biggest benefactor, right after retired rich people (\$344,200), has been the bankers—to the tune of \$221,850. Meanwhile, campaign contributions from insurance companies, health professionals and the pharmaceutical/health-products industry total \$495,125. Not chump change.

But that's not the whole of it. In January 2011, Ryan joined the Koch brothers at the right-wing billionaires' annual strategy session. Charles and David Koch are the guys who have poured millions and millions of dollars into the Cato Institute, Americans for Prosperity, FreedomWorks, the Federalist Society, the Heritage Foundation and many other neo-con groups to help push their pro-business agenda. Only those with money and/or power—people like Antonin Scalia, Clarence Thomas, Glenn Beck—are welcomed.

Given the foregoing, it would seem that Ryan is just doing the bidding of his fat-cat supporters. But that would make him a whore, wouldn't it? Actually, worse than that, it would, in our view, make him a traitor to the United States of America. What else would you call someone who is willing to circumvent the will of the people in exchange for his own personal benefit?

So don't blame Wisconsin's drinking water. It's the thirst for money and power that drives scumbag politicians like Paul Ryan. Let's turn off their spigot. That's what Election Day is for.

FARTS IN THE WIND

•**SENATE MAJORITY LEADER HARRY REID** (D-Nevada) recently addressed his home state's legislature, and shit hit the fan. For the first time he openly attacked the world's oldest profession, which is legal in 11 of Nevada's 16 counties. "The time has come for us to outlaw prostitution," Reid proclaimed, adding that he believes the presence of legal bordellos deters businesses from setting up

shop in the Silver State. Several lawmakers are against a ban, citing more pressing priorities, namely high unemployment and a budget deficit. Also, taxes raised by legalized prostitution help fund many vital programs. It sounds like Harry is more interested in reviving sexual repression than he is in benefiting the people who keep sending him back to Washington. 🍌



SOMETHING FISHY

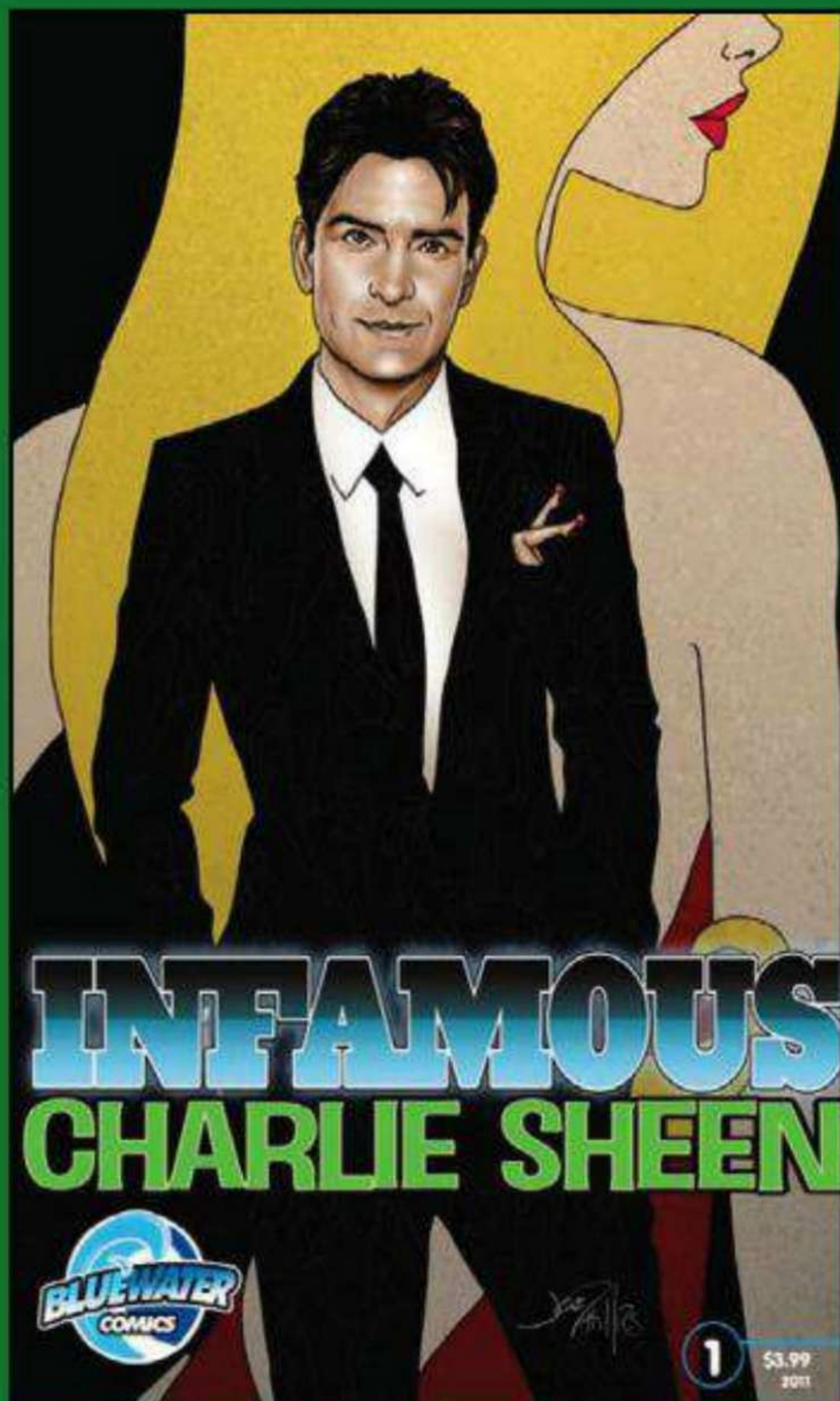
What a difference a few months can make. When Montana Fishburne graced the pages of HUSTLER's February '11 issue, she was plotting her XXX career with great enthusiasm. Then the past caught up with the daughter of actor Laurence Fishburne, specifically an assault-and-battery charge stemming from a 2010 incident in which Montana allegedly pummeled her boyfriend's ex.

Montana ultimately accepted a plea deal that mandated 180 days in rehab but no jail time. Five months prior to sentencing, she had already checked herself into an inpatient facility to confront her anger-management issues. With TMZ reporting that Montana narrowly avoided spending four months behind bars, it's hard not to think that she gave her romantic rival a pretty severe beatdown.

Hopefully, Montana will tame her demons. Meanwhile, the fleeting porn actress's famous father is surely agonizing about the situation and Montana's future. We briefly wondered if her brush with the law was the hardest thing Laurence Fishburne had ever endured, but then we remembered that he starred in *Higher Learning* and *Biker Boyz*.

To revisit Montana's glory days, check out Vivid Entertainment's *Montana Fishburne: An A-List Daughter Makes Her XXX Debut*.

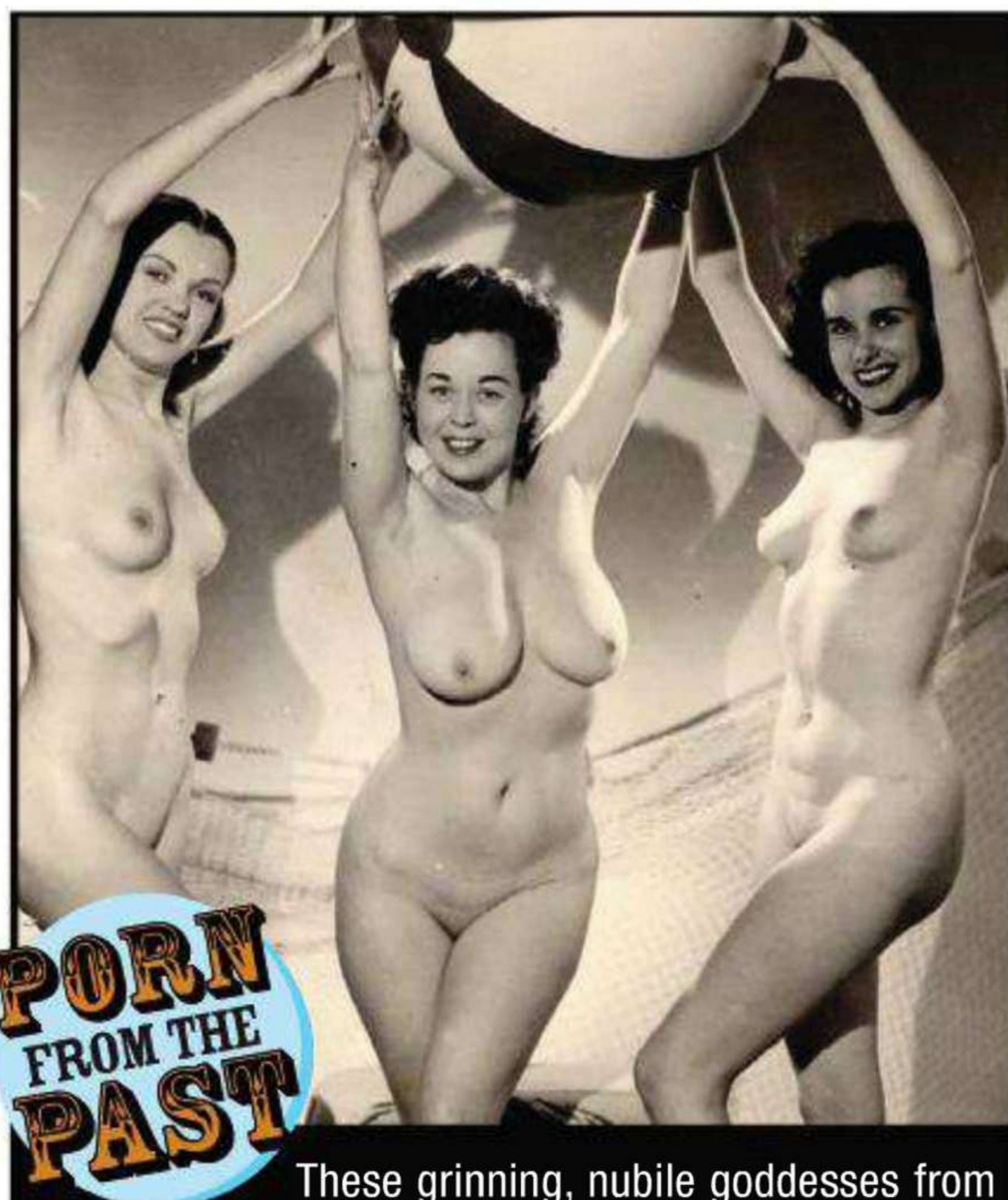
PHOTO COURTESY VIVID.COM



WIN, BOOZE OR DRAW

Charlie Sheen certainly comports himself as a larger-than-life figure, so it's appropriate that his oversized life has now been immortalized in a comic book. Bluewater Productions' *Infamous: Charlie Sheen* chronicles the actor's career from the days of *Platoon* to the daze of constant poon.

For more info about *Infamous: Charlie Sheen* and other cool comics, visit BluewaterProd.com.



These grinning, nubile goddesses from a bygone era seem like something out of *Mad Men* character Don Draper's boozy daydreams.

Thanks to J.B. of Kenai, Alaska, for this vintage photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's *Porn From the Past*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

NEWSBITES

SPECIAL DELIVERY

When cops in rural Colorado pulled over a postal worker for drunk driving, their strange journey was just beginning. The guy was soused, so he was transported to a police station for a Breathalyzer test. Later, after emerging from a lavatory with his cheeks bulging, he allegedly spewed feces onto a cop's face. Now the culprit has been charged with felony assault, and his story confirms our longtime suspicions about people who work at the post office: They all eat shit.

REMEMBER TO PACK LIGHT

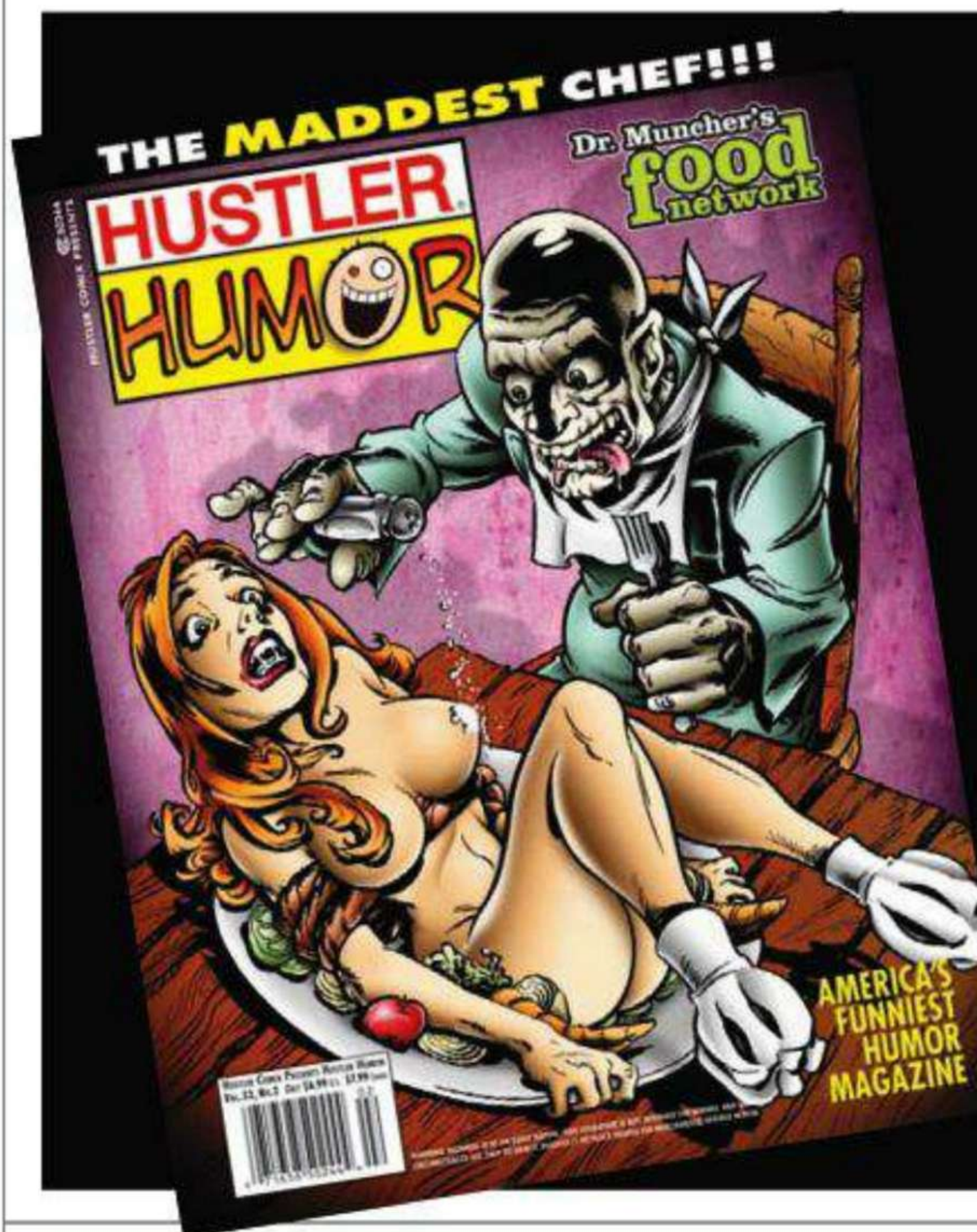
The *Sarasota Herald-Tribune* recently reported that a new inmate was caught trying to sneak contraband into a Florida jail. The unlucky fellow was being processed when a condom was spotted dangling from his butt during a routine search. Inside the sheath, jailers discovered after it had been yanked out, were 17 pills, six matches, a cigarette, an empty syringe, lip balm and a receipt. It's always a good idea to hold onto your receipts, but we bet the would-be smuggler won't have much luck exchanging that lip balm for a different flavor.

FONDLING FIDO

Craigslist is a valuable resource when you're searching for a new apartment or used car. However, you might want to reconsider using the Internet site if what you're looking for is passionate canine sex. Two Arizona men posted separate ads seeking dog owners willing to loan out their critters for some good ol' bestiality. Thankfully, cops set up a sting that ensnared the deviants. Silly perverts. Everyone knows the best place to pick up a promiscuous pooch is behind your local Vietnamese restaurant.

PIONEER OF PISS

You know you're breaking new ground when lawmakers address your perverse proclivities. That's the case in Ohio, where a man has been sneaking into public rest rooms for years to collect urine for his own drinking pleasure. After the piss connoisseur was busted in 2008, Ohio enacted a law prohibiting the theft of human waste. Now the dude has been nabbed again, and it looks like he'll be charged under the law his obsession inspired. Take comfort, Ohioans. Your state can't conduct a fair election, but it will ensure that your pee isn't purloined and that your turds don't get burgled.



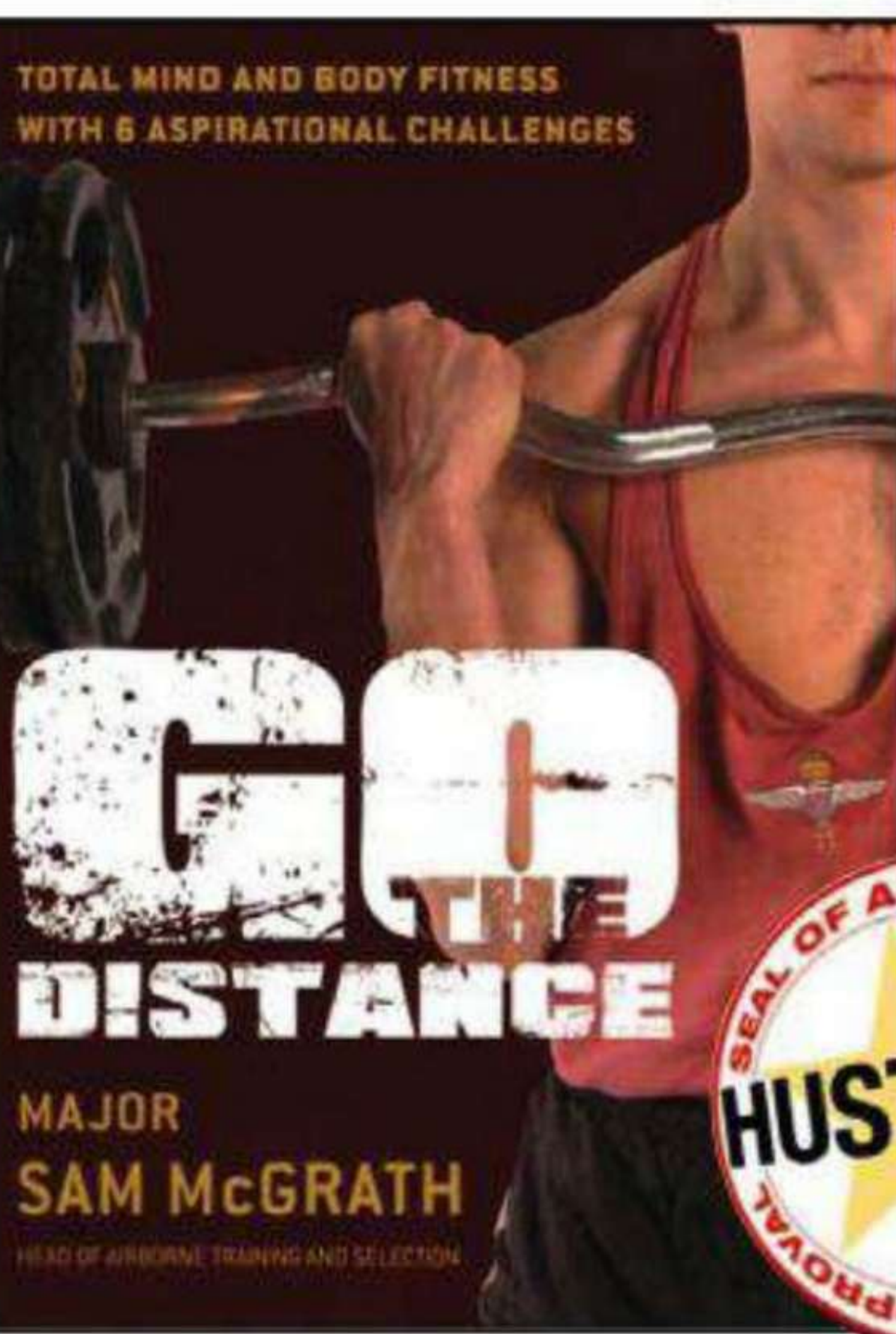
HOT OFF THE PRESSES

If you've been known to enjoy a good laugh, don't forget to seek out the latest issue of HUSTLER HUMOR. It's chock-full of outrageous cartoons, comics and jokes. If you don't enjoy a good laugh, then we suggest you watch the television show *The Big Bang Theory*.



PREGO PORN

Pregnancy is a beautiful time in a woman's life. Our sister magazine HUSTLER'S TABOO knows that nothing enhances the natural glow of a mom-to-be quite like bondage gear and the smell of fear. For the rest of a layout titled "Contents Under Pressure," seek out the July '11 issue of HUSTLER'S TABOO.



HUSTLER BOOK CLUB

For those wishing to experience a military-style workout without having to endure the sadistic abuse of a drill instructor first-hand, Major Sam McGrath's *Go the Distance: The British Paratrooper Fitness Guide* might be up your alley. The author, a former company commander with Britain's elite strike force, provides detailed exercise instructions as well as insight into the training regimen of top soldiers. If nothing else, *Go the Distance* will give you a taste of boot camp without any risk that you'll be shipped off to wage war for oil. Oops, we meant wage war to spread democratic values.

Go the Distance: The British Paratrooper Fitness Guide is available from OspreyPublishing.com.

"If they can get you asking the wrong questions, they don't have to worry about answers." —THOMAS PYNCHON, NOVELIST

CELEBRITY FANTASY

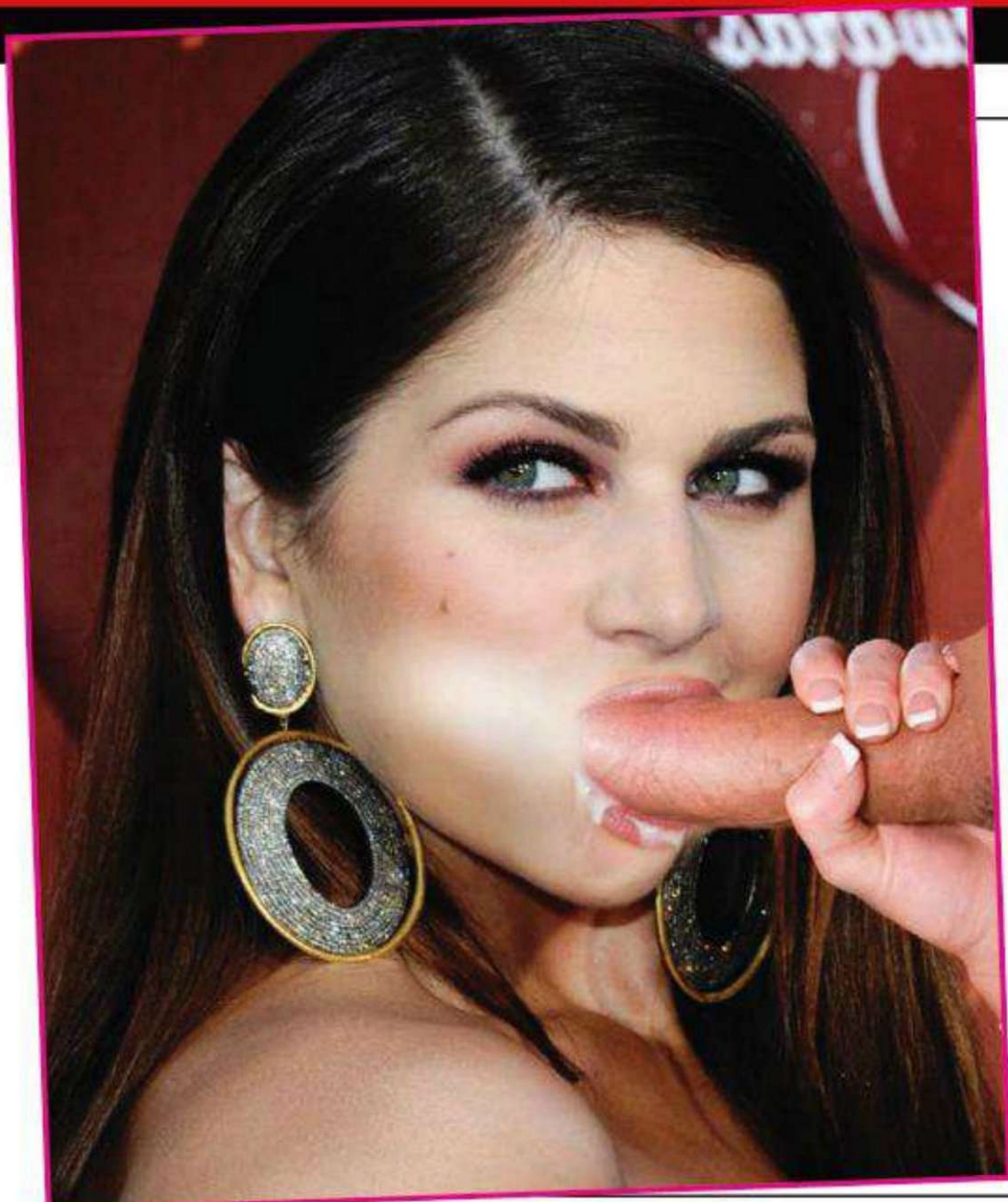
WHAT WOULD

Hillary Scott

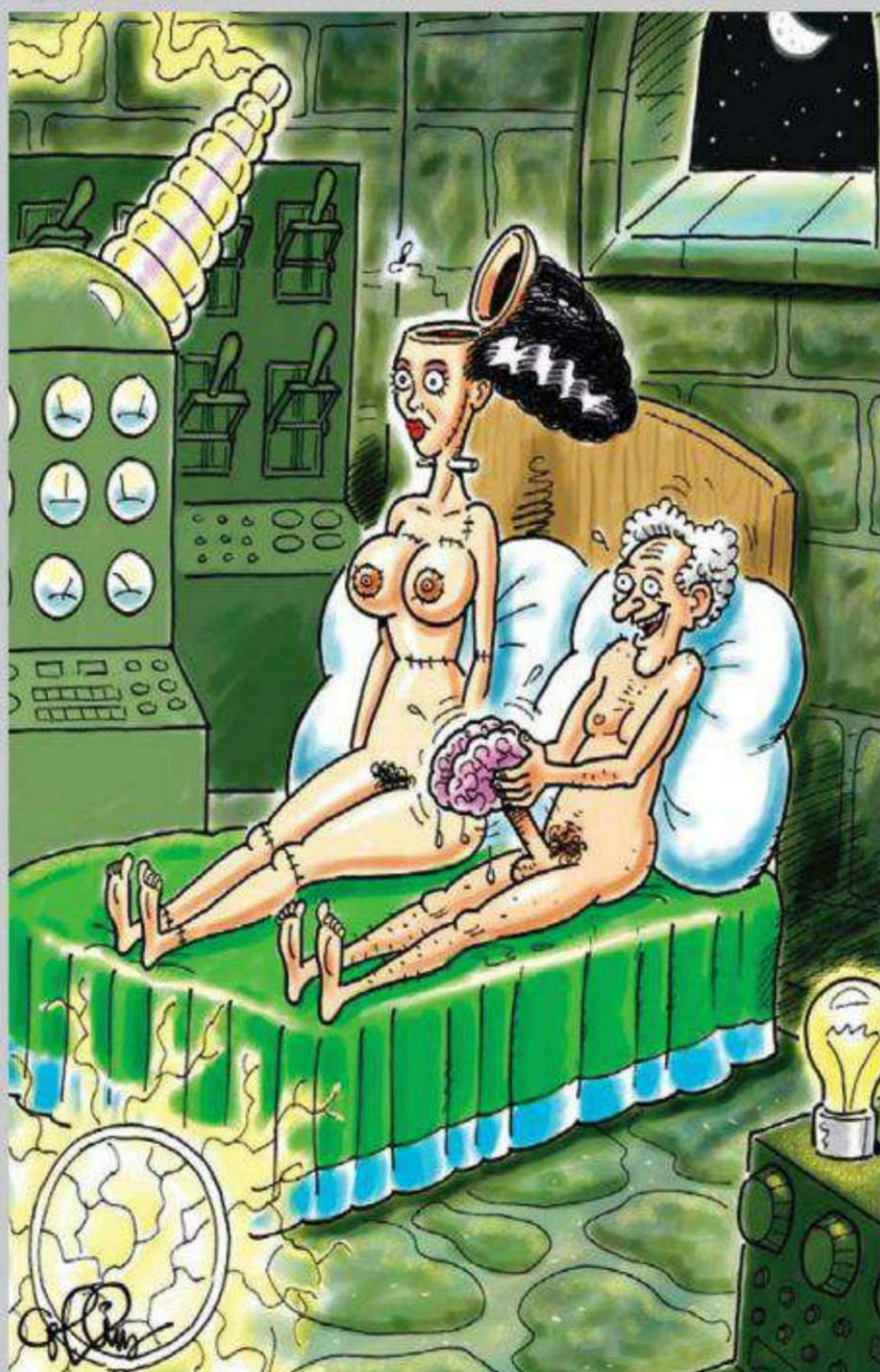
LOOK LIKE WITH A
DICK IN HER MOUTH?

Word is that Hillary Scott—the sexy songbird, not the porn star with the same name—was rejected twice from *American Idol* before achieving massive success as a member of the Grammy-winning country group Lady Antebellum. We're shocked. How could this apparent breakdown in our national talent-identifying system have happened? Maybe Hillary simply forgot to give Paula Abdul a blowjob.

DISCLAIMER: Parody: No such picture of Hillary Scott actually exists, and Paula Abdul does not have a penis—at least not one that's attached to her body. We cannot vouch for the contents of Abdul's purse. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose.



MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



"Don't be silly. Of course I love you for your mind!"

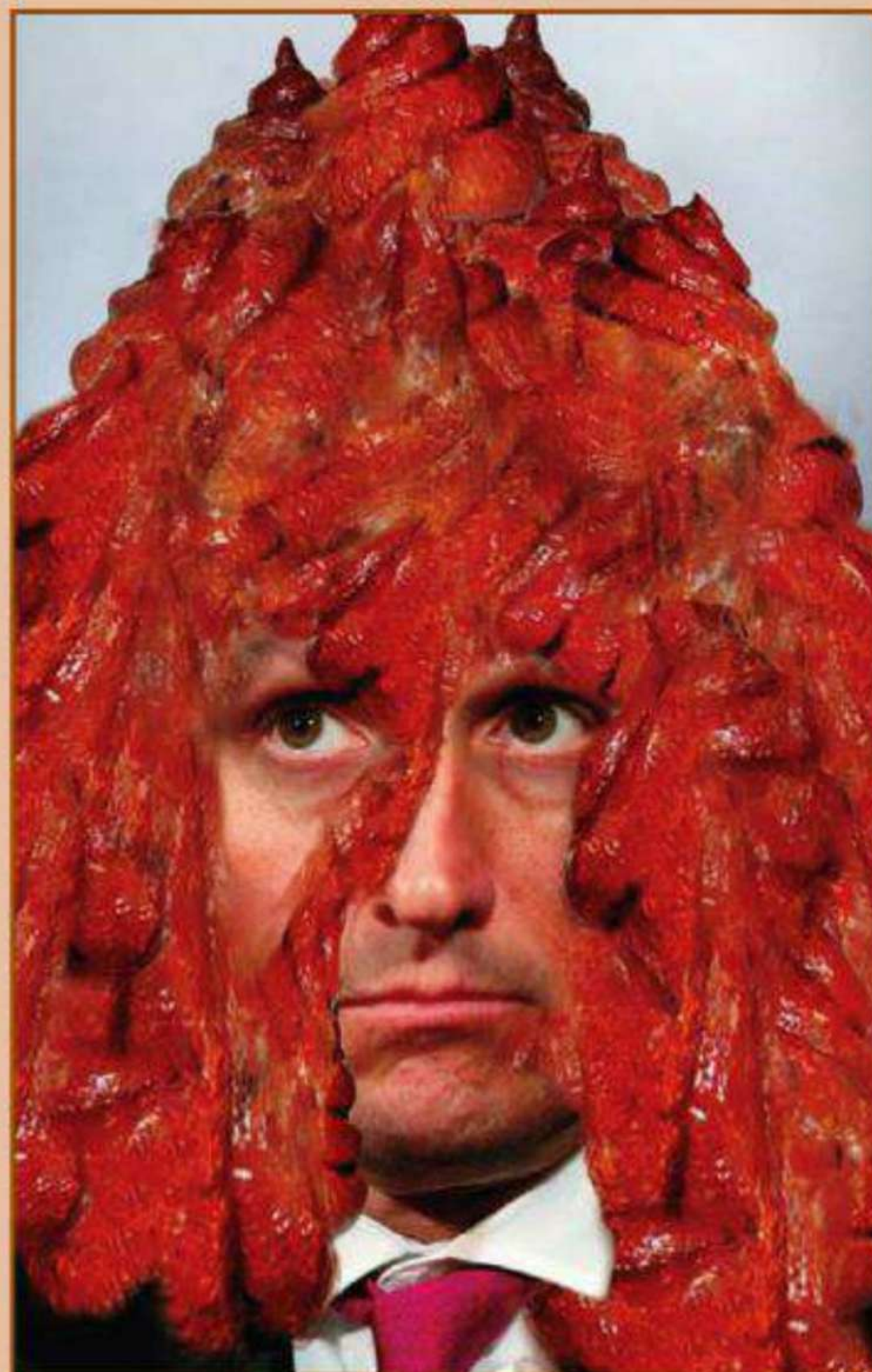
PIECE OF SHIT AWARD #20

TIMOTHY GEITHNER

With President Obama's advisers divided on addressing the issue of Social Security reform, Tim Geithner has become a prominent voice calling for cuts. Apparently, he thinks that hacking benefits will have a positive impact on the stock market. Thank God for that! We're sure the elderly and disabled Americans who depend on Social

Security will be comforted to know that, even if they get screwed, Goldman Sachs and its fellow banksters will continue to rake in the dough.

With the Republicans waging war on the working class, how can Geithner possibly believe that this is the appropriate time for Democrats to accept right-wing demands for entitlement reform? Because Tim's priorities are perpetually fucked, we will continue to shit on his head until he resigns or is fired.



"Military justice is to justice what military music is to music." —GROUCHO MARX, COMEDIAN

HOT FOR TEACHER



Tera Myers, 38, is learning the hard way that in the Internet Age it's almost impossible to escape your past. The high school teacher recently resigned after her students discovered that, back in the 1990s, she had been an adult actress using the moniker Rikki Andersin. After making a handful of XXX films (including *Rug Munchers* and *Pussy Crimes*), she left the biz behind.

Myers earned a college degree from Murray State University in Kentucky, then found a teaching job (under the name Tericka Dye). It wasn't long before a pupil located one of Myers's old movies. Despite the support of students and staff, her contract wasn't renewed. In 2007, Myers moved to Missouri, where she taught science and coached volleyball at Parkway North High School in St. Louis until her past surfaced again.

Even with a fresh pseudonym, it seems unlikely that Tera Myers will be able to resume her career as an educator. Frankly, that's a little sad. Why should a good teacher get canned for making fuck flicks more than a decade ago? Shouldn't there be a statute of limitations on *Pussy Crimes*?

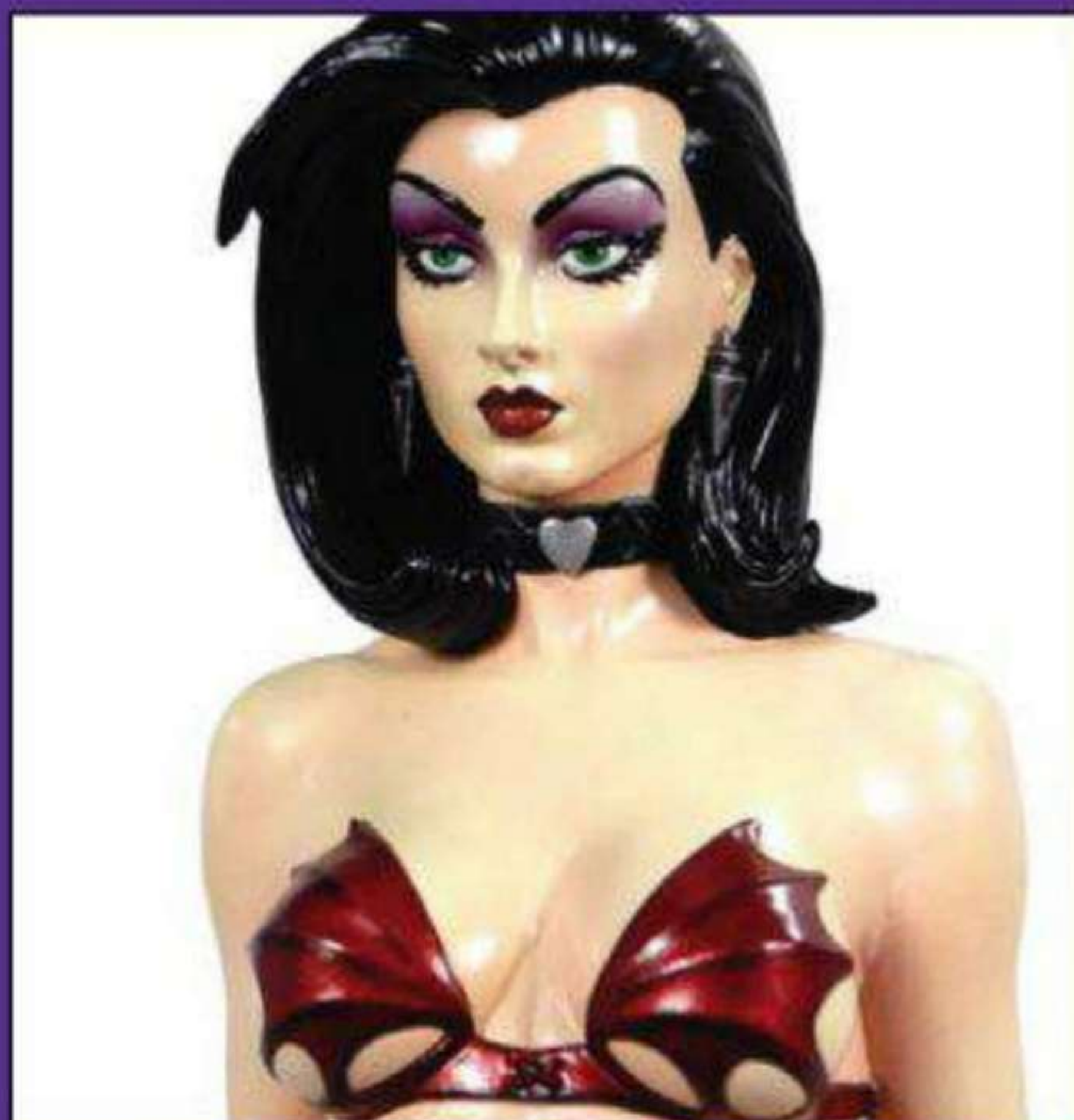
Tight Ass, starring Rikki Andersin, is available at MetroMovies.com or Amazing.net.

PHOTO COURTESY METRO

"It is in our lives, and not from our words, that our religion must be read." —THOMAS JEFFERSON, FOUNDING FATHER



PHOTOS COURTESY CSMOORE STUDIO



LITTLE LADIES

Sculptor Clayburn Moore has made a living bringing comic book characters to life. Well, *almost* to life. His Dawn statue captures the essence of the mythical deity but, unfortunately, she's not quite real. Moore's Dawn stands only 15 inches tall and isn't a very talkative dinner date. (Unless you've smoked a lot of salvia beforehand.) But she'll look damn good perched on the corner of your desk.

Dawn originally sprang from the skull of writer/artist Joseph Michael Linsner, who first wrote about the goddess of birth and rebirth in a 1989 graphic novel. Moore has also crafted versions of Linsner's demonically hot Sinful Suzi, the Linsner/Eva Hopkins cocreation Dark Ivory and countless other fictional figures from comic books and fantasy stories.

For more information or to order one of Moore's collectible, cold-cast porcelain statues, please visit CSMooreStudio.com.



Upending a Bi Girl's Best-Laid Plans

I could still taste Kevin on my tongue as I drove home to my lez girlfriend, Jan. See, unlike my domestic partner, I'm bisexual, and Kevin—a tall, virile, construction worker—is my sometimes lover. The thought of his hard, flat stomach, powerful biceps and magnificent cock made me rub my thighs together beneath the steering wheel. He'd been especially good this afternoon, hammering my twat to three trembling climaxes before rolling off of me and lighting up a joint. I'd lapped his balls clean while he toked.

Glancing at the dash clock, I saw that I had 20 minutes to speed back to the house and shower the jism out of my pussy. At

6:05 every single weekday, Jan—who's virtually my husband—pulled into the driveway, the end of her boring day as a corporate accountant. She'd want her dinner on the table; we'd watch TV—ugh, was it *American Idol* night already?—then maybe a quick tonguing before sleep. It was all so incredibly routine.

As I turned the corner onto our street, I wondered what it would be like to have Kevin in bed with the two of us, to see Jan's bushy cunt take its first thick cock. I wondered if she'd ever let me talk her into threeway sex with a man. Vowing to try, I stepped on the gas pedal.

I was still dripping wet from my shower when I heard Jan's key in the lock. Catching my gaze in the bathroom mirror, I was surprised at how very calm and determined I looked. Sure, I loved Jan, but something had to change. Fuck! Three years together was simply not long enough to be acting like an old married couple. Inspired, I stripped off my towel and walked naked to greet her.

The look on Jan's face was priceless. In the span of seconds her expression moved from shock to arousal. Her briefcase dropped to the floor. I waited for her to speak. When she didn't, I walked right up to her, took her face between my palms and kissed her full on the lips, hard and passionately. Then I

stripped her curves bare.

Jan's perfectly pressed suit ended up a crumpled, discarded mess. I started to lead her by the hand to our bedroom, but quickly decided that was too mundane and dragged her down to the kitchen floor. My goal was to get my little lesbian so hot, she'd agree to anything—even a male lover.

Sex for us usually began with some 69ing. Resolving to avoid "the usual," I slapped Jan's hands away when she grabbed for my hips. Instead, I pinned her back to the floor and warned her to stay there. I became the aggressor, a role I found myself enjoying.

Jan's a voluptuous beauty with DD breasts and Christina Hendricks hips. I lapped circles around her long nipples, tongued her belly button and tugged on her pubes with my teeth. I teased Jan unmercifully, planting kisses on the inner hollows of her thighs, even nursing on her toes. I waited till she was moaning and her breathing turned ragged. Then, lifting her legs over my shoulders, I palmed her full butt cheeks and feasted.

Already Jan's cunt honey was flowing. It glazed my chin as I tongued deep. My own clit pulsed, but I ignored it, intent on focusing solely on Jan. I knew where her G spot was, but I couldn't let her come yet. I wanted to drive her to the edge again and again till she begged for release. Then I'd pop the three-way question. So every few lunges I'd retreat to tongue-slap her trigger and pause for a second. Jan started going crazy. When she reached for my head to keep my tongue in her twat, I warned her that if she tried that again, I'd stop.

When she tried it again, I stopped lapping and rolled her over on the linoleum. Reaching in to the closest drawer, I grabbed a spatula and began spanking Jan's ass globes as punishment. She looked back at me, her face flushed, her big blue eyes frantic. She'd never looked more beautiful. I'm quite sure, at that moment, she would have said yes to anything I asked. Suddenly I didn't want to ask. I didn't want to share this gorgeous creature with anyone.

Smiling, I jammed three fingers into her quim to dick her sweet spot and finally let her climax. I could literally see the powerful orgasm move through her body. Jan was so grateful, she returned the favor over and over.

So will I keep seeing Kevin? Oh, probably. Sometimes a bi girl just needs a real cock.

—T.S.

Montgomery, Alabama



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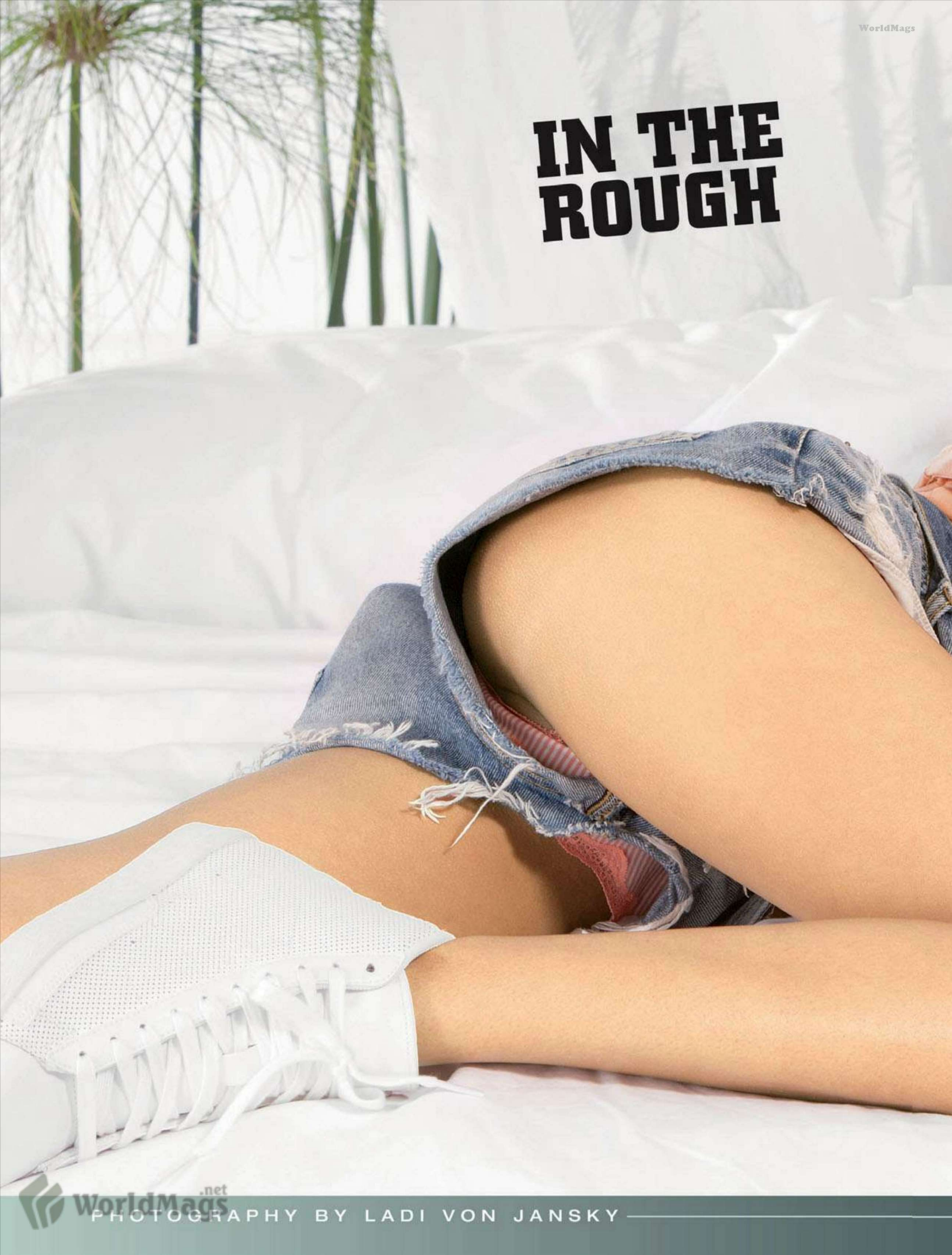
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LEXI DIAMOND



Lexi Diamond

Lexi is aware that she causes trouble wherever she goes. Trust us though: The vixen just can't help it. "I send out these major sex vibes whenever I walk into a room," Lexi admits. "I don't mean to do it, but I notice guys—and sometimes girls—staring at me practically anytime I go out."

"It isn't like I'm *trying* to give guys boners when I go to the store," Lexi blushes. "It's not about what I wear, either. I could be dressed like a nun or whatever, and dudes would still turn their heads. Some people are just born this way. I'm kind of a freak. No matter what I do, I can't hide it; it's part of who I am."

Lexi adds: "I'm totally cool with all the attention. I'm a diamond, and diamonds sparkle, you know? It'd be bad if I were some business lady working in an office, and everybody was always thinking about sex whenever they looked at me. But I'm a porn star, so it comes with the territory."

We're not easily impressed by bling-bling, but sexy Lexi is one diamond we wouldn't mind polishing.













BY KARL GROSSMAN

JAPAN'S NUKE DISASTER

**WHAT THE
MAINSTREAM
MEDIA HASN'T
TOLD YOU**

Satellite view of the Fukushima Daiichi Nuclear Power plant following the devastating earthquake and subsequent tsunami in Futaba, Japan.

PHOTO BY DIGITALGLOBE VIA GETTY IMAGES

**THE TRUTH ABOUT THE FUKUSHIMA HORROR SHOW
FROM AN EXPERT ON ALL ASPECTS OF ATOMIC ENERGY.**

Media coverage of the Fukushima Daiichi nuclear power plant—which was severely damaged as the result of an earthquake and resultant tsunami on March 11, 2011—has been outrageously poor. Rather than dig for the truth, mainstream journalists and their “experts” have simply parroted the assurances of Japanese and other officials that the amounts of radioactivity being released were low and thus posed “no health threat.”

Decades ago scientists thought there was a “threshold dose” of radiation. That’s because when nuclear technology began exposing people to radioactivity, they didn’t promptly fall down dead. But as the years passed by, it became evident that lower levels of radioactivity take time to manifest as cancer and other illnesses. In fact, there is a five-to-40-year “incubation” period.

Now most scientists acknowledge that any amount of radioactivity can lead to illness and death, especially in fetuses and children (whose cells divide more rapidly than those of adults). As the U.S. Nuclear Regulatory Commission itself has stated: “Any amount of radiation may pose some risk for causing cancer.”

Reporters covering Fukushima have noted that potassium iodide pills being distributed in Japan “block radioactivity.” However, they work only on the thyroid gland, filling it with “good” iodine so radioactive iodine-131 cannot be absorbed and cause thyroid cancer. But there are hundreds of other fission products for which there is no magic pill. These include cesium-137 and strontium-90, two of the fission products discharged after hydrogen explosions rocked four of the Fukushima power plant’s reactor buildings.

The media has given voice to egregious errors. One example is the lack of understanding about the explosions that blew

the roofs off the aforementioned reactor units. It was reported that zirconium fuel rods were to blame. Missed was the bigger picture: Zirconium is used in a nuclear plant’s fuel rods because it allows neutrons to pass freely so a chain reaction can be sustained. But the material is extremely volatile. It explodes at 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit. Pound for pound, zirconium has the explosive power of nitroglycerine. At lesser heat it emits hydrogen, which also can explode. That is what occurred twice at Fukushima. There are around 20 tons of zirconium in an average nuclear

The main reason is summed up in their statement to Congress’s Joint Committee on Atomic Energy: “We did so [resigned] because we could no longer justify devoting our life energies to the continued development and expansion of nuclear fission power—a system we believe to be so dangerous that it now threatens the very existence of life on this planet.”

Then there were the over-the-top declarations. “I love nuclear power,” Fox’s Geraldo Rivera declared. Appearing on *The O’Reilly Factor*, right-wing firebrand Ann Coulter said that radiation is “good for you.” Even host Bill O’Reilly was taken aback. “You have to be responsible,” he cautioned her.

Coulter’s remark is based on a scientific concept known as hormesis, which holds that a moderate amount of a toxin can be beneficial. Therefore, some nuclear scientists believe that exposure to radioactivity, at least in small doses, exercises the recipient’s immune system. These scientists, many of whom are employed as health physicists in nuclear laboratories and other facilities, are supposed to protect people. Hormesis has been dismissed by national and international agencies involved with radiation protection.

Meanwhile, there was the disinformation about the 1986

NUCLEAR POWER: HOW THE *NEW YORK TIMES* SOLD OUT

The epitome of a journalist being co-opted by the nuclear establishment is William L. Laurence. In her book *News Zero: The New York Times and the Bomb*, Beverly Deepe Kever reveals how General Leslie Groves, head of the Manhattan Project, the top-secret World War II effort to develop a nuclear weapon, personally made arrangements with *Times* publisher Arthur Hays Sulzberger and senior editor Edwin James to have Laurence work for the Project.

“To sell the bomb, the U.S. government needed the *Times*...and the *Times* willingly obliged,” writes Kever, a professor of journalism at the University of Hawaii.

Laurence was a booster of all things nuclear. He described nuclear power as “making the dream of the Earth as a Promised Land come true.” This avid belief became the institutional stance of the *New York Times*.

The newspaper, writes Kever, “became little more than a propaganda outlet for the U.S. government. ... The *Times* aided the U.S. government in keeping in the dark thousands of U.S. servicemen, production workers and miners, even civil defense officials, Pacific Islanders and others worldwide about the dangers of radiation.”

Kever, herself a veteran journalist, says that “from the dawn of the atomic-bomb age, Laurence and the *Times* almost singlehandedly shaped the news of this epoch and helped birth the acceptance of the most destructive force ever created.”

This pro-nuclear stance of the *New York Times* has continued with America’s newspaper of record leading the media in pushing for a “revival” of nuclear power. Just days after the Fukushima Daiichi plant began releasing radiation, the *Times* acknowledged in an editorial that it has “endorsed nuclear power” and went on to say, “We suspect that, when all the evidence is in from Japan, it will remain a valuable tool.” —K.G.

power plant. Using zirconium is like building a bridge with firecrackers.

Then there were the reports about three GE nuclear engineers who’d resigned in 1976 because of suspected defects in the GE Mark 1 Boiling Water Reactor, the same type installed at the Fukushima Daiichi plant. This was in line with the spin that flawed design was the problem, not nuclear power itself. In fact, the Mark 1’s design was only one factor that prompted GE’s Dale Bridenbaugh, Richard Hubbard and Gregory Minor to leave the nuclear industry.

Chernobyl disaster in the former USSR. Reporters, commonly using it as a baseline in projecting the potential impact of radioactivity released from the Japanese reactors, have written that only several hundred people died as a result of the meltdown in Unit 4 of the Chernobyl nuclear power plant.

Such a low figure ignores the most comprehensive study to date on the effects of Chernobyl: a book published in 2009 by the New York Academy of Sciences titled *Consequences of the Catastrophe for*

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People and the Environment. After studying health data, radiological surveys and scientific reports—some 5,000 in all—from 1986 to 2004, a team of scientists from Russia and Belarus determined that the accident actually caused the deaths of 985,000 people worldwide. More, they wrote, will follow.

That's the real baseline for a major disaster at one nuclear power plant. Fukushima involves several reactors and a series of spent fuel pools. The radiation assessment was raised to a level seven—the highest international rating for a nuclear accident, equivalent to the Chernobyl disaster. But the potential toll might be far greater than Chernobyl's—more than a million dead.

While covering the crisis in Japan, reporters have also been remiss by declaring that “no one died” as a result of the Three Mile Island accident in Pennsylvania in 1979. That myth was dispelled by the book *Killing Our Own: The Disaster of America's Experience With Atomic Radiation* by Harvey Wasserman, Norman Solomon, Eleanor Walters and Robert Alvarez (a former U.S. Department of Energy official).

I did a TV documentary on the impact of the TMI partial meltdown, *Three Mile Island Revisited*. Besides addressing the increase of cancer cases and birth defects in the area surrounding the nuclear power plant, it revealed that TMI's owner had quietly issued payouts, many for \$1 million apiece, to settle claims involving residents who'd suffered health impacts or lost family members due to radiation exposure.

Data from the Radiation and Public Health

Project, a nonprofit organization, claims that infant mortality near Three Mile Island increased by 47% in the two years after the accident and that cancer-related deaths of children under ten were 30% higher in 2004 than they were in 1979.

On March 11, 2011, CNN.com went even further than declaring “no one died”: It reported that the TMI “incident caused no injuries or significant releases of hazardous material.”

Moreover, the media failed to mention that in recent years Japan has become a global giant in the selling of nuclear power plant reactors. Worldwide, about 80% of them are of GE and Westinghouse manufacture or design.

In 2006, Toshiba bought Westinghouse's nuclear division. Meanwhile, Hitachi entered into a partnership with GE to run its nuclear division. How might this huge stake in selling nuclear reactors influence what Japanese officials have been saying about Fukushima? The disaster was certainly not good for business.

Then there was the media line that “we don't have a choice but nuclear power.” The *Christian Science Monitor* asserted that “finding other forms of energy that can provide a stable base load of electricity—other than coal—remains difficult.”

Renewables Are Ready is the title of a 1999 book written by two Union of Concerned Scientists staffers. Today a host of safe, clean, renewable energy technologies are more than ready. Combined with energy efficiency, they render nuclear power unnecessary. Also in 1999, *Scientific American*—a conservative pub- (continued on page 71)



Wearing protective suits, Fukushima police surround the body of a disaster victim supposedly exposed to extreme levels of radioactivity near the quake-stricken Daiichi nuclear plant.

PHOTO COURTESY KYODO

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CARLA HARVEY

Time for Some Rack 'n' Roll

The first thing you notice are the boobs. How could you not? Out there on full display, begging for attention and daring you to stare, are two sets of the most perfect pairs we've ever laid eyes upon. The only thing that prevents us from fully enjoying them is some strategically placed electrical tape on the nipples. Not only are the boobs breathtaking, but they're also a rarity in this club, which is packed with aggressive, tattooed dudes in various stages of decline.

Just another night at a seedy Hollywood strip joint? Nope! We've taken you to The Roxy Theatre, one of the Sunset Strip's most legendary rock venues. And those



HEIDI SHEPHERD

PHOTOS BY EMMREPORT.COM

aforementioned breasts don't belong to some failed actresses forced to shake their money-makers for a wad of crumpled-up dollar bills. The magnificent mammaries are the property of Carla Harvey and Heidi Shepherd, the smoking-hot lead singers of L.A.'s latest buzz-worthy band, the Butcher Babies.

The two longtime gal pals possess the unbeatable combination of model looks and raw sexuality. No surprise that Carla and Heidi both worked for Playboy as TV and party hostesses. The girls formed the band as an outlet for their don't-give-a-fuck attitude, and what goes through the amps is mind-blowing. The Butcher Babies deliver a loud, crashing blend of heavy metal, thrash and punk that recalls equal parts the Sex Pistols, Pantera and Motörhead—with a

healthy dose of young, pissed-off Runaways-era Joan Jett tossed in.

Their stage show also embodies the horror antics of Alice Cooper and Rob Zombie. Carla and Heidi don't merely sing, they assault the crowd with a blinding flash of aggression and abuse. And the audience loves them for it.

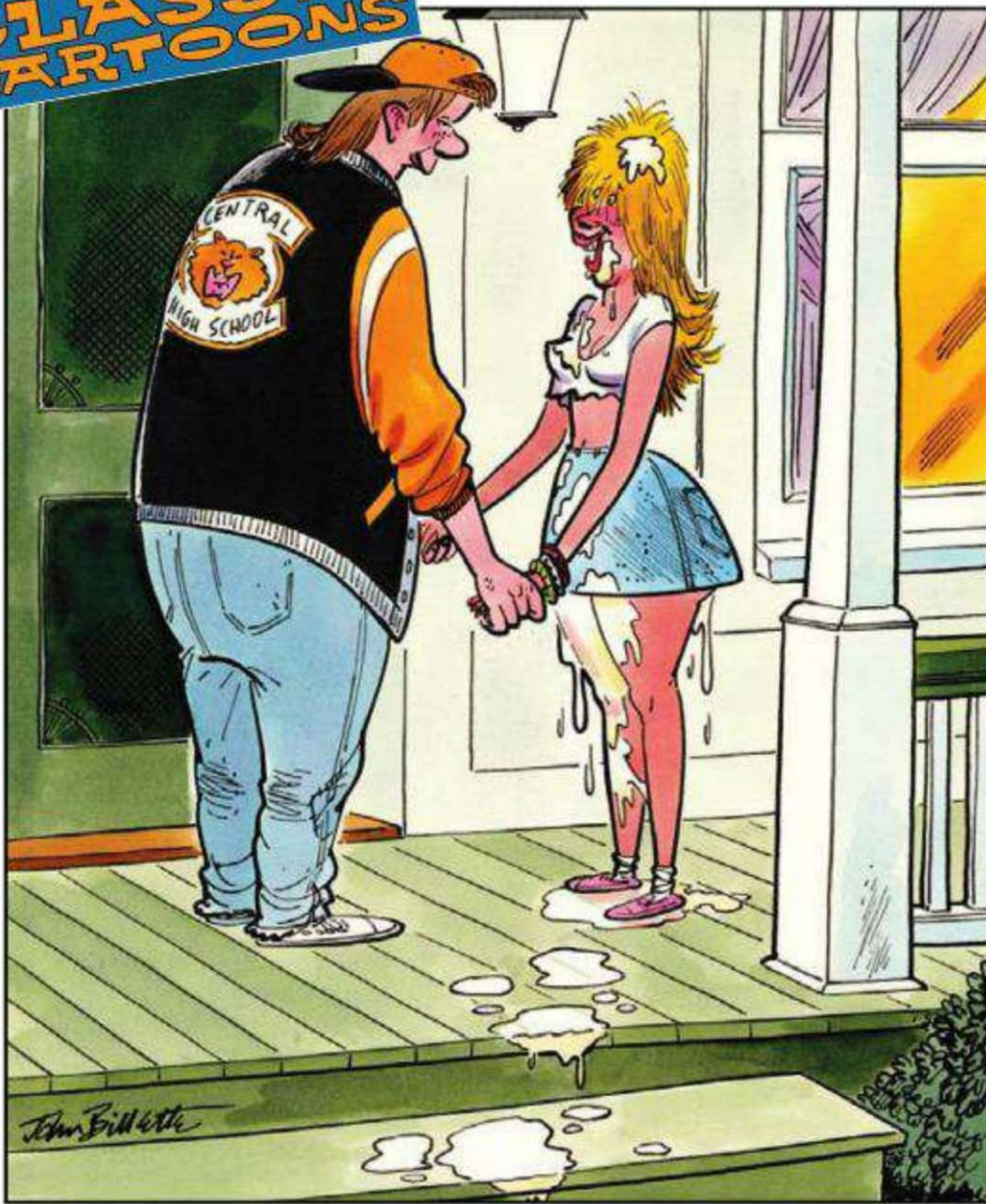
The up-and-coming band's biggest influence is obvious: the Plasmatics, the conceptual shock rockers whose debut single was titled "Butcher Baby." Although tape on the tits is captivating, the Butcher Babies gals are the first to admit they borrowed the look from the Plasmatics' lead singer, the late Wendy O. Williams. Aiding Carla and Heidi in the sonic assault are a trio of top-notch musicians: Henry Flury on lead guitar, Jason Klein on bass and Chris Warner on drums.

As the Butcher Babies' show rocks on, giant syringes appear, punches are thrown and Klein shoots a stream of fake blood out of his jerry-rigged bass, soaking the girls. Then you realize something. This group is really freakin' good! So good you haven't noticed that Carla and Heidi have been topless for at least three songs. Seriously, they're that good! The Butcher Babies remind you of how rock 'n' roll is supposed to make you feel: excited, angry and energized.

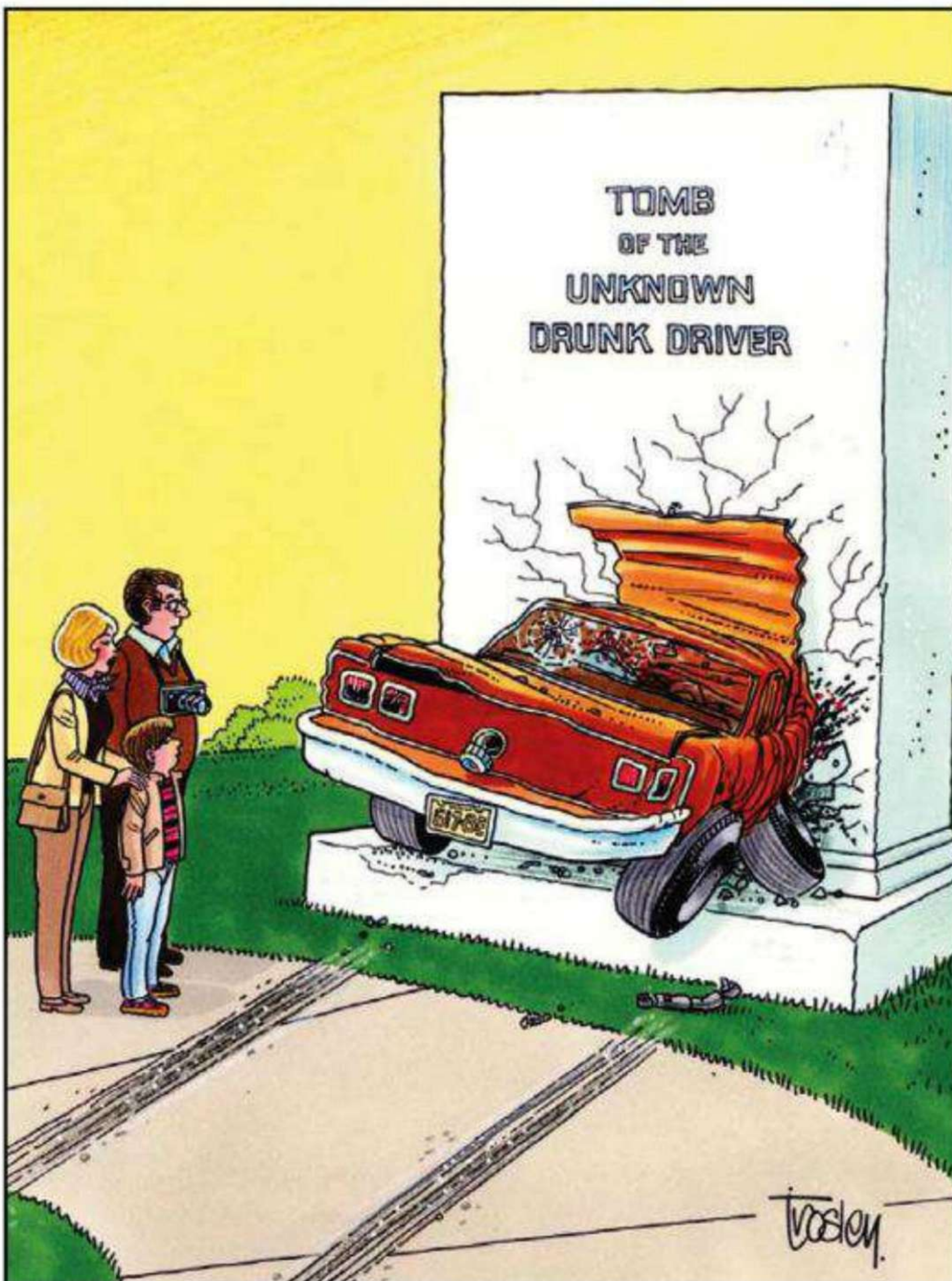
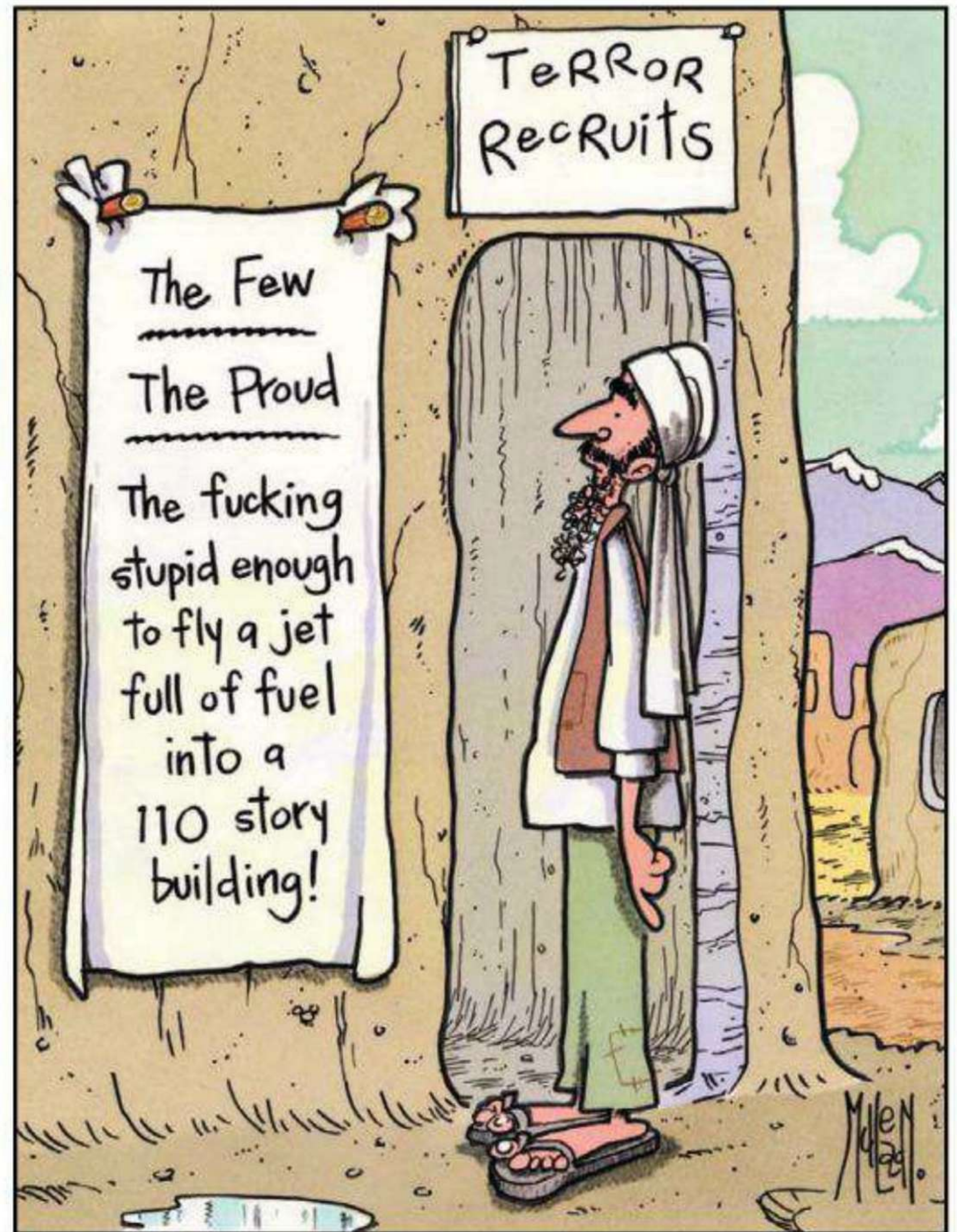
With a full-length CD in the works and plans for a national tour, the Butcher Babies are destined to become your favorite band. Check them out on Facebook or at **ButcherBabies.com**. Also look for our exclusive interview with Carla and Heidi in an upcoming issue. 🌐

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DESTINEY MOORE

Destiney Moore has become a familiar face through her stints on VH1 shows like *Rock of Love 2* and *I Love Money*. While the looker appreciates being in the spotlight, she doesn't crave attention like the stereotypical reality show contestant. "I'm perfectly okay with not having cameras follow me around everywhere," **Destiney** states. "Plus, my reality has definitely changed since I did those shows."

Destiney's perspective shifted with the birth of her son. "Motherhood has changed my life so much," she elaborates. "It's shown me the meaning of unconditional love. Watching my son grow and develop is the biggest blessing. My world revolves around my baby!"

Although focused on being a great mom, **Destiney** still tries to make time for her other passions. "I'm really into music, especially glam rock," she reveals. "I love going to concerts. Dancing frees the soul!"

It's no surprise that **Destiney**, who vied for the love of Poison's Bret Michaels on *Rock of Love 2*, is a sucker for headbangers. "If I could be alive at any point in time," she explains, "it would be back in 1984 at the height of the glam rock scene in Hollywood. Just to get a glimpse of those bad boys all dressed up and ready to rock anyone's world—that would've been so cool."





HOMETOWN: Libby, Montana | AGE: 34 | BIRTH SIGN: Scorpio | HEIGHT: 5-4 | WEIGHT: 115

DESTINEY MOORE'S VITAL FACTS:



Despite failing to win Michaels's heart on *Rock of Love 2*, **Destiney** continues to admire him. "Bret is the epitome of a true rock star," she gushes. "He's also very sweet and humble, and he's a great kisser."

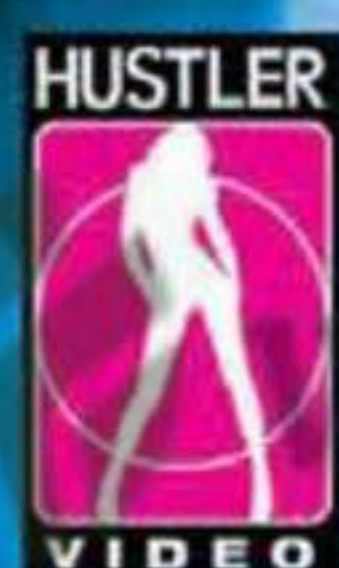
Asked to address her private side, **Destiney** divulges, "Probably the wildest thing I ever did was have sex on a crowded beach underneath a blanket. When it comes to fantasies, I've always wanted to do it with a blindfold on. When you can't see what's going on, you never know what's coming next. I love the element of surprise!"

Rest assured, **Destiney Moore** is one sexy MILF who is full of surprises.

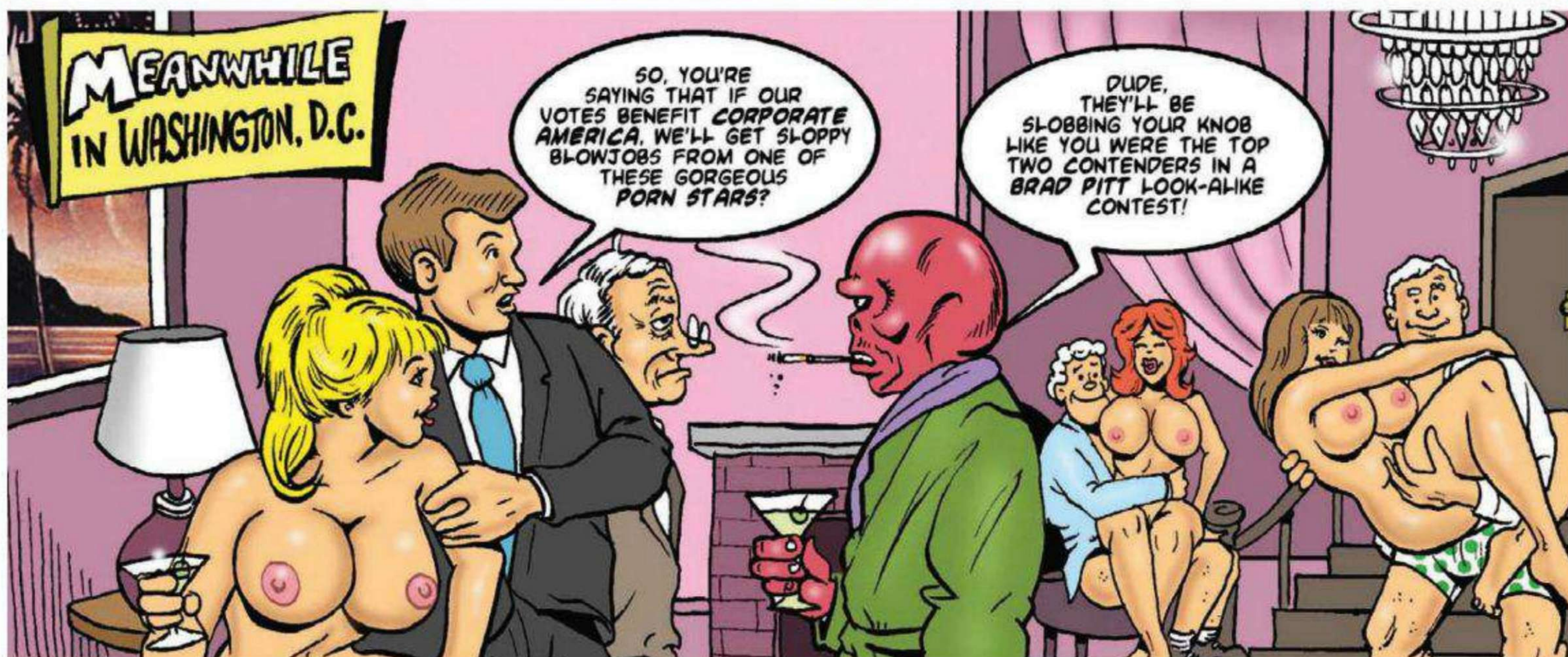


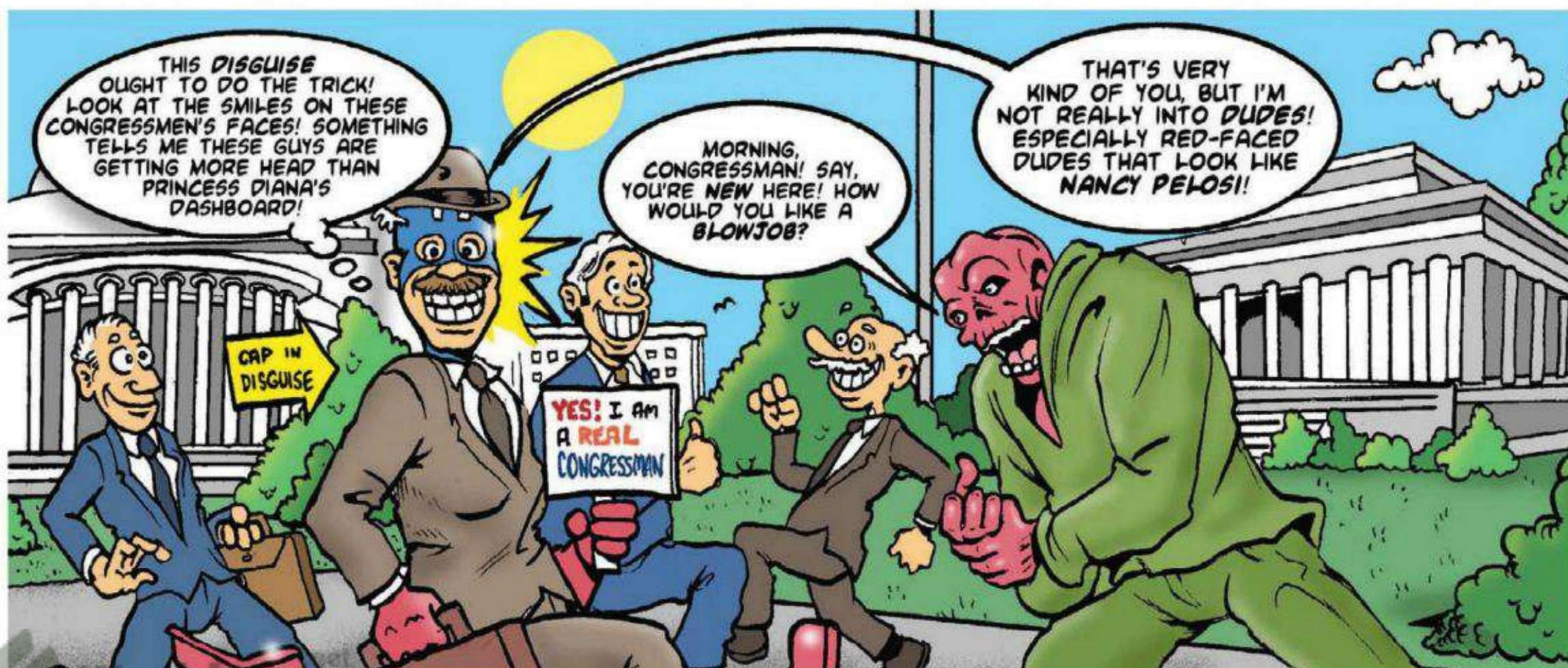
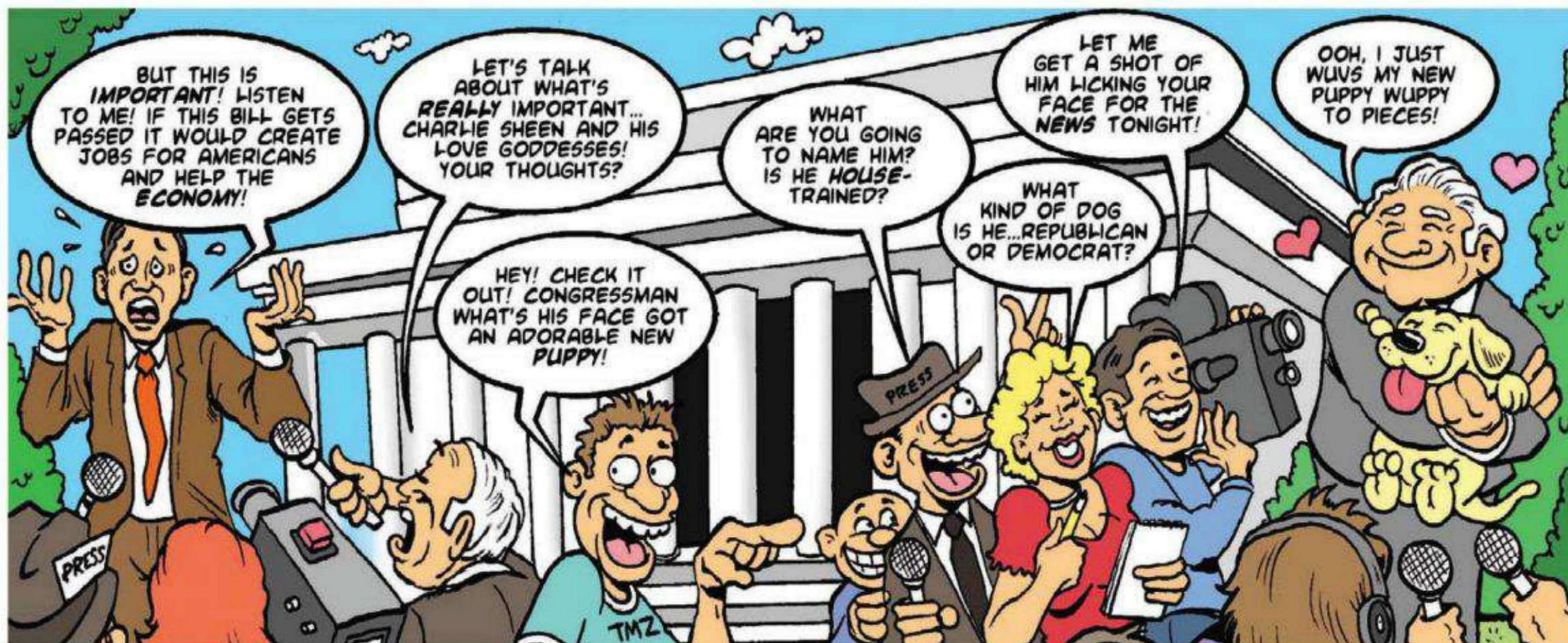
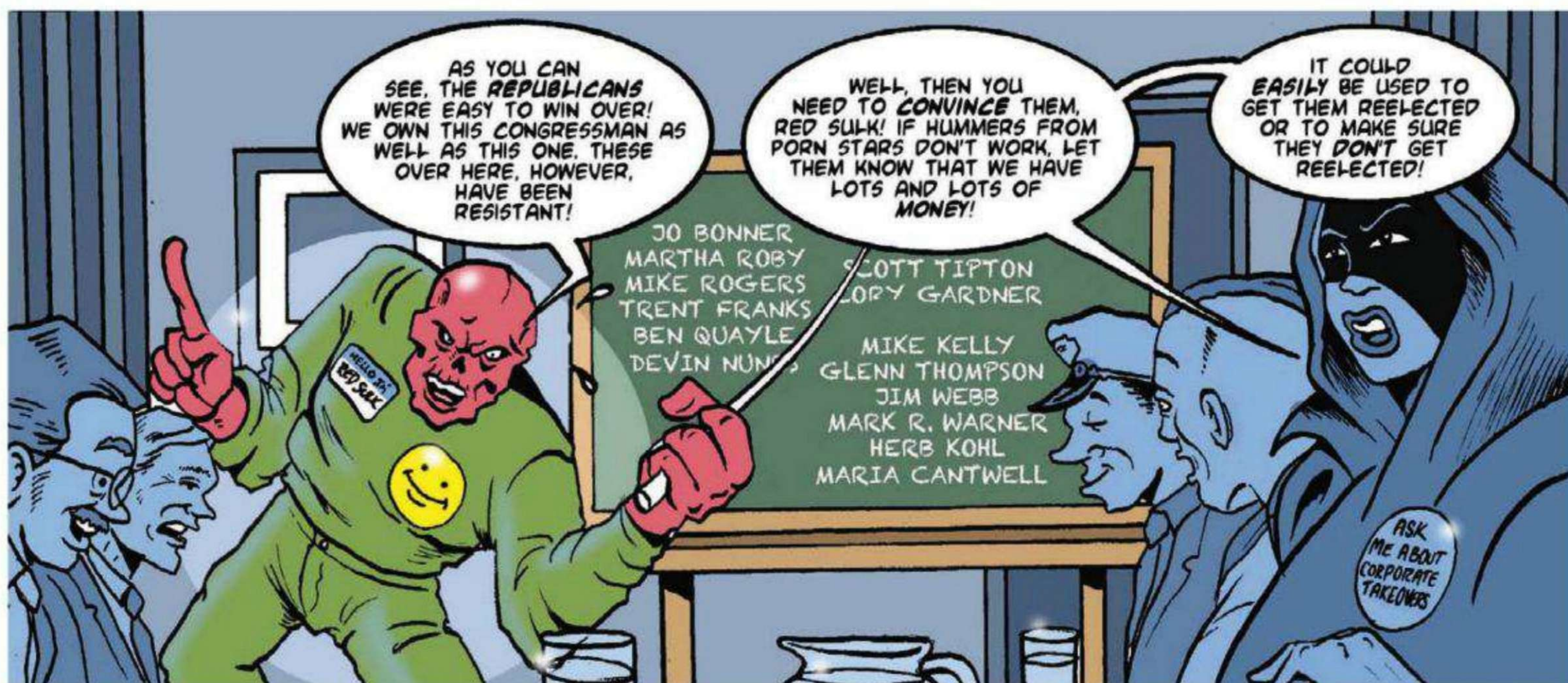
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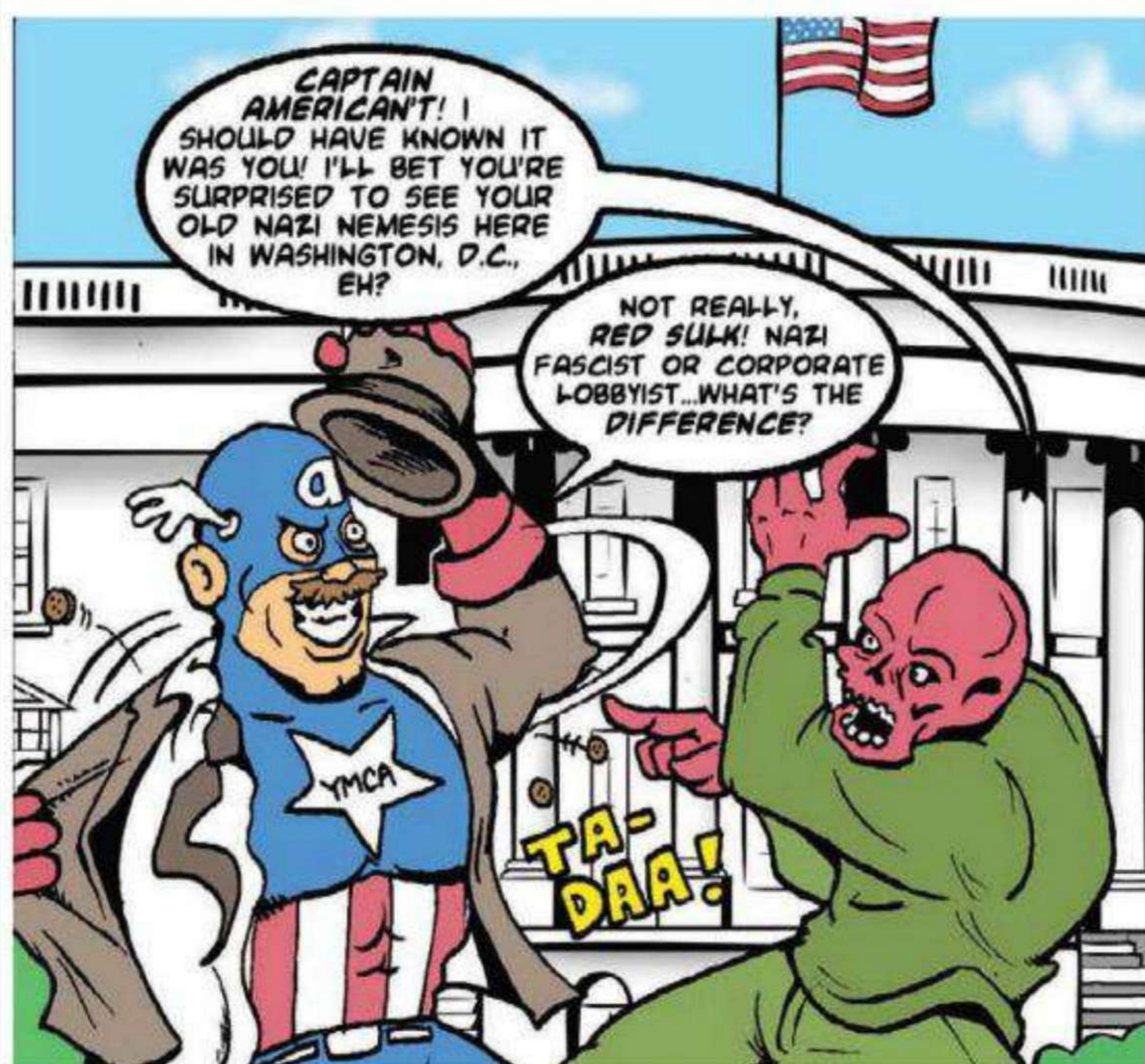


PHOTO COURTESY MCMULLAN CO./SIPA/NEWS.COM

ELIZA KRUGER

The Girl Who Sacked Mark Sanchez

The fast-rising New York Jets quarterback made a rookie mistake when he invited—so she says—a multimillionaire's adolescent daughter into his bedroom.

 WorldMag's

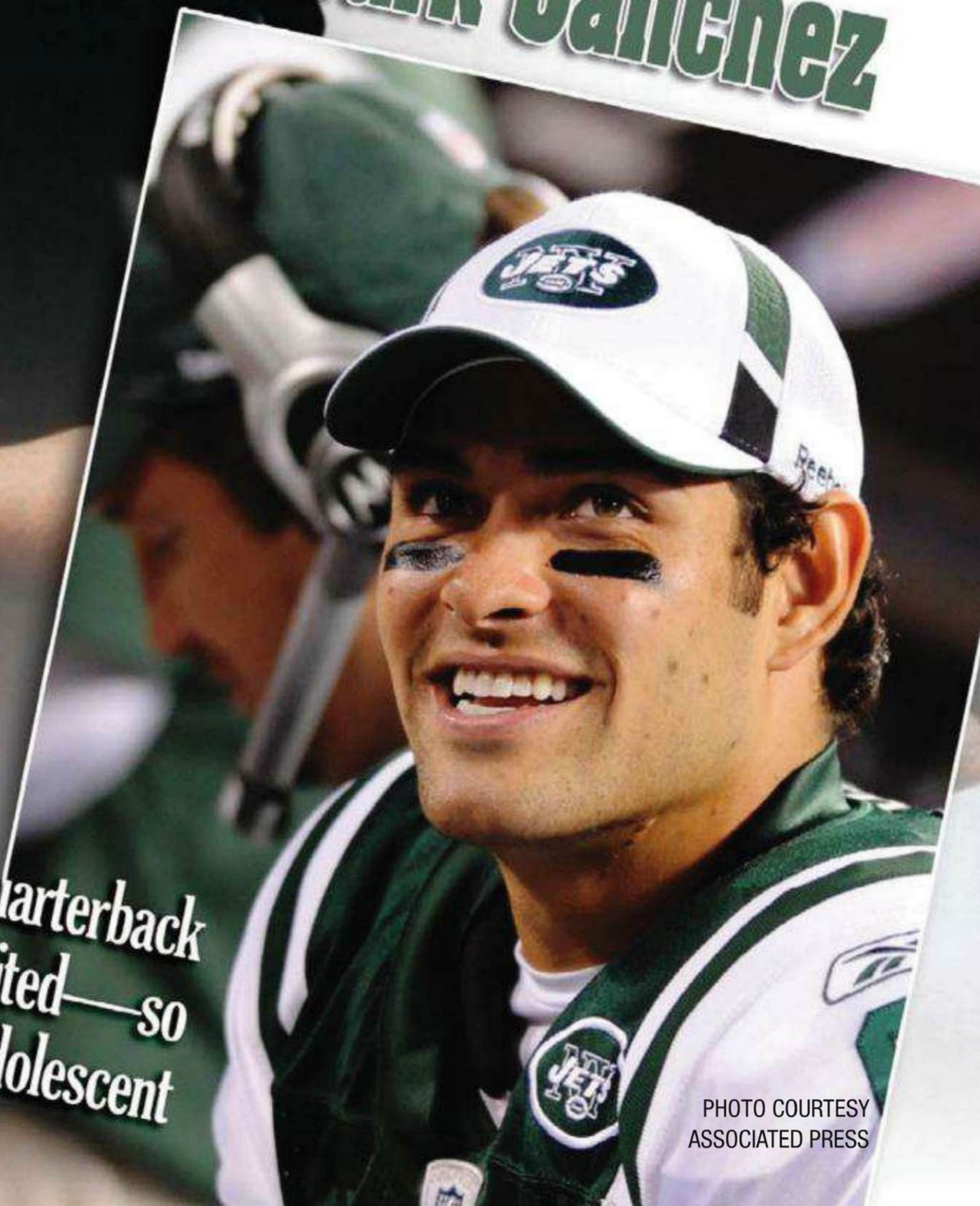


PHOTO COURTESY
ASSOCIATED PRESS

For Mark Sanchez the number 17 has two meanings. The rifle-armed quarterback racked up a career-high 17 touchdown passes in 2010 as he led the New York Jets to their second straight AFC title game—the start of a promising pro-football career. But 17 is also the age of the Connecticut hedge fund tycoon's daughter with whom the 24-year-old QB allegedly had sex.

The young lady's name is Eliza Kruger, and her story is one of too much money and, apparently, not enough attention. Following her short-lived relationship with Sanchez, Kruger appears to have leaked details of their affair to A.J. Daulerio, editor in chief of the sports site **Deadspin.com**. She claims someone contacted her about Deadspin's intention to break the news, but Deadspin—which scooped the Brett Favre alleged cock-shot sexting scandal—maintains no such report was in the works at the time.

Kruger decided to come out with her own version of what went on to set the record straight. In essence, she delivered an unconfirmed rumor to Deadspin and turned it into the best barely legal sports story of the year.

This star-crossed tale began on New Year's Eve. For Kruger, a senior at Greenwich High School, her plan to ring in 2011 included a stop at the trendy Manhattan nightclub Lavo. Keep in mind that the legal drinking age nationwide is 21.

Sanchez and Jets tight end Dustin Keller also decided to hit Lavo on December 31, 2010. Like any typical New Year Eve's reveler, Sanchez may have been hoping someone would get his balls to drop at midnight. The hotshot QB, whom long-suffering Jets fans dubbed "The Sanchize," reportedly showed up at the club with a certified eye-catcher.

According to Daulerio, who spoke with Kruger before the adults in the teenager's life put a cork in her mouth, Sanchez spotted the girl and ditched his dime of a date to sidle up to her. Whether charmed by Sanchez's looks, money (\$50-million contract) or celebrity status (we'll go with the latter), Kruger gave him her BlackBerry number. Then came this eye-opening exchange:

Kruger: "You know I'm 17, right?"

Sanchez: "Well, we can still talk, but I can't see you until you're 18."

Kruger: "Actually, 17 is legal in New York."

Seventeen is also legal in New Jersey, where Sanchez would allegedly take the hot, doe-eyed blonde later that week to do what

star athletes do best: score at will.

On New Year's Day 2011, Sanchez texted Kruger, who could not contain her excitement—or a chance to launch herself into the spotlight. She spread the news with her Facebook friends.

"MARK FUCKING SANCHEZ JUST TEXTED ME!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" she posted, a revelation that was then quickly plastered across the world of teenage news feeds.

Kruger told Daulerio that Sanchez set her and a friend up to attend the Jets' regular-season finale against the Buffalo Bills on January 2. Later that week, Sanchez and Kruger had their first official date. Kruger made a point to tell Daulerio how "genuine" Sanchez was "even though he's a really popular, good-looking quarterback."

When Daulerio asked if she and Sanchez had hooked up, Kruger responded with a simple "yeah" and later sent him a photo depicting what

Sanchez spotted the girl and ditched his dime of a date to sidle up to her. Whether charmed by Sanchez's looks, money (\$50-million contract) or celebrity status (we'll go with the latter), Kruger gave him her BlackBerry number.

she maintained were Sanchez's rumpled sheets and a smattering of football paraphernalia.

"We went back to his place in Jersey after dinner," Kruger recalled. "He lives on a golf course. There was a big storm."

Daulerio told Kruger he wanted to confirm the legality of their purported escapades, to which she replied, "It is [legal]. It's 16. I checked."

The girl's father should be proud of her fact-checking skills and law-abiding sexuality. Being the daughter of financier Konrad "Chip" Kruger, Eliza was born with a silver spoon in her mouth.

Chip Kruger reportedly pocketed a \$48-million bonus, severance and a deferred-compensation package when he left the security-brokerage firm Greenwich Capital in 2000 to become a partner in Five Mile Capital Partners. The wheeler-dealer was also part of the team that in 2005 bought 78% of General Motors' commercial real estate subsidiary for \$500 million—and he reaped a helluva return on that investment the following year. [Editor's Note: GM also received a record \$50-billion bailout in 2008 courtesy of American taxpayers.]

Then, in 2006, came the inevitable divorce (as often happens in lifestyles of the filthy rich and richer) from Eliza's mother, Marie McCormick Kruger. Records from the split show,

among other things, homes in Connecticut, Massachusetts and England and alleged affairs by both spouses. The Krugers spent their summers on Cape Cod, an area primed for its own *Real Housewives* franchise.

According to a *New York Post* article, Eliza Kruger started hitting nightclubs with her mother at the tender age of 15. Marie's excessive spending played a pivotal part in the divorce settlement. The 48-year-old socialite was awarded one of the family homes, five cars, jewelry and various investment, retirement and business stakes. But it was ultimately Marie's constant partying and indiscretions with other men that apparently put the nail in the Krugers' marriage.

Following one Internet report of her clubbing and infidelity, Marie—or possibly a third party—took the defensive. In regard to a story about the Krugers on **OKMagazine.com**, a commenter named "Marie Kruger" wrote, "I never cheated

on my husband" and "I have never been to a club in my life."

"Marie Kruger" then provided the phone numbers of two club promoters who knew Eliza. When reached for comment, one of them—Jeremy Platt—backed up

Marie and said he hadn't seen her out at clubs. But Platt later clammed up because he "signed an agreement with some lawyers."

The other promoter, Manny Mansingh, also wouldn't corroborate reports of Marie's partying. However, he did reveal that his roommate was the last person to date Eliza before she moved on to Sanchez.

While Mansingh wouldn't say much over the phone, he seemed to have no problem dishing out some details on Twitter. Under the account @Blakrockstar, Mansingh tweeted: "M.Sanchez star athlete & 17yr old boasting of how she is club royalty as she sleeps her way into the club."

Whatever the teenage temptress was doing, it was working. Eliza Kruger told Daulerio that "[Sanchez] would send me a text at 2 a.m. on a Wednesday asking if I was out that night, but I'd be like, 'I have school tomorrow.'"

One of Kruger's last correspondences with Deadspin before the story was published online follows in its typo-filled entirety: "Well I'm still 'close' w mark and he knows about you so jets pr was like here's how you handle it, I don't want to betray but I don't want to let him play me like this, if this comes out like I technically sold this then I can risk any jobs or college in the future. They may not want me if

ill just be like it was a deceitful friend of mine. You no? So my future isn't ruined but mark doesn't get everything. He is a genuine person but not necessarily good to women. You know?"

If you don't know, this is not Mark Sanchez's first pussy-related scandal. In April 2006, while a member of the University of Southern California football team, Sanchez was arrested at an apartment complex near campus for suspicion of sexual assault. Sanchez posted a \$200,000 bond and was released less than 12 hours later.

Sanchez was briefly suspended by USC, pending an investigation, but by June '06 the charges were dropped due to a "lack of sufficient evidence beyond a reasonable doubt."

Meanwhile, already armed with enough evidence to publish, Deadspin's A.J. Daulerio contacted Kruger one last time to see if there was any new information before breaking the story. But Eliza did a 180 as evidenced by the following unpolished e-mail exchange:

Kruger: "There's no story, if you print about me I'm 17 ill [sic] sue"

Daulerio: "Sue for what?"

Kruger: "Someone has my email, I don't know what messages you have received but I have no part in those, I'm 100% against this. Go away. You can't print my name, I'm under 18, you need consent."

After Daulerio made it clear that Deadspin was going forward with the story and using Kruger—not a "deceitful friend"—as its source, the 17-year-old gave way to a high-priced attorney.

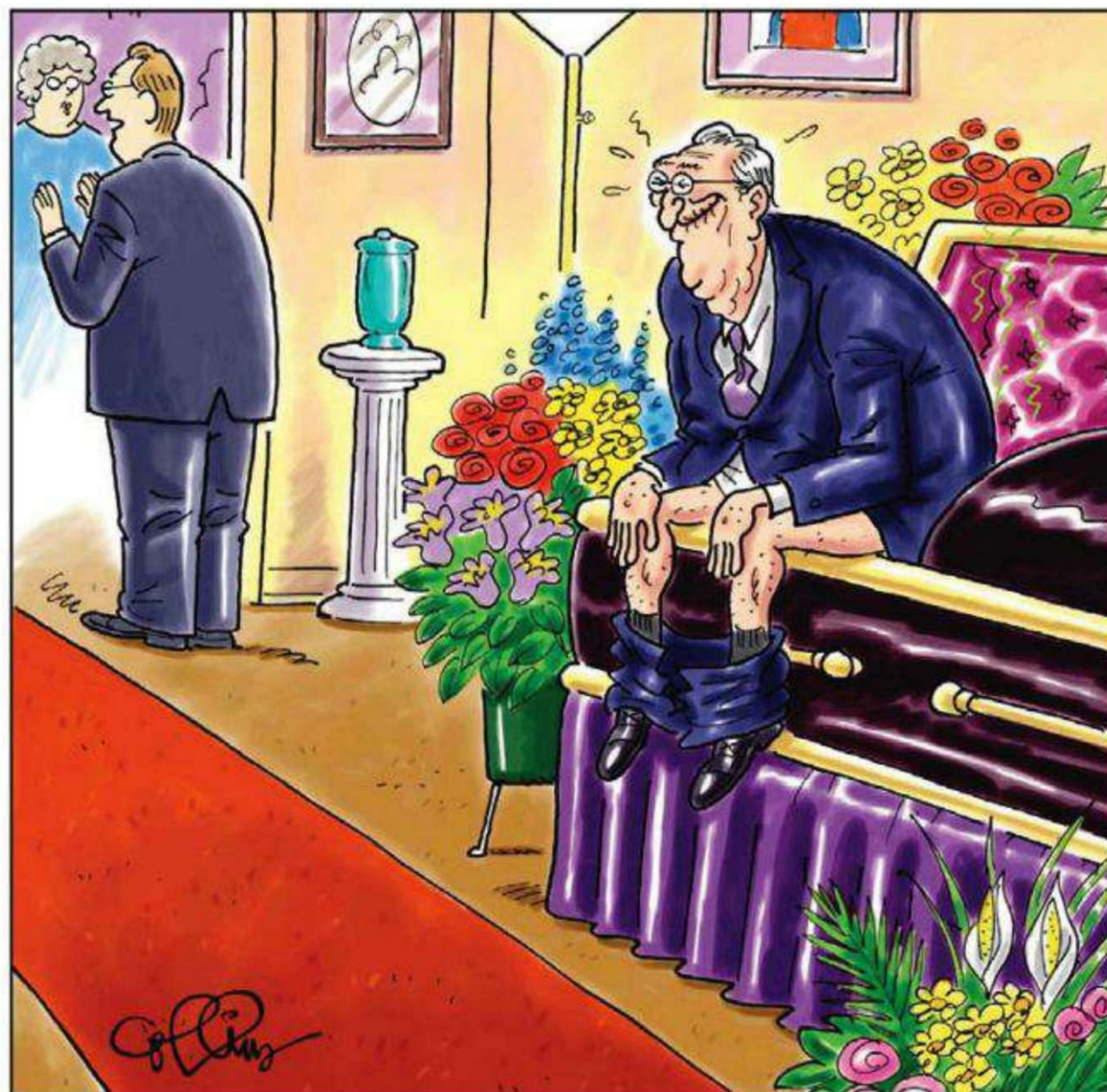
Richard Kendall, a USC alum like Sanchez, was the next to contact Daulerio. The lawyer made a Hail Mary attempt to stop the blog presses, claiming Deadspin's story would be an "unlawful publication of private facts" inasmuch as the relationship was perfectly legal.

Soon after the Jets' 2010 season ended with a loss in the AFC Championship Game, Sanchez texted Kruger again. Within weeks the Deadspin story broke, and one can assume that Sanchez's agent, coach, general manager and mother told him to distance himself from anything and everything blond and 17.

Although this pseudoscandal will forever tarnish Sanchez's public image, the star quarterback has not lost any major endorsement deals and wasn't reprimanded by the National Football League. What's more, as this issue went to press, it was announced that Sanchez (Class of '09) was the USC Alumni Association's inaugural Young Alumni Merit Award honoree.

So life goes on for Mark Sanchez and Eliza Kruger as both escaped fairly unscathed and remain extremely rich. And if either feels a tinge of nostalgia, they'll always have New Year's Eve at Lavo, the stormy-night hookup in Jersey and this infamous one-liner: "Actually, 17 is legal...."

Caleb Kubrin is a freelance journalist based in San Francisco. The avid sports fan has reported on Bay Area teams and written stories of national interest for **BleacherReport.com** and other Web sites. 



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SARAH VANDELLA & BILL BAILEY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL FOR SUZE.NET

**BANGING WITH
ABANDON**

There were nine things about Minerva (**Sarah Vandella**) that Conrad (**Bill Bailey**) loved. Today, due to his excessive mescaline consumption, he struggled to recall all of them. Conrad decided to jot down as many as he could to keep Minerva forever in his mind.

1. Minerva wasn't short, but neither was she tall. She was a perfectly sized human woman. (A compliment Conrad frequently whispered lovingly into her ear.)

2. Minerva wore nothing but red lingerie wherever she went, even to the grocery store or to identify her grandfather at the morgue.

3. After making love, Minerva would fall straight asleep. Her vagina, however, would stay up all night singing Aretha Franklin songs.

4. Minerva didn't drink or smoke. Her only vices were watching reality TV, chewing on aluminum foil and compulsively rubbing up against rabbis on the subway.

5. Minerva claimed to speak eight languages, yet she insisted on communicating solely by blinking her eyes in Morse code.

6. Unlike most women, Minerva dreamed of having a bigger pussy. "I'd like it to be the size of the Grand Canyon," she often blinked. "And I'd dedicate 95% of it to low-income housing projects."

Conrad stared at his list. It was incomplete, taunting him. "What else did I love about Minerva?" he mumbled to himself. "Oh, yeah!" In a psychedelic haze, Conrad wrote down one more reason.

7. Minerva was fucking hot—and also rather slutty.















(continued from page 42)

lication—ran a cover story titled “A Plan for a Sustainable Future.” Its author noted, “Wind, water and solar technologies can provide 100% of the world’s energy, eliminating all fossil fuels.”

More recently, in October 2009, the British magazine *New Scientist* presented a United Nations report declaring that “renewable energy that can already be harnessed economically would supply the world’s electricity needs.”

But the mainstream media have continued to ignore the fact that safe, clean, renewable energy technologies are available to provide our energy needs. For example, wind power is less costly than the price tag of a nuclear plant, which can range from \$12 billion to \$15 billion.

A pioneer journalist on nuclear technology is Anna Mayo, who from 1969 to 1989 penned a *Village Voice* column titled “Geiger Counter.” Japan’s nuclear industry, Mayo recently commented, “is trying desperately to conceal the extent of radiation exposure, and they’ve wheeled out the same, old lies...as usual.” Unfortunately, the media have bought this deadly nuclear deception.

Regarding the impact of the disaster on the United States, Dr. Richard Webb—a nuclear physicist and author of the landmark book *Accident Hazards of Nuclear Power Plants*—said it will take a year for the Fukushima reactors to cool down. Yes, a year! And during that time “all kinds of things can happen” involving both the reactors and the spent fuel pools, Dr. Webb added. He is especially concerned that another severe explosion could release many tons of radioactive poisons.

What has happened already is a clear-cut disaster. But if there are even worse discharges ahead, a horrific catastrophe is in store. The jet stream blows in an eastward direction—toward the United States. Consider the fallout that affected so many Americans during the 1950s and 1960s thanks to atmospheric atomic bomb tests. At that time, the devices contained 15 to 30 pounds of uranium, and fission (the splitting of atoms) lasted for just a second.

There are 200,000 to 300,000 pounds of uranium in each of Fukushima’s reactors, and nuclear fission has been taking place continuously since the power plant was commissioned in 1971. A massive amount of lethal, radioactive poisons accumulated. The math is clear, and we are downwind from Japan.

Karl Grossman is an investigative reporter, board member of **Beyond Nuclear.org** and professor of journalism at the State University of New York’s The College at Old Westbury. His six books include *Cover Up: What You Are Not Supposed to Know About Nuclear Power*. Grossman, the longtime host of the nationally aired TV program *Enviro Close-Up*, has also written and narrated *Three Mile Island Revisited*, *The Push to Revive Nuclear Power*, *Chernobyl: A Million Casualties* and other documentaries.



"The Republicans decided to actually finish destroying what's left of the middle class today. Film at 11."

THE BOEHNING OF

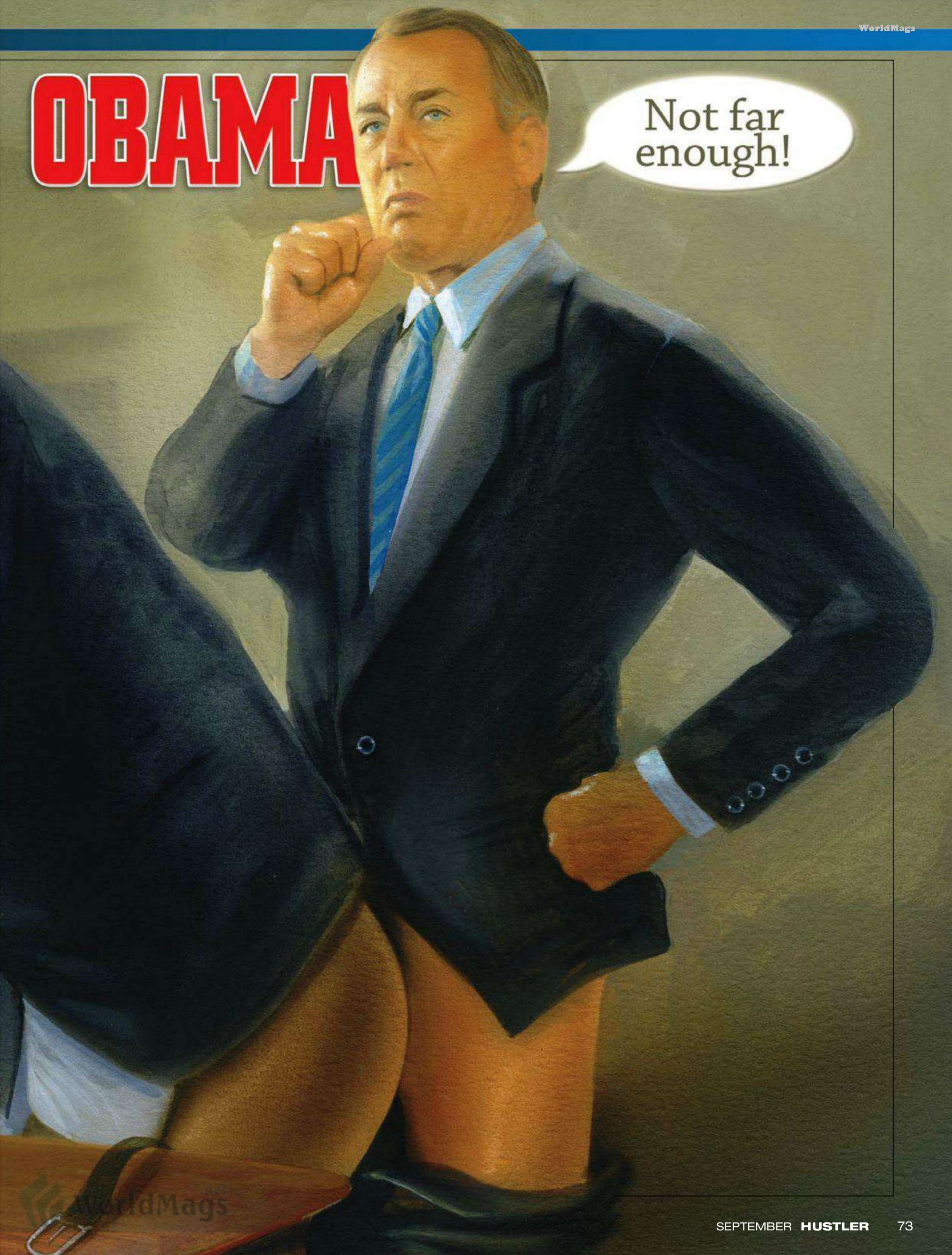


Is it
in yet?

President Barack Obama has finally come out of the closet. Now it's no secret: He's a Republican. Since the 2010 midterm elections, Obama hasn't even attempted to conceal his deep, abiding love for the soulless corporations that truly run this country. He gives handjob jobs to millionaires in the form of extended tax cuts, while remaining silent as the working class gets gang-banged by union-busting governors in Wisconsin, Ohio, Michigan and other states. Someone should remind the President that just because he likes getting fucked in the ass by Republicans, doesn't mean that the American people feel the same way. 🌐

OBAMA

Not far
enough!



GILBERT GOTTFRIED

DICK JOKES AND DUCKS

Gilbert Gottfried has become a household name thanks to an odd mix of comedic talents. Some people know him for his voice-over work in animated movies and TV commercials, most notably as Aflac's insurance-selling duck. Others know that he is one of the filthiest stand-ups working today. Gottfried's recent flurry of non-PC tweets about Japan's devastating earthquake and tsunami cost him his Aflac gig. We caught up with the self-proclaimed "short, annoying Jew" backstage at the Hilton hotel in Las Vegas (where he was performing) to discuss birds, Howard Stern, getting a handjob from Miley Cyrus and his first book, the hilarious *Rubber Balls and Liquor*.

HUSTLER: Las Vegas and you seem like an odd combination.

GILBERT GOTTFRIED: What happens in Vegas stays in Vegas. With me all that stays in Vegas is dirty sheets from jerking off.

What do you like best about Vegas?

My favorite thing is the buffets. It looks just like food. It's kind of like the show *Beatlemania*. If you close your eyes and smell, you think it's real.

What's your favorite way to have fun in Vegas?

Jerking off, but I'm usually calling the front desk to complain: "You gave me *Babysitters* 3. I ordered *Babysitters* 2." That's not good because if you watch part three without having seen part two, you miss the whole storyline.

What kind of people have been coming to see you at the Hilton?

Usually it's people who couldn't get tickets to see anything else.

Are you intimidated by performing in the

same showroom that Fat Elvis did?

Yes. They still have Fat Elvis here. They keep him in a freezer. Every now and then you can open it up, chip off a piece and suck it.

Is there any truth to the rumor that Elvis's ghost haunts the bathroom backstage?

Something is haunting the bathroom, because it has a very bad odor.

Your old pal Wayne Newton has performed here too. Has he come to see you?

Yes, my old pal Wayne Newton. At this point I don't know if Wayne Newton can afford the cab fare to come over.

You mention in *Rubber Balls and Liquor* that Newton once introduced you from the stage while you were in the audience. Will you be doing that yourself?

As soon as a real celebrity stops in, I will mention him.

Have any quasicelebrities stopped by?

Yes, somebody who met Wayne Newton came in.

In your book you admit being uncomfortable around other celebrities. Why?

It's just like when people stop me in the street and start to talk. Then eventually they'll repeat themselves. And then the next thing they do is say something that makes no

PHOTO BY GEORGE SEMINARA



AN UNCENSORED Q&A WITH ONE OF THE MOST CONTROVERSIAL COMICS OF ALL TIME.

sense at all, and then they insult me. I do the same thing when I meet celebrities. I met Harrison Ford one time. He said, "Hey, Gilbert, I love your work." I said, "Thanks. And you are?" Joking. He then said, "Harrison Ford." Now I can't watch his movies.

Do you have any famous friends?

No, I really don't. A few years back I did *Jack and the Beanstalk* with Christopher Lloyd and Katey Sagal. I was the goose, because I have to play a bird in everything. Christopher Lloyd and I had done the voices on this cartoon show *Cyberchase* for years, and I had done an episode of *Married...With Children* where I was squeezed into a life raft with Katey Sagal. Neither one of them remembered who I was.

Do you have any friends?

No. I pretend people are my friends if they offer to buy me lunch.

How much money does someone have to spend?

Pretty much you could buy me a meal at McDonald's.

When was the last time you picked up the check at a restaurant?

Actually, just today at lunch. I picked up the check and handed it to someone at the table.

Do you consider Howard Stern a friend after being on his show for years?

Yes, it's just like you would imagine. Me and Howard Stern play tennis together. Sometimes we just lie in his office on a cot

and cuddle. Actually, with me and Howard Stern, when we're *not* on the air, it becomes very uncomfortable.

But didn't Howard come to see you when you were in the hospital awhile back?

He came to the hospital, and he made the stupid mistake of asking if I needed anything. Of course, my eyes welled up with tears—the kind of tears that you get when you're going to get free shit. So I started doing this unending list of stuff I needed. He finally just got me a cheap pair of bedroom slippers and never asked if I needed anything ever again.

What is your preshow ritual?

Like every performer, I get in a big circle and ask Jesus Christ to help me do the dick jokes the right way.

It's said that comedy comes from tragedy. What's yours?

My tragedy is my career. My other tragedy is when I stand in front of a full-length mirror naked.

Does your throat hurt after you do a show?

Yes, it hurts during the show and after the show. And people's ears hurt during the show. They sometimes bleed.

Why did you write *Rubber Balls and Liquor*?

I actually decided to write it because I had a book deal. They said they'd pay me for it. Then I said, "Let me think of something to write down on paper."

Is it true you'll do anything for money?

I will do absolutely *anything* for money. I'll appear on anything. I would blow up a school bus for the right amount of money.

Why did you title your book *Rubber Balls and Liquor*?

It's from an old children's joke. One of the first dirty jokes you learn. You say "Rubber balls and liquor" to everything I ask. So, what did you have for lunch today?

Rubber balls and liquor.

What did you have for dinner?

Rubber balls and liquor.

What are you gonna do with your girlfriend tonight?

Rubber balls and liquor.

And that's the joke. What makes no sense about it is that we are referring to a girl's breasts as balls.

So the book doesn't include any stories about your having sex with a transvestite?

If this one sells, that will be in the second book.

The model on the front cover has great legs. Did you fuck her?

Yes. I did have sex with her, but the publisher decided not to use that picture for the cover.

The cover also features two balls and

a bottle of booze to symbolize a penis. Why are the balls crooked?

This is not a mistake. I wanted the liquor bottle straight up with the two balls underneath so it was as obvious as possible that it's a cock and balls. The publisher, St. Martin's, looked at that and said, "Can we put the balls a little off to the side and make it a little less obvious and disgusting?"

Your publisher thought that by moving the balls half an inch, the sexual connotation would be less obvious?

Yes. Sometimes I move my balls a half an inch, and it's less obvious. My balls are very subtle.

Have you cleared space on your mantel for all the literary awards you may win?

I hope I'll be like Saul Bellow and win a Nobel Prize.

***Rubbers Balls and Liquor* mentions that you're not good with women.**

Yes, but you don't need to read the book to figure that one out.

What about comedy groupies or "road ass"?

I have women throwing themselves at me all the time, but they have terrible aim and end up, like, 50 miles away.

Tell us the colostomy bag story.

There was a comedian, and this girl stayed around after the show because she liked him. After the audience left, he took her onstage, they laid down, and during a wild moment of sex his colostomy bag burst open and covered the girl in shit.

How can a guy with a sack of shit hanging off his side get a girl at a comedy club but you can't?

I've asked myself that every second of my life.

If you're not good with the ladies, how did you end up not only getting a woman to sleep with you but also marry you and give birth to your children?

I had to pay for it.

What kind of a father are you?

I don't know. I'm not allowed to see the children without supervision. To make up for the fact that I don't get to see my own children that much, I hang around school playgrounds and watch the children there.

Do you have any advice for your kids?

Oh, *advice*. I thought you said *device*. I do have that. It's the chain I use to lock them in their room. Advice? I say, "Look at everything in my life and do it differently."

Do you plan on pushing them into show business?

I want to get them into showbiz early and then into rehab right afterwards.

Do your kids know you're the voice of several animated birds and, once upon a time, the Aflac duck? (continued on page 132)





A PLEASANT SURPRISE





NATALIE NICE

Natalie Nice is full of surprises. In order to get to know this

blond beauty, we asked her a few revealing questions.

How did you begin in the business? “I started by complete accident. One night my boyfriend [at the time] lost his phone in a bar. There was a naked picture of me on it. Two weeks later that picture was everywhere because people had texted it to their friends all over the country. That’s when I realized that people would actually want to see me naked.”

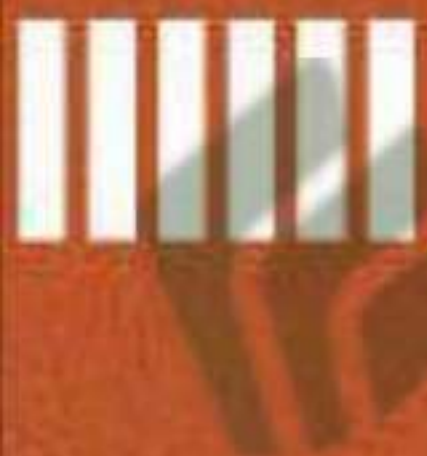
What are your passions, Natalie? “I’m a huge nerd. I love reading and learning as many new things as possible. I’m halfway through my master’s degree in public administration, so my goal is to finish it, get my Ph.D., and become Dr. Natalie Nice.”

What turns you on? “Nothing is sexier than an education. I love being able to have a meaningful conversation with someone. Confidence is also very important. I love older guys. I’ve always had the teacher/student fantasy because there’s something so sexy about a man who can teach you a thing or two.”









NATALIE NICE'S VITAL FACTS:

HOMETOWN: Kansas City, Kansas | AGE: 25 | BIRTH SIGN: Aquarius | HEIGHT: 5-10 | WEIGHT: 130



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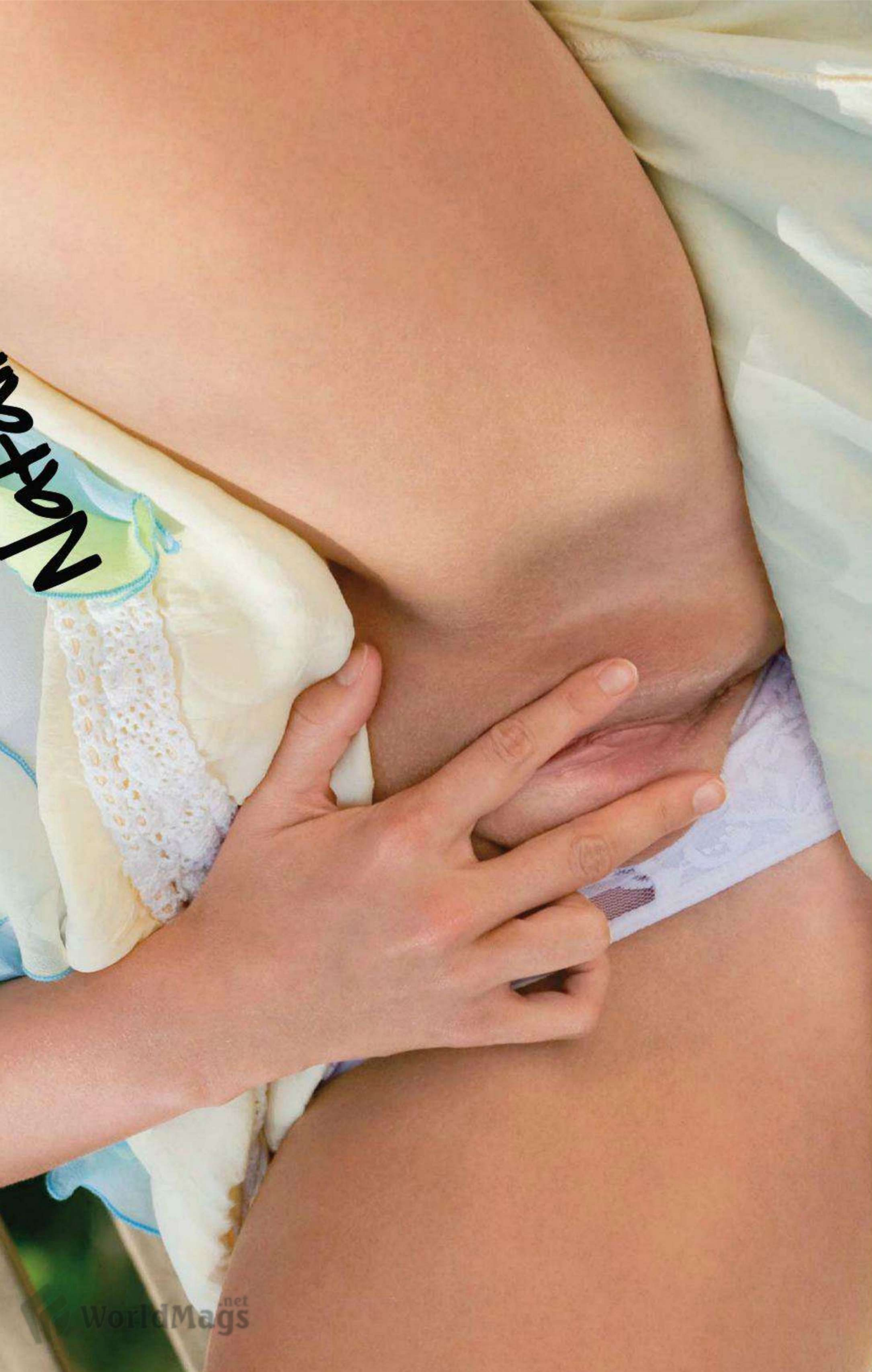
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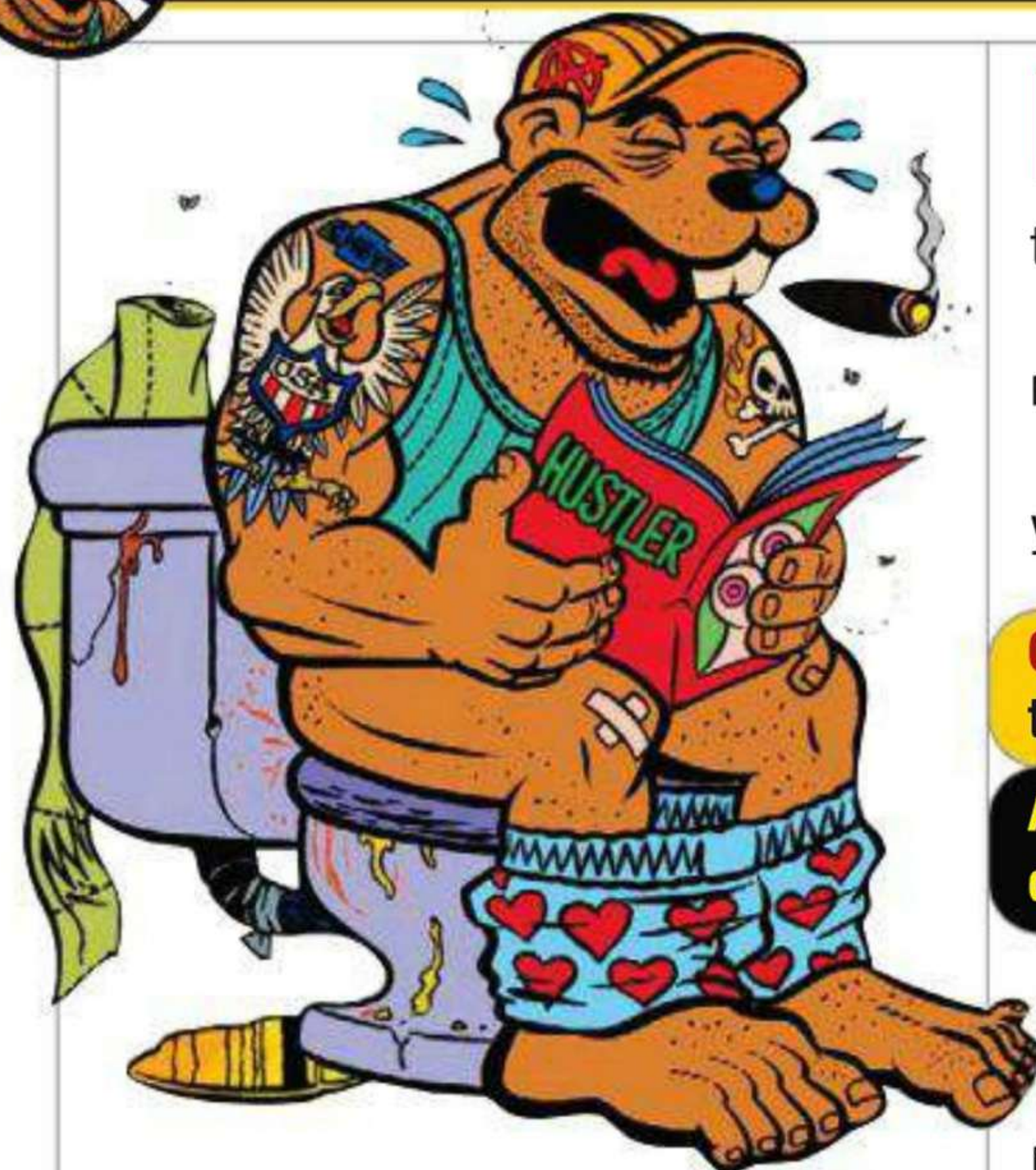
CALLER MUST BE 18 YEARS OLD OR OVER. COST \$3.99/MINUTE.



Only for you







Every Saturday morning, Ollie would pick up Marissa, his nine-year-old granddaughter, and take her for a leisurely ride around town. One particular Saturday, however, Ollie was sick as shit, so his wife volunteered to drive their granddaughter around.

After the gals returned an hour or so later, Marissa ran upstairs to see how her grandfather was feeling. "Did you enjoy your ride with Grandma?" Ollie asked.

"Oh, yes, Grandpa!" Marissa squealed. "It was different from when you take me! We didn't see a single asshole, piece of crap, horse's ass, blind bastard, dipshit, Muslim goat humper or fuckin' son of a bitch anywhere we went!"

After screwing Katey in the missionary position for a while, Tom asked his uninspired old lady if she wouldn't mind moaning a little bit to keep him in the mood. Katey obliged, and Tom started to bang away like a madman. Before too long, Katey looked over his shoulders and fumed, "When the fuck are you gonna paint the ceiling?"

Father O'Brien was driving from Boston to New York City when he was pulled over for speeding by a state trooper. Smelling alcohol on the priest's breath and noticing an empty wine bottle on the floor of his car, the lawman said, "Excuse me, Father, but have you been drinking?"

"Just water, officer," the inebriated holy man mumbled.

"Then why do I smell wine?"

Father O'Brien looked at the bottle and howled, "Good Lord! He's done it again!"

Lily was having lunch with her best friend Doris when she mentioned, "I'm thinking of getting a boobjob."

"That's nothing," Doris huffed. "I'm gonna have my asshole bleached."

"Really?" Doris cooed. "I can't picture your husband as a blonde."

Question: Why is a chick just like a toilet seat?

Answer: Without the hole in the middle, she wouldn't be worth shit!

Having not seen each other in months, biddies Selma and Ann decided to catch up on things. Selma asked, "How's your husband?"

"I guess you didn't hear what happened," Ann gasped. "Fred was digging up some potatoes in the garden for dinner one day, and he had a heart attack and died."

"I'm so sorry, dear," Selma remarked. "What did you do?"

Ann answered, "I opened a can of green beans instead."

While rummaging in a thrift store, Andy came upon a rusty old lamp. When he rubbed the side of it, a genie appeared and granted him one wish. Andy pondered for a minute, then proclaimed, "I want to live forever!"

"I'm not allowed to grant wishes like that," the annoyed genie hissed. "Think of something else."

After pondering some more, Andy exclaimed, "I don't want to die until Congress gets their heads out of their asses!"

The genie looked at Andy and muttered, "You're a sneaky fella. I'll grant that wish!"

HUSTLER Wisdom: The number one reason why men prefer guns over women: You can buy a silencer for a gun.

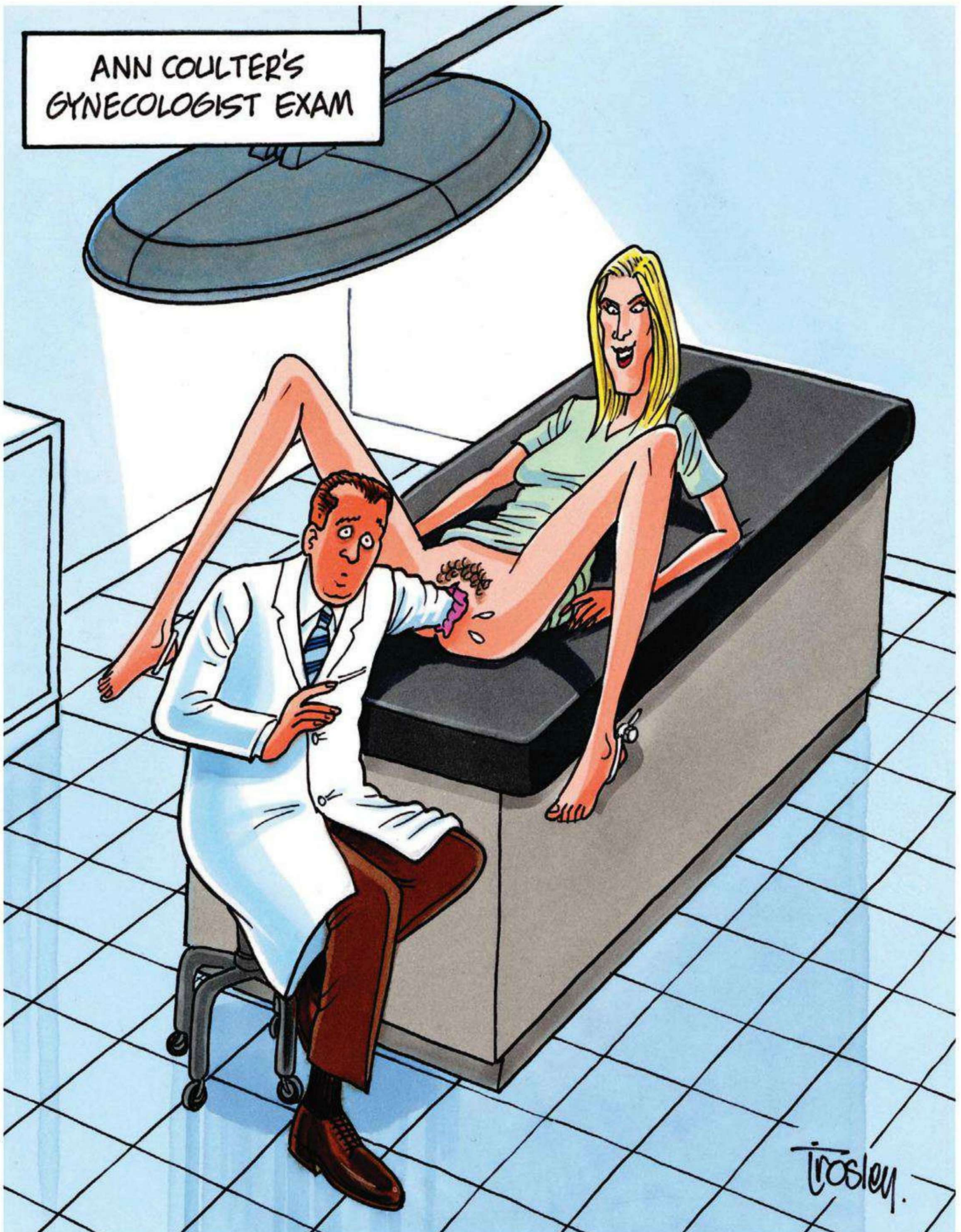
Driving on a rain-slickened road is like eating pussy. If you don't slow down and pay attention, you could slide into the asshole in front of you.

GRAFFiLTHY



Thanks and \$50 go to Cliff N.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to HUSTLER@LFP.com. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry — we cannot return submissions.

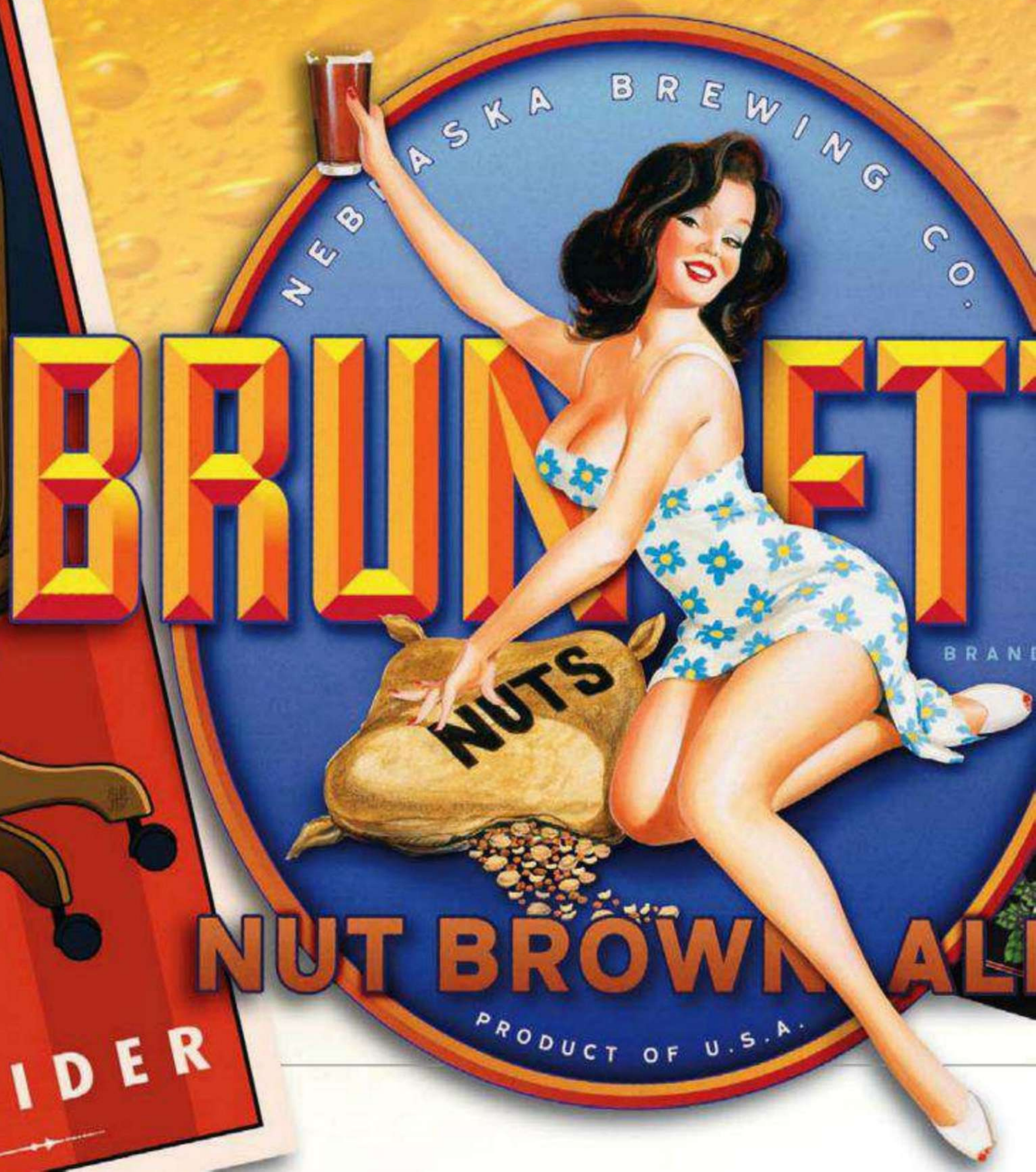
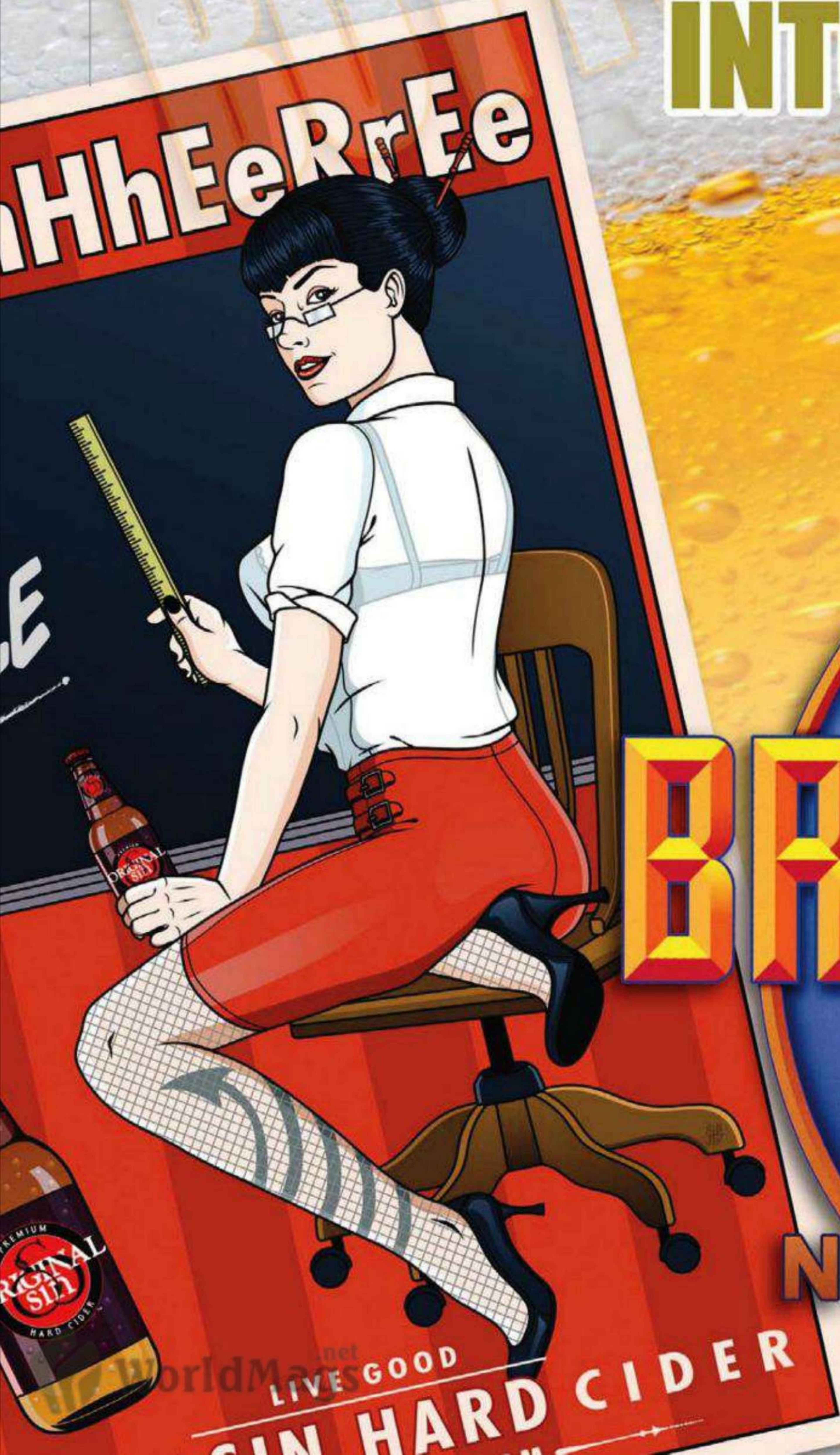


"Yes, I know I have a vibrator up there. I don't want it taken out. I just want you to change the batteries."

INTRODUCING A NEW COLUMN

BOTTOMS UP!

INTOXICATING LABELS





Leath IP

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better - you
This beer is for
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Ale is so pack
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hops it should
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Six mois de maturation en fût de chêne de vin blanc
botrytisé californien confère à cette bière un nez
complexe aux allures de fleur de miel, de vanille,
d'abricot et de cuir par l'ajout de levures sauvages.
La bouche, simple et généreuse, fredonne des airs
aigres-doux sur fond de pêche et de bonbons
américains. De quoi en perdre son latin!

7% d'alc./vol.
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Ale forte
Strong Ale

Embouteillage: 100%

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BRIDGEPORT BIG BREWS

STUMPTOWN TART

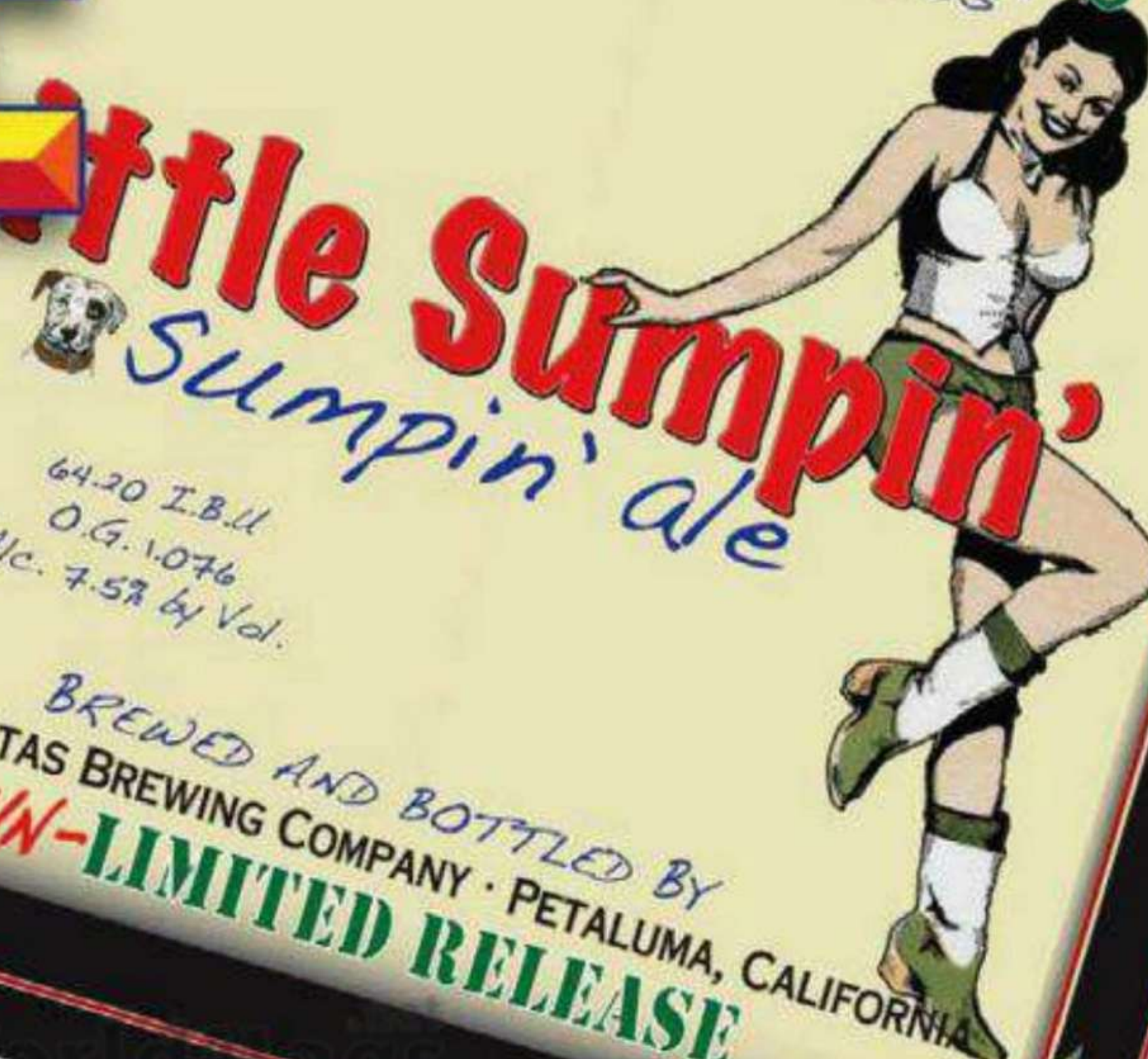
ACCORDING TO THE SURGEON GENERAL, WOMEN SHOULD
AVOID ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES BECAUSE OF THE RISK OF BIRTH
DEFECTS. DRINKING ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES DURING PREGNANCY
MAY CAUSE HEALTH PROBLEMS.



FRAMBOISE W
OREGON RASPB

LAGUNITAS

Say "lah-goo-KNEE-luss"



Little Sumpin' Sumpin' ale

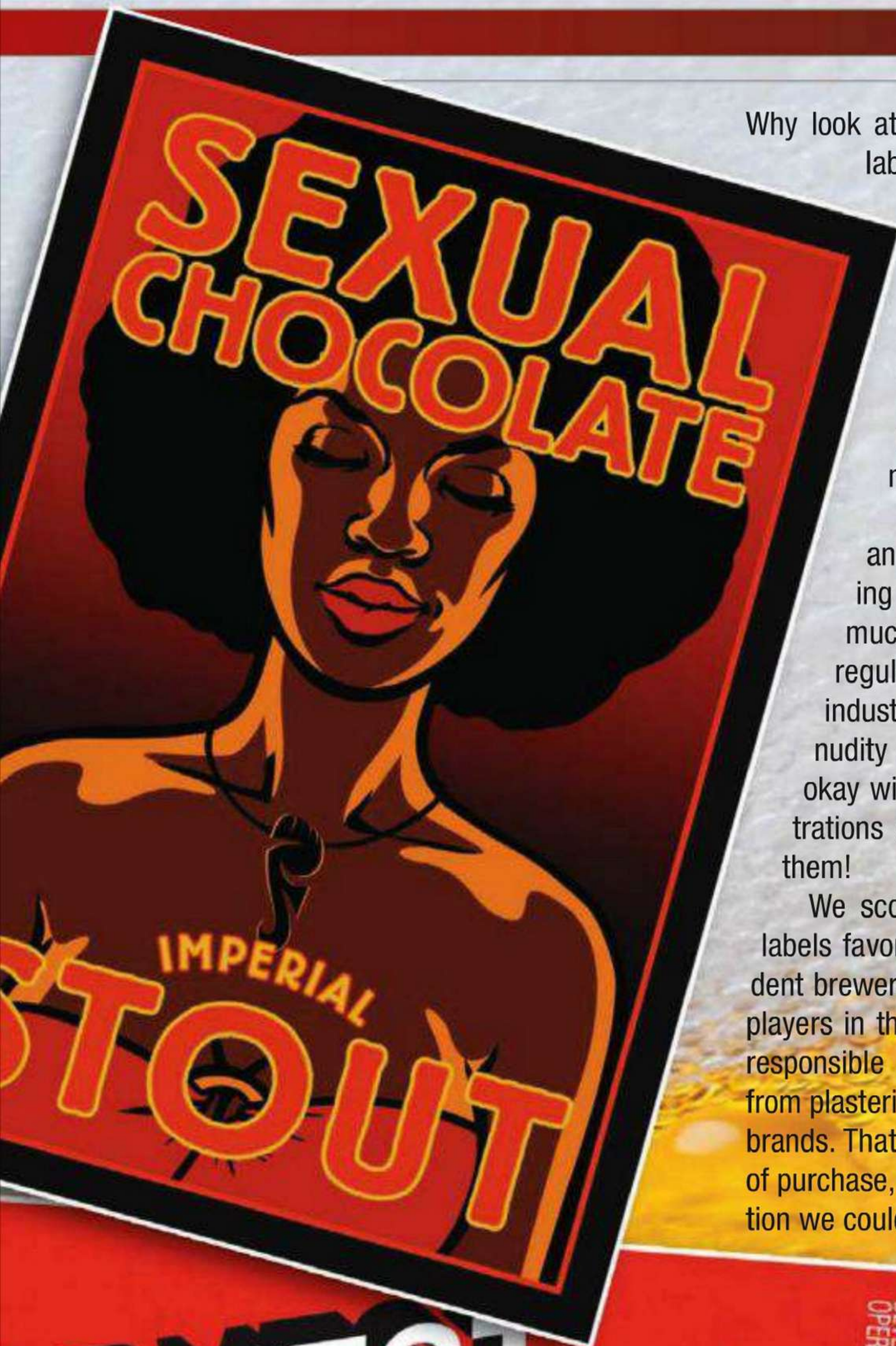
64.20 I.B.U.

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Alc. 7.5% by Vol.

BREWED AND BOTTLED BY
THE LAGUNITAS BREWING COMPANY • PETALUMA, CALIFORNIA
UN-LIMITED RELEASE





Why look at a boring, crusty, old-fashioned label on your favorite bottle of beer or distilled spirit? You're either drinking because: 1) You want a buzz (an okay reason—maybe not the best); 2) You have someone over (preferably sexy—another good reason); 3) You like the taste (in my view, the best reason).

No matter why you are drinking an alcoholic beverage, an engrossing label makes the experience so much more pleasant. The Feds who regulate all aspects of the booze industry will never allow full-fledged nudity on a label, but they seem to be okay with cheesecake photos and illustrations of scantily clad ladies. Good for them!

We scoured up a bevy of provocative labels favored primarily by small, independent brewers and distillers. It seems the big players in the industry adhere to a "code of responsible practices" that prevents them from plastering images of sexy babes on their brands. That's too bad. It's their loss at point of purchase, and our loss for the visual titillation we could have experienced.

ORIGINAL SIN HARD CIDER

Original Sin Hard Cider, New York, New York; OrigSin.com

This purveyor's incredible labels were created by famed rock poster artist R.Black. There are 25 in the series, and women across the country vie to be depicted as an Original Sin Hard Cider girl. Each poster makes us a "hard" cider fan. Pick your fetish.

SEXUAL CHOCOLATE

Foothills Brewing, Winston-Salem, North Carolina; FoothillsBrewing.com

The damsel is imperial, and she's stout. But why are her eyes closed? Who is she waiting for? We want it to be us.

BRUNETTE NUT BROWN ALE

Nebraska Brewing Company, Papillion, Nebraska; NebraskaBrewingCo.com

This is a brunette with whom we definitely want to share our beer and warm our nuts.

HARVEST FROM THE HOOD

Philadelphia Brewing Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; PhiladelphiaBrewing.com

This wet-hopped ale's lady is already wet. Can a beer lover ask for more? Yes. How about sextuple-brewing with farm-fresh hops?



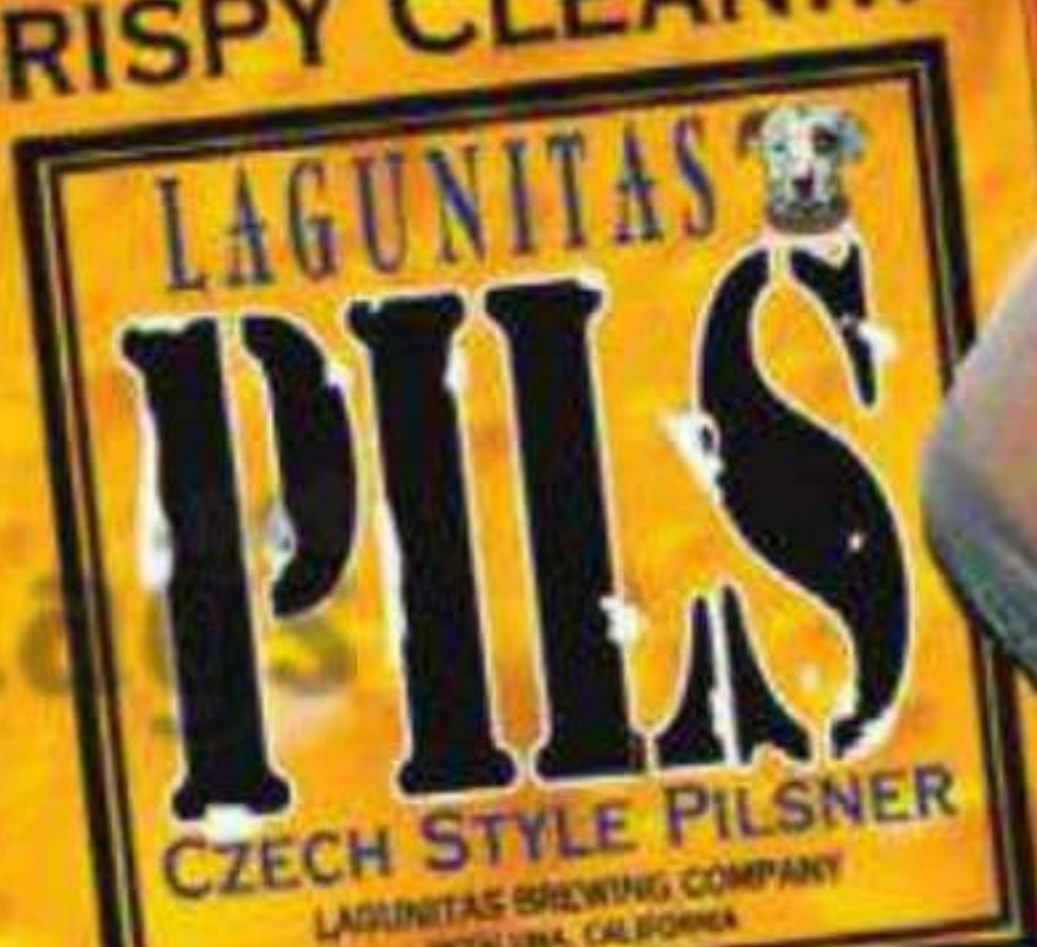
SELECTED HOPS GROWN BY PHILADELPHIA BREWING CO. PENNSYLVANIA
2 FL. OZ.

Sextuple Hops Brewed

Beer Speaks
People Mumble



MAYBE A CRISPY CLEAN...



...It's
...dry.
...et beer
...in the
...with that
...everything
...whatever. Well,
...world would be
...is, and not what
...veryday as if for the
...n, you'd see your lover
...smell like flowers, work
...in school, a beer would
...our head in ecstasy... well,
...idea... Call us! 707-766-
...Cheers!

...CALIF. U.S. OF A.

INTOXICATING LABELS

LITTLE SUMPIN' ALE

Lagunitas Brewing Company, Petaluma, California; Lagunitas.com

What can we say? She's just a pretty, wholesome, all-American girl on a beer label—and she's sumpin' else!

DULCIS SUCCUBUS

Micro-Brasserie Le Trou Du Diable, Shawinigan, Québec, Canada

The beer is aged in sweet, white-wine oak barrels. A succubus can be described as a female demon who seduces a sleeping man to capture his soul. *Dulcis* is a French word for sweet. So this lovely lady is a sexy but lethal she-devil.

STUMPTOWN TART

BridgePort Brewing Company, Portland, Oregon; BridgePortBrew.com

This ale is brewed with fresh Oregon raspberries, then aged in oak barrels. The model pictured is Bernie Dexter, and the brewers thought she had "the perfect look to embody this label." We agree. She's fresh and lovely.

LEATHERLIPS IPA

Haverhill Brewery, Haverhill, Massachusetts; HaverhillBrewery.com

Jessica Dougherty is for real. She's the model for Leatherlips IPA and a pinup girl extraordinaire. For more, check out JessicasPinups.com and page 100 of this issue!

DEVIL'S TRIANGLE RUM & COLA

Independent Distillers Group, Melbourne, Australia; IndependentDistillersUSA.com

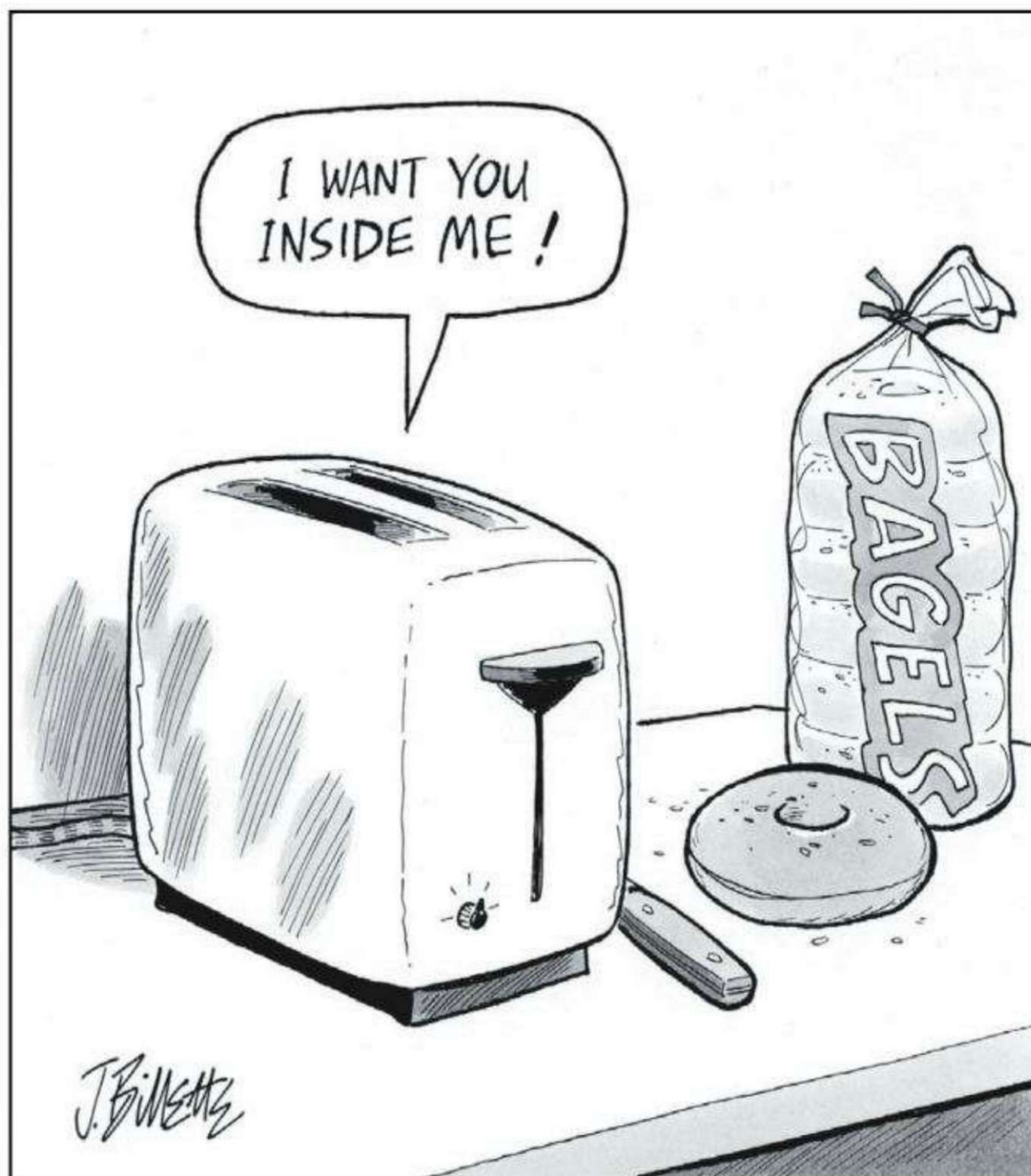
Rum, cola and a hot (in more ways than one) she-devil can sometimes be just what we all need. We never knew that Lucifer had a bodacious bartender daughter named Lucy.

85 LASHES

Amalgamated Brewing Company, St. Louis, Missouri; AmalgamatedBrew.com

This saucy pirate girl might whip you and cut you if you don't drink her distinctly flavorful 85-proof dark rum. You must obey.

Based in Silvermine, Connecticut, Gregg Glaser has covered the "beer beat" since 1994 and spirits since 2001. He's currently the publisher/editor of *Modern Distillery Age*, editor in chief of *Yankee Brew News*, news editor of *All About Beer Magazine* and a contributing editor at *Modern Brewery Age*, *Beverage Media Magazine* and *Massachusetts Beverage Business*. Besides writing for dozens of other publications, Glaser is a director of the East Coast's prestigious Great International Beer Competition. He also speaks about alcoholic beverages and conducts tastings around the world. *Bottoms Up!* will return as a regular column next month.



PHIL ANSELMO

FIGHT ON!

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

As the lead singer of Pantera, Phil Anselmo fronted the heavy metal band through its most legendary period. He stopped by to unload on his heroin overdose, his new group Arson Anthem, the real reasons behind Pantera's demise, and the 2004 murder of founding member Dimebag Darrell.

HUSTLER: What is the truth behind the breakup of Pantera?

PHIL ANSELMO: I'd have to say the biggest reason in my mind was a complete meltdown of communication. It was a lot my fault, as far as not being accessible when we were at home, away from each other. I was in a lot of physical pain at the time and didn't feel like I was being understood. When you don't have physical pain, there is no way to replicate it in the mind. There was a breakdown there. I wouldn't return phone calls for a stretch; then Dimebag Darrell and Vince [Vinnie Paul, his brother and Pantera cofounder] wouldn't return phone calls for a stretch. It was just bad feelings all around. Then metal magazines started stirring the pot of controversy. That didn't help.

Let's talk about mags stirring the pot. In one you were quoted as saying, "Dimebag deserves to be beaten severely."

You gotta understand black-and-white reading. Then you gotta understand my sense of humor and how that works. A lot of people have said a lot of things off the cuff that didn't really mean it; but when you read it in flat-out black and white, there is no expression behind it. No inflection. When you read it in black-and-white, the intention doesn't come across. Part of my interaction with good friends of mine is that we can take the fucking piss out of each other. I can call you a fucking asshole if you don't sit in front of this TV set and watch the fucking ball game. If you're a friend, you know I'm kidding. But write that down in a magazine, and 15 people will take it 15 different ways.

How did you know Pantera was over?

I tried to call Dimebag Darrell. No answer. Then I called Vince. He picked up and said,

"We're starting this other band, Damageplan." I said, "Really? Cool." I was thinking he said *project*. Then I said, "Are you sure? I need to talk to Dimebag." Vince said, "I don't think Dimebag wants to talk to you." I didn't care. I had to fucking hear from him that it was over. I finally got him on the phone and said, "Really? It's really over? It's done?" He didn't say it [Pantera] was done. He just said, "We're just gonna go do this. We're tired of waiting around on you." I never quit. They just moved on without me.

They were "tired of waiting around on you." What does that mean?

I was weak-willed. I had made a young man's mistake, and I had bought into the pharmaceutical fantasy world. One thing that didn't work in my favor was having overdosed on dope. Nobody believed that I had a pin from the crushed disc that really was going on inside my body. All credibility went out the window. I had been to three or four different specialists while we were all on the road around the country.

Everyone had the same reaction: "Yeah, you have the crushed disc, but you're too young to have surgery." Cartilage was destroyed. There was bone-on-bone scraping. Then the second disc went. They kept saying I was too young for the surgery because in the 1990s neurosurgery had not progressed enough. In a way the doctors were trying to help me by not allowing the surgery. There was a 50-50 shot of ending up paralyzed. They explained how they wanted the procedure to attack this thing, and it was brutal.

They wanted to cut me from the front and from the back. It was a complicated, miserable-sounding thing with over two years of recovery time projected. Way too much recovery time. At the time, I felt trapped and out of options. Either take painkiller after fucking painkiller to get up on that stage and do my fucking job or what? My will had eroded along with every single pain pill I ingested.

How did Dimebag Darrell's death affect you?

For the first two years, Darrell's death didn't. It didn't really fucking set in. It's not like I didn't know it was real. Every year it gets harder. This past year—his birthday, the day he was murdered [December 8]—every time that goes by, it gets harder and harder. Truth being, there is not one fucking day that goes by that I don't think about Pantera and Darrell. That is no bullshit. At 42 years old when I look around and see all the heavy metal bands that are still together and touring, I'm inclined to think, *What if?*

Do you believe that Pantera would have reunited if Dimebag hadn't been killed while performing with Damageplan?

If Darrell was still alive, we would have damn well got back together a long time ago. Fuck, yeah! There are no two ways about that. It's a definite in my mind.

Is it true that Dimebag's family banned

THE DIRTY

12 NEW DISCS YOU NEED

DEAD ROCK WEST

Bright Morning Stars

This smoky-swamp collective is anchored by X drummer DJ Bonebrake. Makes sense that he brought his X cohorts Exene Cervenka and John Doe along to contribute vocals to this collection of spiritual and blues standards, including "Ain't No Grave" and "God Moves on the Water."



DUFF MCKAGAN'S LOADED

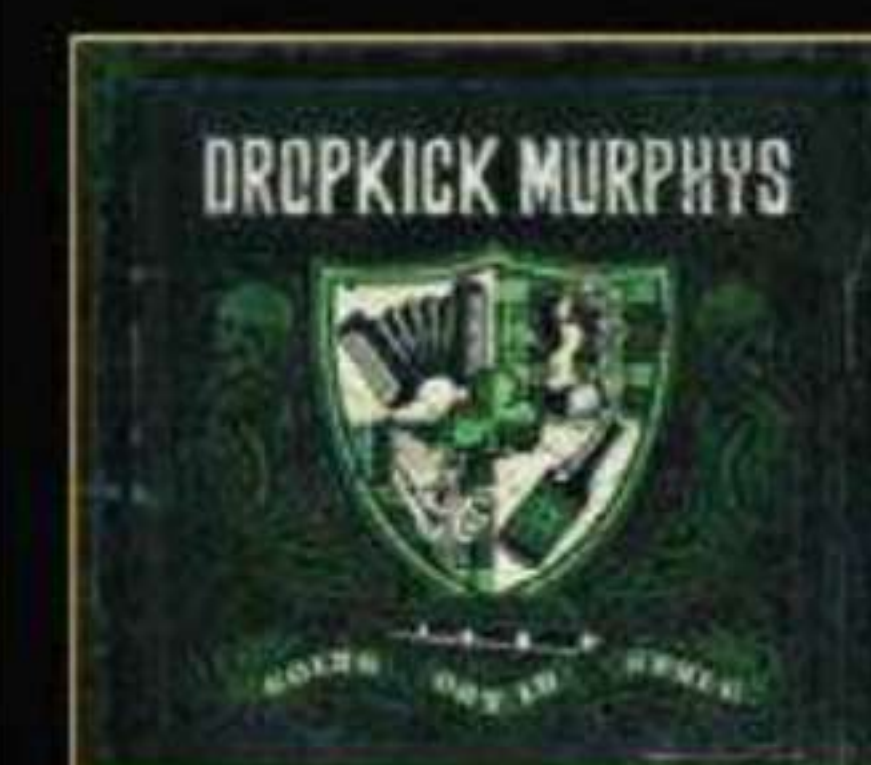
The Taking

As bassist for the original lineup of Guns N' Roses, Duff helped change the world of music. While Velvet Revolver—his other band—is in limbo, Duff straps on a guitar and steps up to the mic for his punk collective Loaded. Their latest is urgent and fresh, full of songs you need to learn and sing.

ROBBIE ROBERTSON

How to Become Clairvoyant

The man is a legend. He was in the Band for Christ's sake! Okay, sure, his last solo album was about American Indians, but Robertson's latest is a return to form. His dark and mysterious voice doesn't just sing a song, it envelops it.



DROPKICK MURPHYS

Going Out in Style

Boston's favorite Irish punk rock sons return with a rowdy, Guinness-soaked album. Joining them at the party is an unlikely guest—Bruce Springsteen. The Boss sings on a cover of "Peg o' My Heart."

EDDIE SPAGHETTI

Sundowner

The Supersuckers' frontman knows how to party—and party hard. Each of his albums is the perfect soundtrack for any beer bash. And Spaghetti's latest is a whiskey-soaked, honky-tonk ramble full of songs about his favorite obsession—women!



EXENE CERVENKA

The Excitement of Maybe

The matriarch of L.A.'s punk scene returns with a lovely CD. That's right—lovely! Songs of hope and inspiration featuring Exene's lovely voice. Damn, I said *lovely* again! Highlights: "Dirty Snow" and "Beyond You."

DOZEN

HOLY GHOST Holy Ghost!



Borrowing equally from the synth pop of '80s acts like Pet Shop Boys and the dance funk of Chromeo, the debut CD from Holy Ghost is flawless dance-pop perfection. Well, except for one track that sounds a little like Savage Garden. But, hey, it's *almost* perfect.



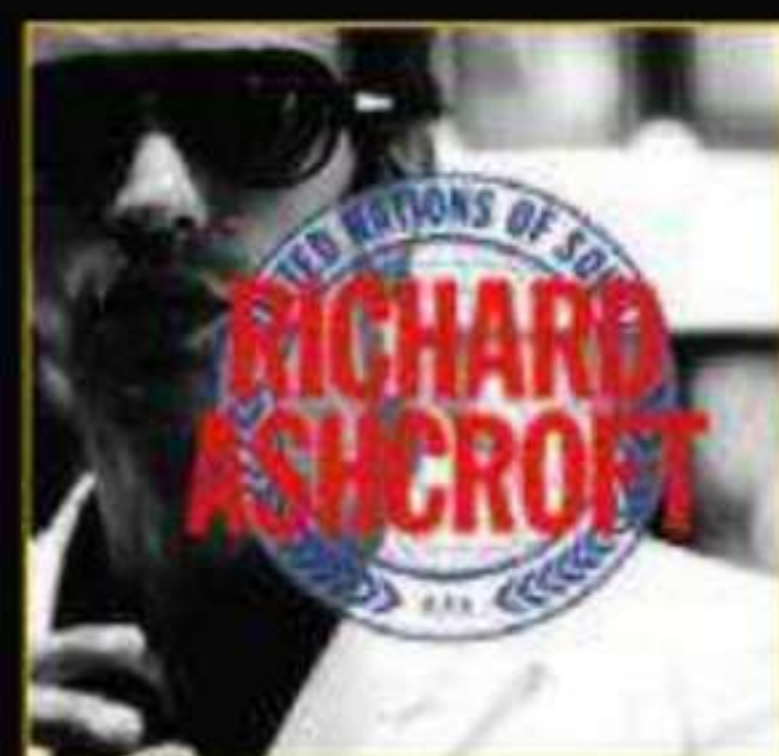
HURTSMILE Debut

As lead singer of Extreme, Gary Cherone turned out solid albums of memorable ballads and funky rock. Then came a stint with Van Halen, which, really, wasn't half bad. Cherone's latest is an epic mix of arena rock and power ballads just as good as "More Than Words" and "Rest in Peace."

ERLAND & THE CARNIVAL Nightingale



The Verve's former guitarist has a new group that mixes futuristic funk with some the Janesque power pop. Move over Franz Ferdinand; we've got a new favorite Scottish pop band. And what happened to the Verve's singer?



RICHARD ASHCROFT United Nations of Sound

The former Verve vocalist's latest solo outing is actually a collaboration with the superproducer behind hits for Jay-Z and Kanye West—No I.D. Ashcroft's trademark soaring vocals fit in perfectly with No I.D.'s trip through American soul and funk.

SIMS Bad Time Zoo



Sims' latest blows the roof off the house that hip-hop built. Fresh rhymes over fully original beats! The ultra-infectious single "Burn It Down" will make your booty quake and mind ache.



THURSDAY No Devolución

Thursday delivers a disc of stadium-worthy rock 'n' roll. Sure, there's a lot of sadness here, but it's washed in a wave of intense, solid classic rock.

BY KEITH VALCOURT

SIGHTS & SOUNDS

you from his funeral?

It was Vince, and it was Rita [Dimebag's widow, Rita Haney]. It was them that catered to the family. I think it was the insane timing of this one motherfucking magazine, *Metal Hammer* or *Metal Fuckhead Magazine*, who put this horrific quote out there right after he was killed. Immediately I was attacked. When unexpected and unbelievable horrifying things happen, people are going to make snap judgments—the human condition.

There ain't a damn one of us that is perfect. So I cannot judge nor will I judge what Vince went through and how he responded. He was there onstage that night and saw his brother get shot. That's a traumatic fucking thing. As tight as Dimebag and I were, like brothers from a different mother, they were brothers from the same mother. At the time, I was angry and very frustrated. Felt very lonely. In hindsight I feel like I should have just fucking marched in there. I don't think a motherfucker would have lifted a finger.

When you put that much negativity toward a person, you have to know from that negative source there lies a fear. Make me into the monster. I get them. I know them. I lived with them since 1987. I fucking worked, slept, shit in the same toilet, brushed my teeth in the same fucking sink with Dimebag Darrell, Rex [Brown] and Vince. Night after night after month after year. I know what their fears are. But I'm cool with that. I've talked to Rita since then. She said her piece. I said mine. We found some common ground.

As far as Vince goes, I know how he feels, but my door is always open. I don't like loose ends in life. I don't like waking up in the morning knowing that there is someone out there that doesn't like me that much. But I know in my heart that if he has to put on this "I Hate Phil" front, it means he loves me to death. I get it, man.

What are you most proud of when looking back on Pantera?

I guess just being in that band in the company of those musicians. That's the tightest fucking band I've ever played with. They were oozing talent. It was infectious. I'm proud of our camaraderie we had with the audience. We stripped away the whole metal-prototype bullshit—the separation between the fans and the untouchable band. Our relationship with the audience was summed up in what I used to say every time we walked onstage: "Our stage is *your* stage. We're Pantera!"

What do you remember about your heroin overdose in 1996?

I remember injecting it, then sitting back. The next thing I fucking knew, I woke up in the back of an ambulance. The first thing I did was puke, and it was Taco Bell. I heard all these voices around me. They couldn't believe I was vomiting. I didn't know what the fuck was going on.

I've got all these tubes in my arms. I saw our security guard clearing people back, then I started getting angry with the paramedics, who were all over me, these faceless restrainers. I said, "Get your fucking hands off me, you fucking assholes!" This paramedic then said, "We're the assholes? You're the guy who just overdosed on heroin. Welcome back to life."

Oh my god, it hit me. I knew it was going to be a long night. I didn't know if the cops were coming for me. I did know the band was fucking shitting. We were in Dallas. It was in front of their [Darrell and Vince's] hometown. Everyone was there. Twenty-thousand people. It was embarrassing. There wasn't anyone in the band that had any fucking clue that I was doing that hard-core dope.

You're clean and sober now?

Pretty good now. I relapsed a few times after the OD. Went through methadone, all that fucking shit. After a while I got sick of fucking chasing my tail. If I could take one thing back in my life, it would be that first piece of methadone going down the gullet. I wouldn't suggest a motherfucker out there should ever start taking methadone.

How did you kick methadone?

Hurricane Katrina hit, and me and my old lady were gone from our house in New Orleans for three months. We were stuck in a tiny box of a hotel room in Houston. Little by little I took a fingernail file and started shaving down these wafers and taking less and less, trying to wean myself off it. Trying to escape the fucking physical suffering of that detox, kicking methadone. I've been dope sick on heroin. I wish no one that type of sickness, that type of fucking stupidity in their life. In life we are going to get sick. We are going to die. But why hasten it? Why fucking complicate it? I shaved that [methadone] down to a little fucking chip.

I remember standing in my kitchen, looking at this little piece of shit and said, "Is this what is controlling my life? Sickness be damned! I'm tired of this fucking game!" I threw it in the fucking trash, and I beat it! A few months previous I had met this doctor. First surgeon I had a good feeling about. He said, "I may have an answer for you." He told me that he would not do the operation until I got off the methadone. I got clean. They booked it. Back surgery is a humbling thing. I'm good to go. The damp weather causes me some pain, but I'm good. I still got these huge titanium screws in my body. I have a regimen and do my stretches and core work to keep the back better.

Tell us about Arson Anthem.

It's me playing guitar, Hank 3 [Hank Williams III] playing his ever-loving, motherfucking ass off on drums, Mike Williams from Eyehategod singing and Collin Yeo of Pony Killer on bass. *Insecurity Notoriety* is one of my most proud releases yet. ■



PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

The king of early-1990s New York City alternative rock returns with his rocking trio the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion after more than half a decade away. We caught up with the cool musician to talk about their legendary live shows, James Brown and the reissue of the band's brilliant catalog.

HUSTLER: It's been about six years since the last full Blues Explosion tour. Why did you stop?

JON SPENCER: We've been a band for a long time, and it's not like the Monkees. Being in a band forces you in these unnatural situations where you have to spend a lot of time in close quarters with the same people. We worked very hard for many, many years, and then at a certain point I wanted to have a break and try to make music with other people. So that's what we did.

Did you keep in touch with the other guys—Judah Bauer and Russell Simins?

Yeah, but again, it's not like the Monkees. Even when we are working together, it's not like we're hanging out. It's a working relationship, and that's okay.

What have you been doing in the six years away?

The main thing I've been doing is my band Heavy Trash. I started it with a guy named Matt Verta-Ray, another New York City musician. We started the band so we could play rockabilly, which is a music style I loved and which has always influenced what I've done with other bands all the way back to Pussy Galore. Heavy Trash was a way to really embrace and explore that music. It's more roots-oriented. It's

JON SPENCER

"IT'S NOT LIKE THE MONKEES"

still me. It's still weird and confrontational in some ways, but compared to Blue Explosion it's also more traditional.

What brought Blues Explosion back together now?

We never officially called it quits. There wasn't a point put on it. We just decided privately amongst ourselves to take a break. There was no grand moment when we stopped or when we got back together. But the reissue of our catalog CDs has us the busiest we've been in a long time. I didn't want to just dump them out. I wanted to mark their release and play some shows so people would know about them.

Were you active in the reissues of the catalog CDs?

I was totally active. I come from punk rock and have the DIY ethic. I kind of do everything. I'm the manager of the group. In the same way that we have to work very hard to prepare for a concert, it takes a lot of hard work and discipline. Originally the albums were not done casually. It was all done with great care, effort and intent.

These things weren't just tossed off—not only just how they sounded but how they looked. When we were doing these reissues, I knew that even though I would have some help from the record company, basically it would come down to me doing everything. It was an incredibly huge job because I wanted to make these [reissued songs] valuable and interesting.

To be honest, at first I wasn't looking forward to the project. (*Laughs.*) It was a huge undertaking and took almost nine months. Finding the material, preparing it—some of these tapes were so fragile, they had to be baked. The tapes degrade, so you put them in an oven for a little bit. We had to remaster them, create the booklets and commission liner notes. It was a huge project that was sort of like a jigsaw puzzle.

What surprised you when you revisited the old material?

That we were so busy and that there was so much stuff. Funny, but for me now, after going back and revisiting this material—some of which is from ten years or so ago—it was like looking at another band. There were a lot of lost songs and little live tapes. I listened to a lot of it and thought, *Wow, that's great, but I can't remember recording that!*

Your live shows are legendary. Where does your performance style come from?

It has always been terribly important for us to play a great show. We believe in showmanship. We are entertainers, and we don't have a problem with that. We work very hard. We have a spark and chemistry between the three of us that allows us to play. A lot of it comes from punk. I came up that way and believe in that. Punk for this country was hard-core. Even though it wasn't my favorite kind of music, it empowered me to get started. I think it comes from watching countless bands but also from reading about old performers like James Brown.

Who seems to have been a major influence.

We are well versed in the history of soul and rhythm and blues and early rock 'n' roll. A lot of those people were about showmanship. When we started, there wasn't a lot of that going on in the indie scene. I think that is one thing that separated us from the other bands at the time. We are students of rock.

James Brown is a huge touchstone for the Blues Explosion. We spent a lot of time listening to his records, especially the live recordings. His showmanship and doing a show is a huge influence for us. But I'd also like to think that we're trying to do it in our own way. I'm a white punk from New England trying to do something that is genuine and true to who I am and who we are as people.

How do you muster up that energy every show?

That's the job. I think it's my responsibility to the audience. Once we start to play, I find it exciting, and the energy just sort of always happens. The audience can feed into that. It's not always so easy, but that's my job.

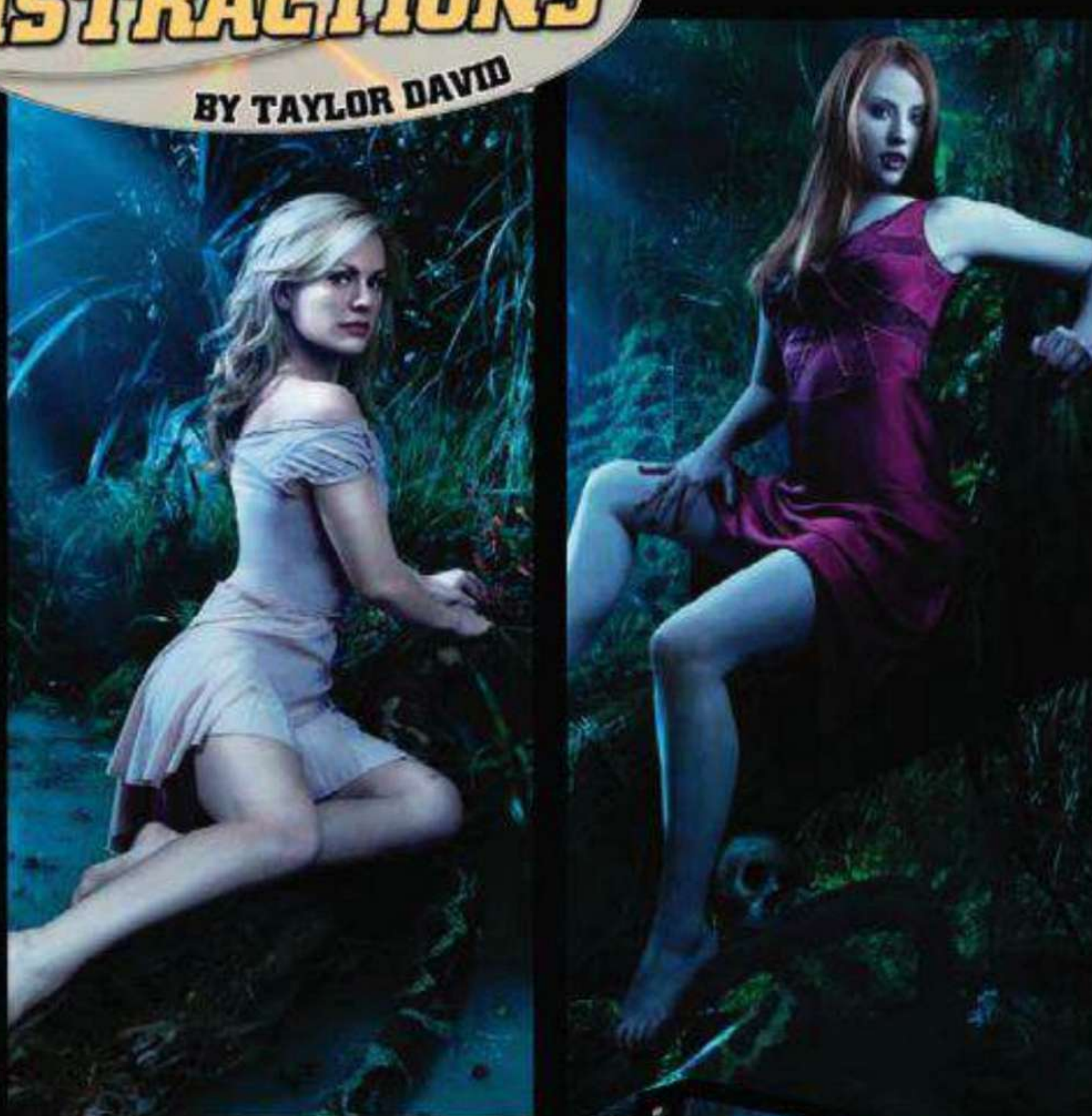
Will there be a new Blues Explosion studio CD?

Yeah, in some form. We have talked about it. We'll see how it goes. It's wonderful to play together again. It still feels very good. That's why we keep doing it, because it does feel good. We have talked about a new record, but that's a whole different level of commitment and intimacy. It's one thing to rally and prepare for a concert. It's another thing to write and prepare an album. We'll see what happens. ■

DVD DISTRACTIONS

BY TAYLOR DAVID

If you had any doubt about it, here's compelling proof that gratuitous sex is a good thing.



TRUE BLOOD: THE COMPLETE THIRD SEASON

Season 3 of HBO's popular, critically acclaimed series has finally come to DVD. Set in a supernatural realm where vampires, telepaths and shape-shifters have been integrated into human society, *True Blood* is brimming with nudity, sex and violence. For example, blood-spurting action erupts as telepathic Sookie Stackhouse travels to

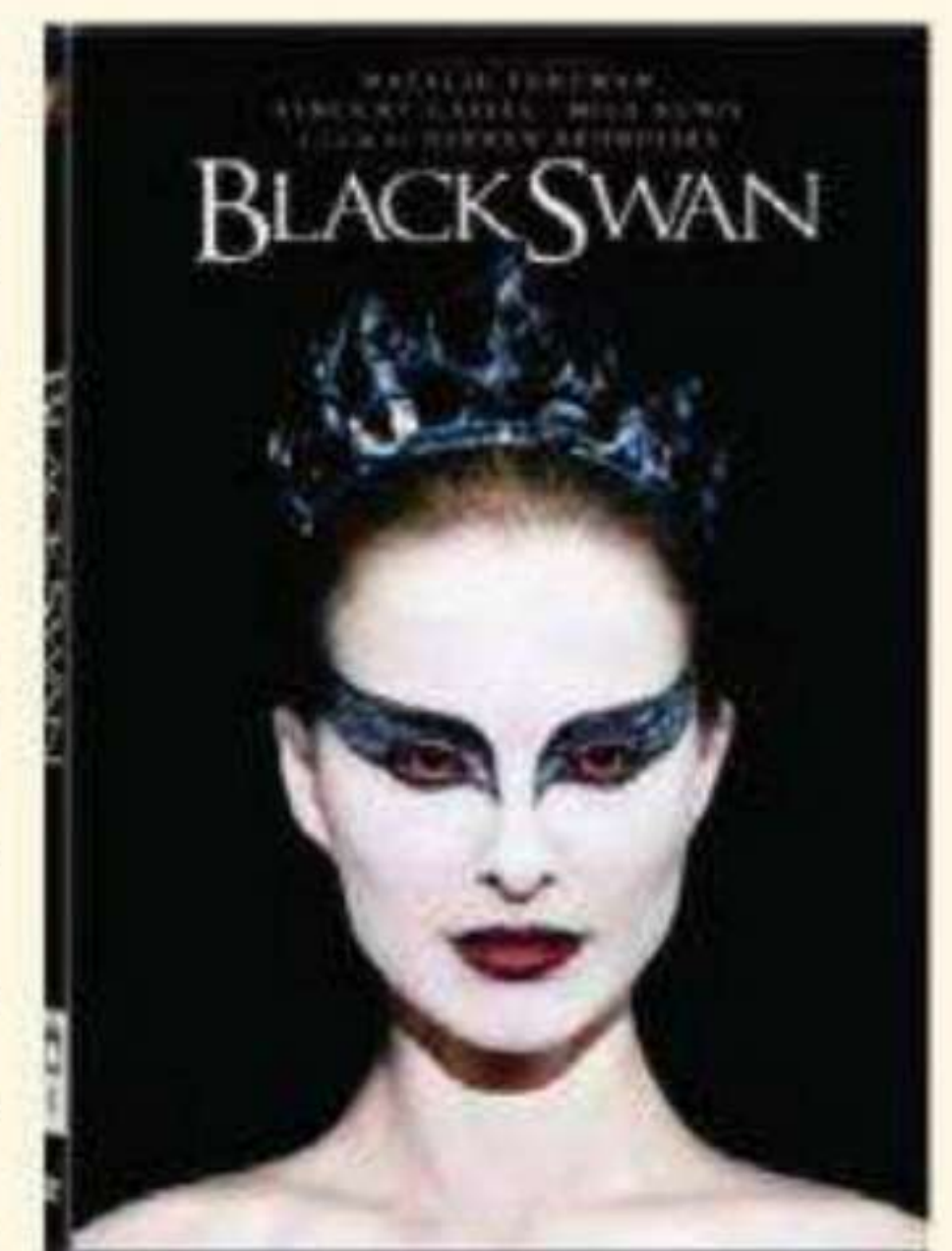


Mississippi in search of her ex-beau, a 173-year-old vampire who has been kidnapped by werewolves. This DVD includes 12 gore-packed, wildly entertaining episodes and a slew of bonus features you'll want to sink your teeth into!



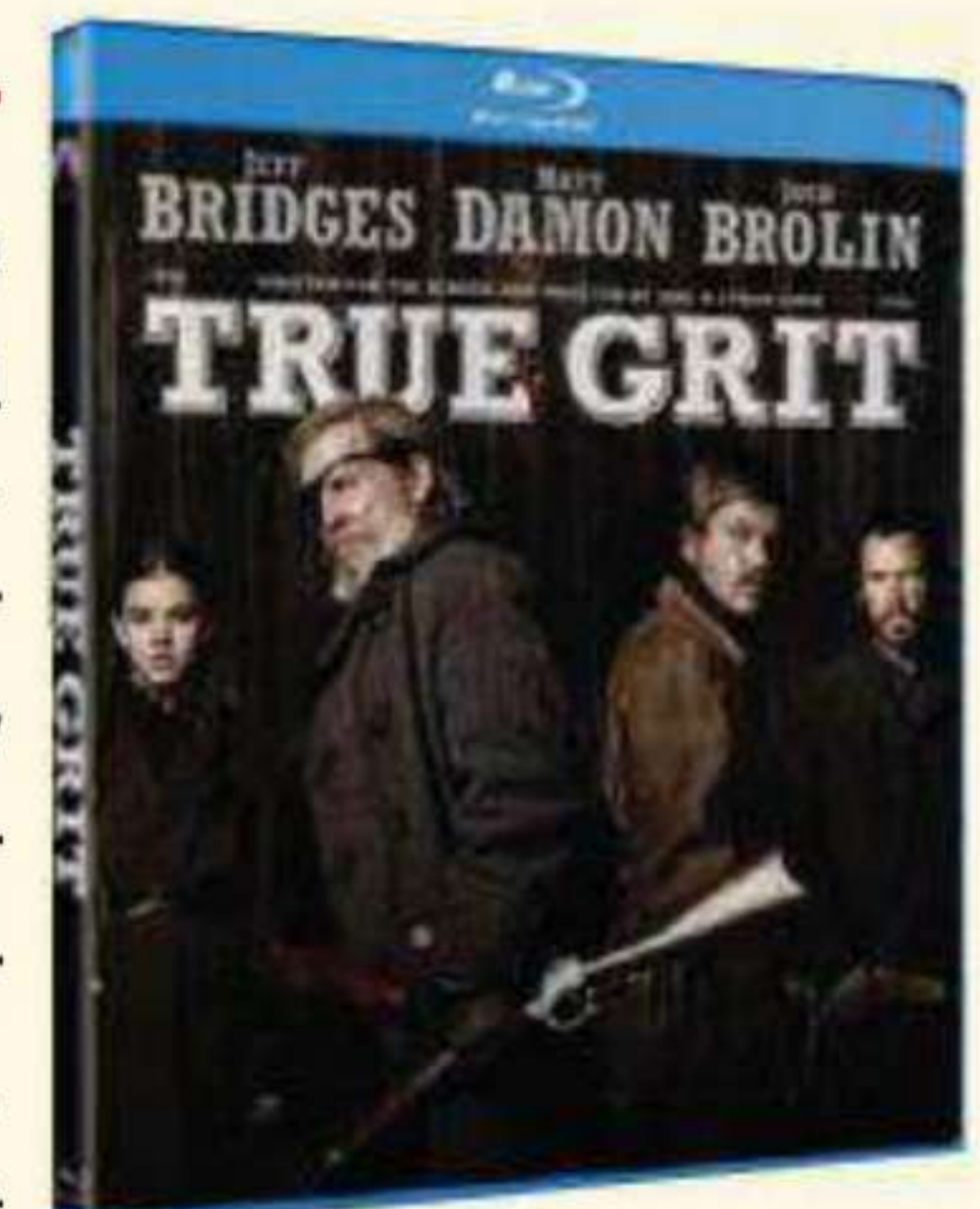
BLACK SWAN

Director Darren Aronofsky makes ballet look horrifyingly cool with this Academy Award-winning psychological thriller. What really stands out are mesmerizing performances by Natalie Portman and Mila Kunis as rival ballerinas vying for the principal role in *Swan Lake*. Determined to succeed, Portman's character (Nina) abandons her innocence—a decision that drives the zealous dancer to the edge. Haunting and seductive, *Black Swan* offers an all-star cast, a myriad of plot twists and turns, and a superhot lesbian sex scene that makes it a must-have movie!



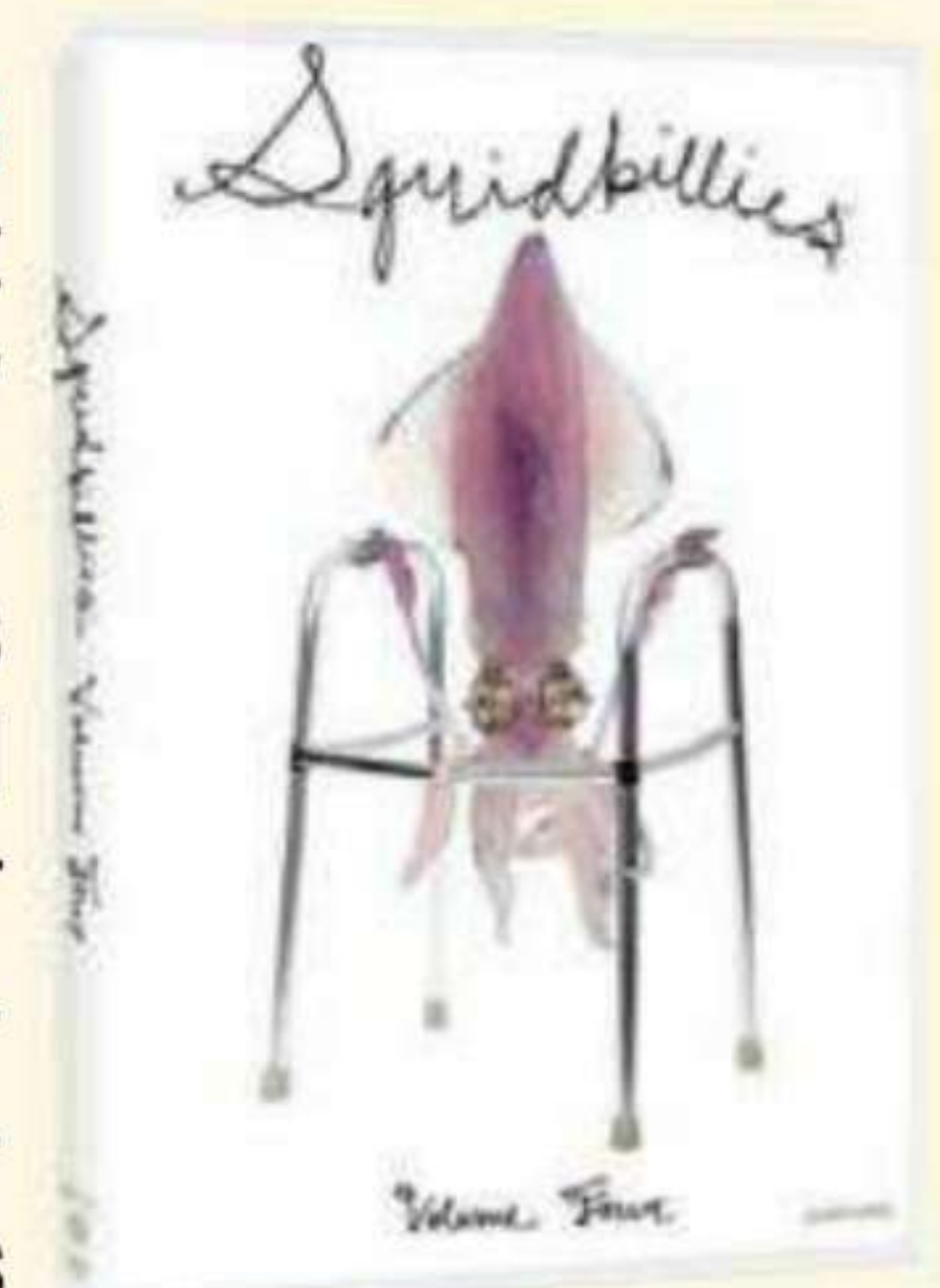
TRUE GRIT

The Coen brothers have brought the old-fashioned Western back with a vengeance. Bullets fly when the gritty, one-eyed bounty hunter Rooster Cogburn (Jeff Bridges) is hired by 14-year-old Mattie Ross (newcomer Hailee Steinfeld) to track down her father's killer. Powerful performances by Bridges, Steinfeld and Matt Damon make this film a masterful, modern-day epic that's chock-full of true grit!



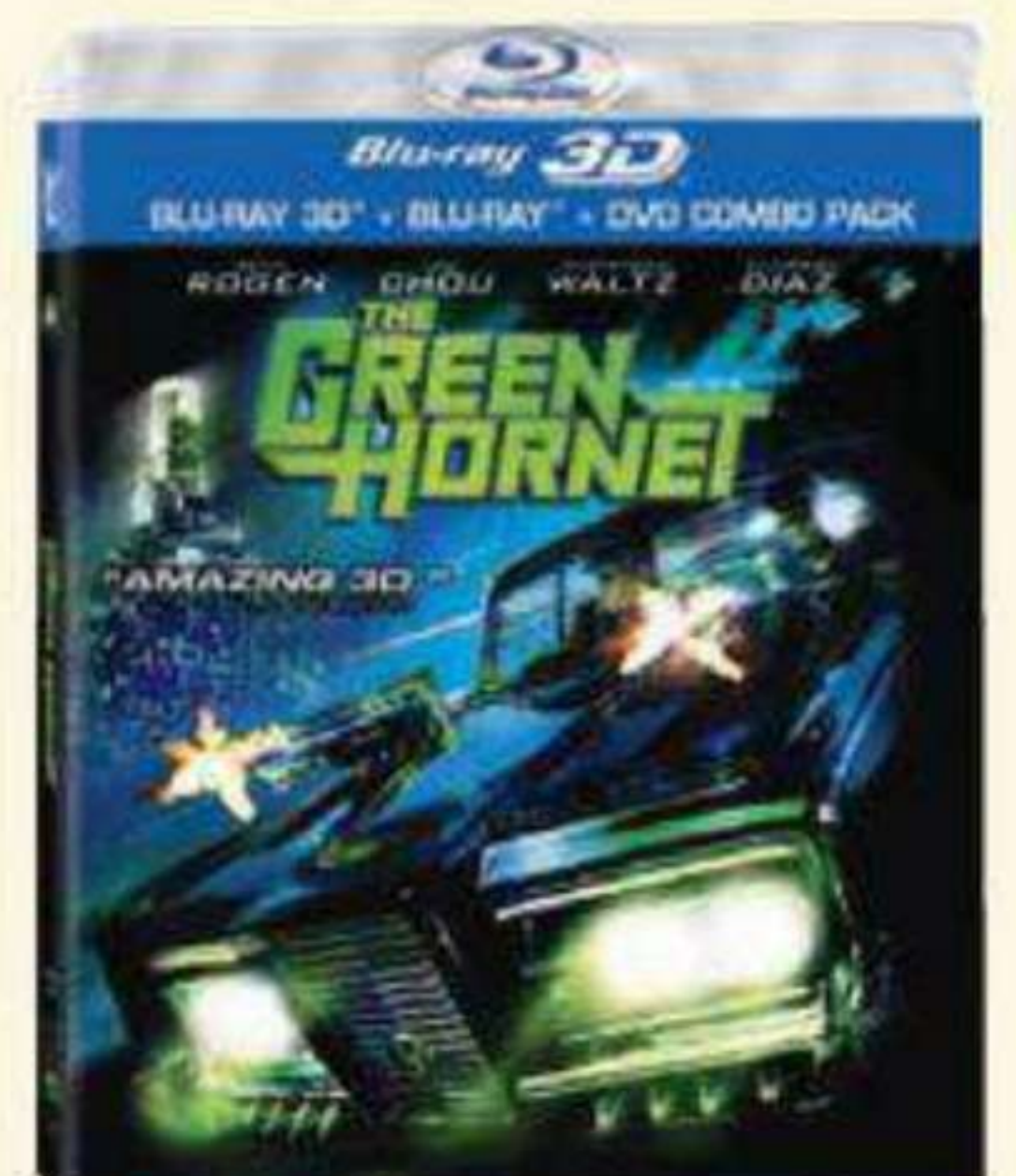
SQUIDBILLIES VOLUME FOUR

The mayhem continues with Adult Swim's animated dark-comedy series about a family of talking hill-billy squids. Laugh your ass off as everybody's favorite dysfunctional inbred cephalopods once again stir up the pot with their reckless, destructive behavior. This bonus-packed disc contains ten episodes of uniquely comical absurdity.



THE GREEN HORNET

Played by Seth Rogen, Britt Reid is a wealthy, buffoonish heir to a newspaper empire who's determined to battle crime as his alter ego, The Green Hornet. Reid teams up with sidekick Kato—and a flurry of high-tech weapons and gadgets—to bring down a powerful Los Angeles crime syndicate. Available in 3D, this kickass action-comedy sendup of the venerable superhero franchise literally jumps off the screen at you.





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CIARA BLUE

AGE: 50

LOCATION: Atlanta, Georgia

FIND HER AT: CiaraBlueXXX.com

This is a feature dedicated to the proposition that women do not achieve their full sexual power and beauty until they are well into their 30s and beyond.



COUGARS UNLEASHED #30

Ciara Blue considers herself a refined and cultured Southern belle. Nevertheless, the petite, fiery redhead also has an extremely kinky side, involving not just men and women but a healthy mixture of both sexes when she brazenly frequents swinger parties.

But not everyone knows about her double life. "My friends would probably be appalled if they knew what I do," Ciara slyly confesses. "It certainly would change their view of my vanilla side. A typical day for me is lunch with the girls at the country club, having friends over to hang out by the pool, then a little shopping, tennis and perhaps a formal dinner party."

But later in the evening, when her guests are long gone, the uninhibited Ciara emerges, ready to satiate a hearty sexual appetite. "It's true!" she exclaims. "My wild side just loves to come out. Hey, what's wrong with being a proper lady on the surface and a total freak in bed?"

Indeed, the twice-divorced feline seems to have a boundless hunger for casual intimacy. "To be honest with you, sex is the main way I stay active," Ciara confides. "And I know this sounds cliché, but I just can't get enough!"

For those readers debating whether or not getting involved with an "older" woman is worthwhile, Ciara has some sage advice. "Date a cougar!" she cheerfully insists. "She won't pussyfoot around. Why? Because she has things to do the next day: banking, errands, work. So if you're looking to just get laid, a cougar will most probably want you to hit the road by 8 p.m. And if you're really lucky, she still has kids at home. Then you'll get to leave with a cute little Lunchables treat and a juice box."

If you are interested in being featured in our *Cougars Unleashed* column please submit photos and a short bio via e-mail to HUSTLER@LFP.com.



PHOTOS COURTESY CIARA BLUE SKIES PRODUCTIONS INC.



SCREEN NAME:
Adora Belle

AGE: 23

NUMBER OF FRIENDS: 354

LOCATION: PORTLAND, OREGON

URL: [FACEBOOK.COM/?sk=messages&ref=mb#!/](https://www.facebook.com/?sk=messages&ref=mb#!/profile.php?id=10000171583295)

[PROFILE.PHP?ID=10000171583295](https://www.facebook.com/?sk=messages&ref=mb#!/profile.php?id=10000171583295)

Cutting to the chase, Adora Belle admits she's pretty open-minded when it comes to off-the-wall hijinks in her bedroom. "As far as fantasies go, I get what I ask for," the East Coaster-turned-Oregonian unabashedly states. "But sometimes I like slow, gentle, super-romantic sex."

When choosing a partner, Adora prefers a guy with some meat on his bones, shaggy hair and a smile that "lights up his eyes." She also specifies, "I like my men to be at least 6-2. Since I'm really petite—just 5-2—I just *love* feeling little in a tall man's arms."

Don't think that Adora exerts all her energy solely

in the throes of passion. "Aside from being an aspiring model, I'm a nanny and a gymnastics coach," she informs us. Naturally, the limber and flexible Facebooker makes a point of keeping in shape: "I take exercise classes at a gym and," she adds with endearing laughter, "use a hula hoop to keep my tummy nice and fit."

It sure seems that Adora has been endowed with beauty, stamina, creativity and ambition: "I'd like to one day have some of my sculptures displayed in a museum, as well as write a book of short stories. Those are goals that I'm really reaching for. Wish me luck! But I'm still unsure if I'll *ever* have a traditional career seeing as how I totally love modeling nude. I actually feel more comfortable in front of the camera fully naked than I do clothed. It's very empowering, but it's tough being a short model."

Don't let it worry your little self, Adora. You're proof positive that good things definitely come in small packages. 🐼

OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of Facebook? If you are 18 years of age or older, e-mail an introductory message and a photo to HUSTLER@LFP.com.



PHOTOS BY SUPERRADME

THE GIRLS OF FACEBOOK





"ASIANS IN THE LIBRARY"

A **UCLA** STUDENT POSTS AN OFFENSIVE VIDEO AND GETS A HARSH LESSON IN REALITY.

Hot. Fucking. Mess. That's what Alexandra Wallace is. She's the University of California, Los Angeles, student-turned-dropout behind the videotaped racist rant "Asians in the Library," which she ignorantly posted on YouTube. What followed was a media explosion—including 6 million views, a dozen death threats and countless headlines.

We've seen this before. Celebrity misspeaks fill a weekly quota in the tabloids. Fanatical rage posts flood YouTube on a daily, sometimes hourly, basis. But the viral "it" factor is an elusive bug. It took the perfect storm—of poor timing and even poorer judgment—to stoke Wallace's 15 seconds of fame to a sky-high fever.

On March 11, 2011, a massive earthquake and tsunami hit northern Japan—claiming thousands of lives and triggering a nuclear disaster. On that same day, Wallace trash-talked Asians' supposed inability to teach their children to "fend for themselves." In the video she called herself a political science student with "American manners." Versus, of course, the "hordes of Asian people that UCLA accepts into our school every single year."

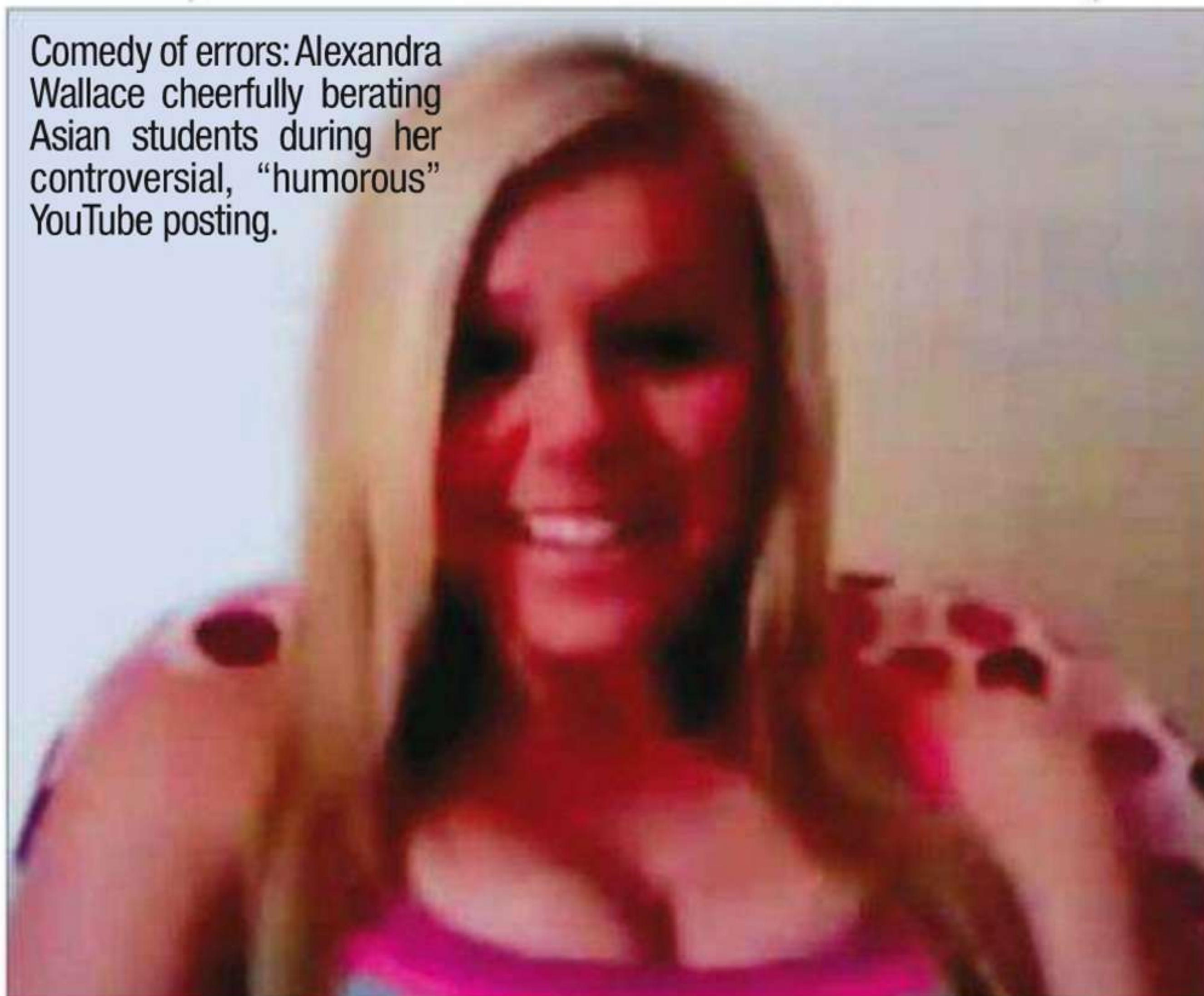
Wallace went on to declare, "In America we do not talk on our cell phones in the library! I swear, they're going through their whole families, just checking on everybody from the tsunami thing." Then, as the cherry on top of the shit-show sundae, the perturbed blonde imitated an "Asian" language. Her disparaging line "Ohhh! Ching chong ling long ting tong?! Ohhh!" inspired a Web site, aptly named **Ohhhching chonglinglongtingtong.com**, and T-shirts, all proceeds of which were donated to Japanese relief funds. Wallace's tirade also turned the limelight to Jimmy Wong, who racked up a zillion YouTube views with his tune "Asians in the Library." Wong's catchy refrain "Ching Chong/It means I love you" made it to iTunes and recently earned him an interview with National Public Radio.

So why did Wallace do it? *LA Weekly* suggested a classic con: the publicity stunt. Some sleuthing revealed that Wallace sought fame.

She aspired to model professionally, she loved *Jersey Shore*, and a month before her cause célèbre she'd planned a series of "comedic videos" similar to "Asians in the Library." The *Sacramento Bee* found her father's Facebook profile, which let slip that Wallace was even searching for domain names for a future blog—maybe *AsiansInTheLibrary.com*?

But those dreams changed once she became a YouTube sensation. Hackers on forum giant 4chan posted Wallace's e-mail, phone number and address the day after her

Comedy of errors: Alexandra Wallace cheerfully berating Asian students during her controversial, "humorous" YouTube posting.



infamous rant. Her Model Mayhem profile—an online portfolio to attract employment opportunities—was so flooded with outraged spam that it was taken down. Multiple Facebook groups reposted Wallace's personal information and encouraged viewers to respond directly to the outspoken student.

In a formal apology published in UCLA's *Daily Bruin*, Wallace explained how she wanted to "produce a humorous YouTube video" but instead offended "the entire Asian culture." She made a "mistake" that caused "the harassment of my family, the publishing of my personal information, death threats and being ostracized from an entire community."

Guess no one told Wallace that the Asians she offended are everywhere these days. And that they—along with UCLA Chancellor Gene Block and many others worldwide—would see the derogatory clip and counterattack.

Today Wallace reigns as the new face of institutionalized, not-so-secret racism. She's the living, breathing flaw of the Internet Age: the video we can't stop sharing, the wreck we can't stop watching, the bitch we can't stop shaming. In two minutes and 52 seconds—the running time of "Asians in the Library"—Wallace flung her college career down a black hole.

But we're missing the bigger picture. We live in a culture that's at once sensitive and desensitized. We've taken her words personally. We've gotten angry. And although it's okay—and understandable—to be pissed off, there's a limit to the madness. There's righteously annoyed, and then there's calling Alexandra Wallace a "slut that deserves to die." Let's face it: Not many of us would be so forward in person. Online raging is so much easier to do, but it doesn't make it any better or the words any nicer.

Maybe when we can own our rage, we can find a better way to express it. Beau, an original cast member of the Tony award-winning *Def Poetry Jam* on Broadway, gave it a shot.

Imitating Wallace's emotional voice, he examined the reasons for her racism in a posted video of his own. "If only these Asians would learn English," Beau said. "If only they understood that I'm here too. That I share this place with them, that I belong here, that the hordes and swarms invading the system I've learned remember who I am as the world changes."

And then Beau—looking right into the camera, like Wallace did the fateful day she aired her dirtiest laundry online—concluded, "I'm so afraid I'll have to fend for myself, without what I've been told was mine."

Beau got to the heart of Wallace's anxiety—that the Asian hordes, whether at UCLA or anywhere else, are the bad guys and that they all want a piece of the pie she rightfully owns, the one we call America.

But we know better. America is for *everyone*. And if you want a piece, you've just got to shut up and take it.

Alexandra Cuervo, the daughter of Filipino immigrants, attends UCLA's School of Theater, Film and Television. "I'm a writer, director and decent cook," she says. "And really, I don't even go to the library."

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues, etc.—please contact us at Features@LFP.com. If you get the green light, Larry Flynt will send you a check with his name on it. Besides the financial windfall, a HUSTLER story will look good on your résumé. 📧

BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

REAL COLLEGE GIRLS

Coeds: Send us some sexy pictures and garner some handy financial assistance! To apply, follow the instructions on the form on page 139 and indicate Real College Girls on submission envelope.

DANA

MAUI COMMUNITY COLLEGE

"I'm outgoing, ambitious, energetic and trusting," declares Dana, a Maui Community College sophomore eyeing a career as a dental assistant. "I like being helpful and interacting with other people. It'll be the perfect job for me."

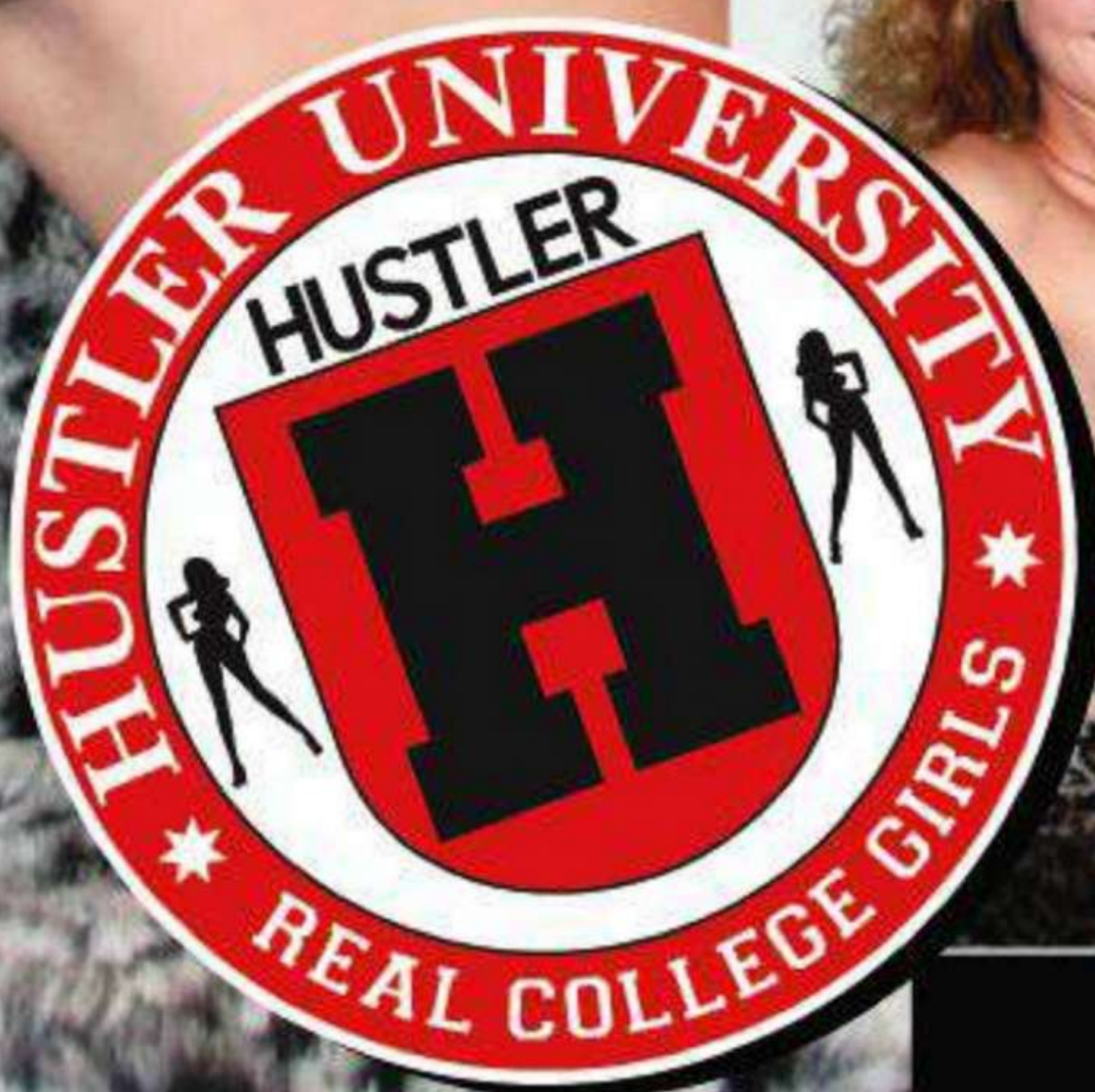
In the meantime the 5-foot-7 native of Kapaa, Hawaii, has added being eye candy to her list of extracurricular activities. "I love being the center of attention and turning people on," Dana reveals. "I also love surfing, kayaking, camping, watching *House* and skinny-dipping at Little Beach late at night. Partying can lead to that."

But it didn't take crowd hysteria to get the certified hottie to expose way more than Jessica Alba does in the coed's favorite dentist flick, *Good Luck Chuck*—notably her spiffy genital cavity. "I'm up for anything exciting," raves Dana, who'll turn 21 in September. "And what could be more exciting than showing the whole enchilada in HUSTLER and getting dicks to stand at attention?!"

Offering more than visual assistance, the reggae and punk rock aficionada adds, "I love sex, especially oral. I'm really good in bed. Everyone wants seconds, including girls." Even gaps between trysts tend to be fulfilling for Dana. "I masturbate pretty often," she confides. "Once a day depending on what's going on. I keep myself happy."

Despite being naughty outside the classroom, Dana is strict when it comes to oral hygiene: "I brush and floss twice a day. Everyone should."

PHOTOS BY KICKBACK PRODUCTIONS



JUST THE FACTS





TASHA REIGN



Despite repeated attempts to contact **Tasha Reign** via telephone, e-mail and her talent agency, we were unable to acquire any personal information about the lovely assassin featured on these pages. Perhaps she is hard at work on another top-secret assignment. Regardless of the reason, we were forced to concoct a conversation with the elusive blonde. Under the circumstances, we did the best job possible.

What's your hometown? "I'd rather not give out too many details about myself. Say that I live somewhere in North America. Guys like that aura of mystery."

Do you enjoy traveling? "It depends. I don't like going to Europe, because over there I'm three inches shorter. It's got something to do with the metric system or the different gravity, but it sucks."





What was your most memorable sexual experience? “Without a doubt, it was in high school. I came downstairs to get a glass of Tang, and my parents were making love on the couch. It was beautiful; their sagging, pale skin was bathed in the flickering glow of late-night porn on Cinemax. They went at it until dawn. I couldn’t look away, even when my dad took a break to borrow anal beads from our next-door neighbor. Sometimes, when I need to feel extra-sexy on a photo-shoot, I’ll shut my eyes and recall that glorious night.”





Do you have any sexual fantasies? “I’ve always dreamed about participating in a mixed-bird gang-bang. Pigeons, penguins, emus—whatever shows up.”

Including ostriches? “Of course not! Don’t be fucking gross.”

Is there anything else we should know about you? “I enjoy watching lizards make love on a sidewalk.”

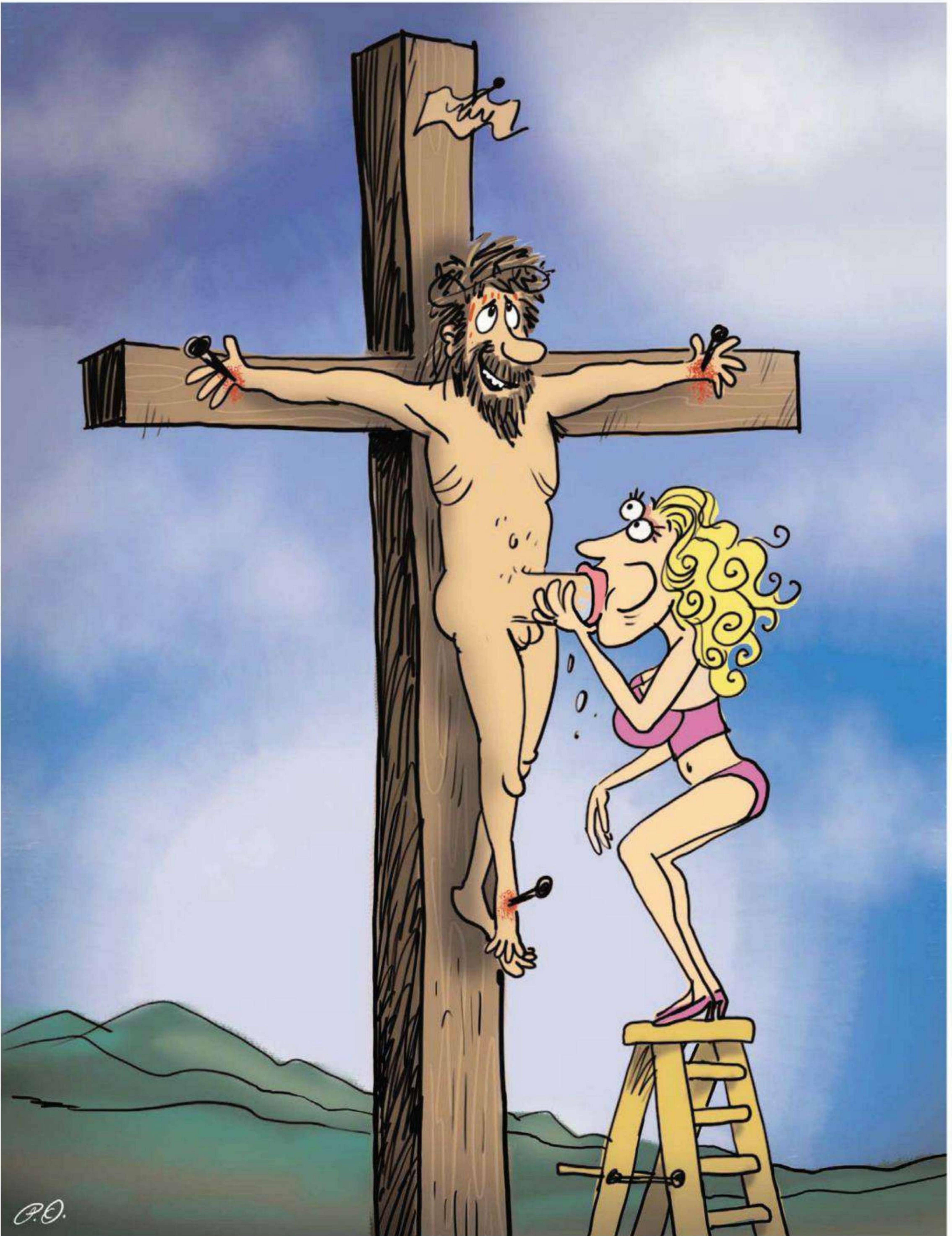
Intriguing. Anything else? “No, you know plenty about me already. This has gone on long enough, hasn’t it?”

Yes, **Tasha**, it has.



Tasha Reign stars in *Barely Legal* #111 from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit HustlerHollywood.com or go to page 140 to order by mail.



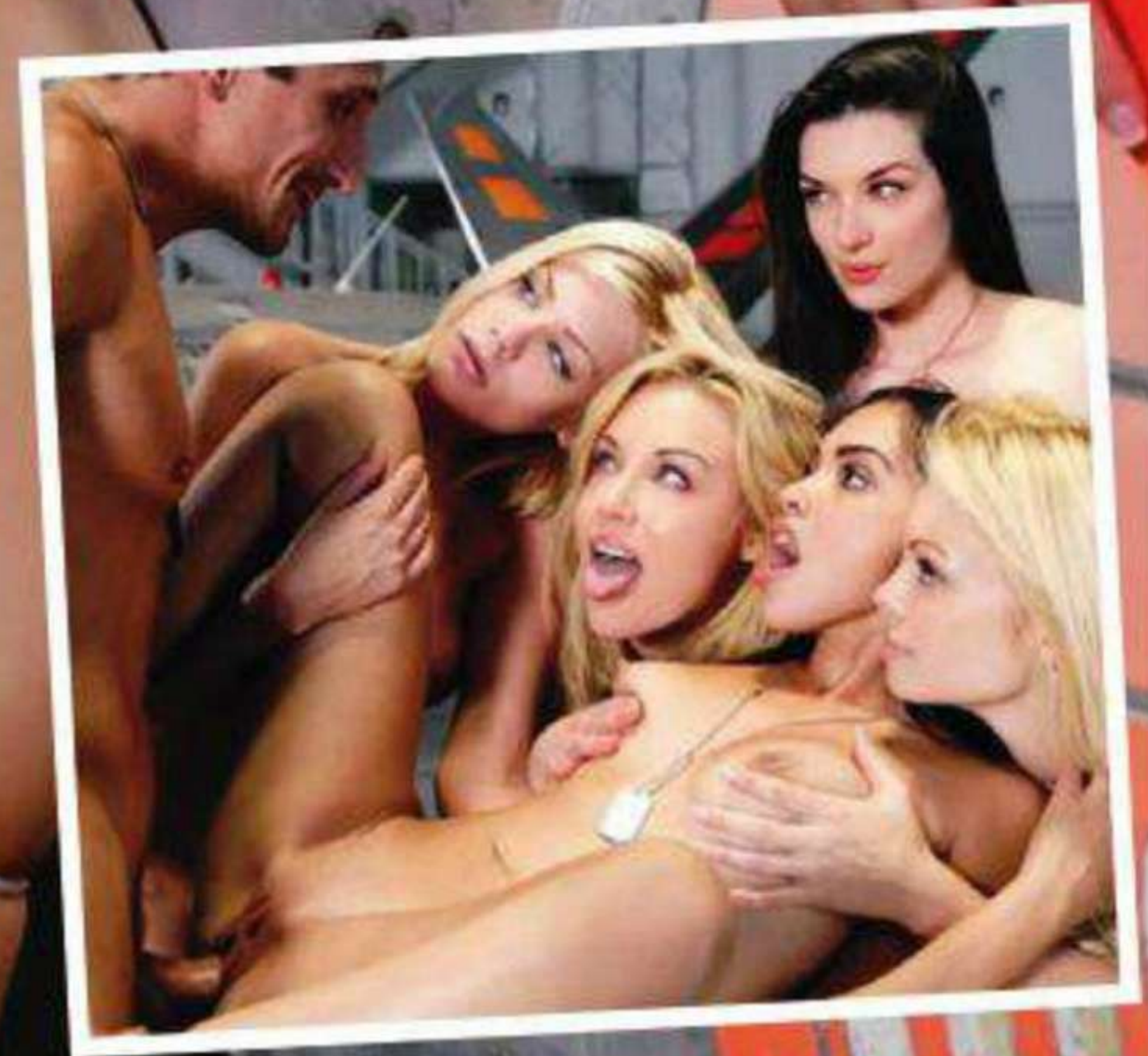


"Forgive her Lord; she knows *exactly* what she's doing!"

BLUE-MOVIE ★★★★★
SHOWCASE
EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON



The wild pink yonder: Riley Steele, Jesse Jane and Kayden Kross (below) lead the squadron of Top Guns.



Top Guns

DIGITAL PLAYGROUND. **DIRECTOR:** ROBBY D. **STARRING:** JESSE JANE, RILEY STEELE, KAYDEN KROSS, STOYA, RAVEN ALEXIS, SELENA ROSE, BEN ENGLISH, SCOTT NAILS, MICK BLUE, ERIK EVERHARD, MARCUS LONDON & TOMMY GUNN.



Digital Playground's latest cockbuster flips the script on the old Tom Cruise-testosterone fantasy by making maverick Jesse Jane and her horny squadron hold their own (so to speak) against a bunch of sexist flyboys. Fear of flying has never been Jesse's problem, and she's her usual athletic self, kicking off the action with a vigorous restroom fuck. After too much bickering (conflict!) and some bouncy volleyball, it's back to flying and panty raiding. Stoya is as pretty as ever (a few more calories wouldn't kill her), and wing-girls Riley Steele and Kayden Kross cut great figures in or out of uniform. But save some flight time for Selena Rose, the lonely, dark-haired mechanic whom Tommy Gunn gets to fuck along with all the others. (He's the *real* top gun—get it?) This hokey flag-waver is one of the most ambitious XXX flicks to come along in a while, and it's impressive by porn standards (despite occasional voice-level problems). Glossy production, special effects, passable acting and solid sex scenes should be enough to make you "feel the need, the need for speed!"

—M.J.



Think ink: Paris Kennedy, Juelz Ventura and Emily Parker (below right) are all **Tits, Tats N' Ass**.



Tits, Tats N' Ass

BLUEBIRD FILMS. **DIRECTOR:** MARTHA WASHINGTON **STARRING:** ANDY SAN DIMAS, JUELZ VENTURA, PARIS KENNEDY, SPARKY SIN CLAIRE, EMILY PARKER, DANNY WYLDE, BARRY SCOTT, CHAD ALVA, ALAN STAFFORD & DERRICK PIERCE.

 Are you sick of your favorite porn mag airbrushing out the models' tattoos? If you hollered yes, get ready for an eye feast. The tattoo craze didn't die out as fast as most people thought (we live in the age of attention whores), so there are a butt-load of well-illustrated porn chicks out there. This skin flick trots out some of the cutest ones. Hipster-porn "it" girls Andy San Dimas and Juelz Ventura warm things up nicely, but the real candy comes in the colorful shapes of Paris Kennedy and the constitutionally sound Sparky Sin Claire. (She sports "We the People" across her chest.) Curvy Emily Parker, boasting a set of wings needled into her back, rounds out the movie like a horny burlesque queen. When it comes to paint jobs, these girls aren't exactly Queequeg (that's a *Moby Dick* reference), but they rock some decent designs, exude authentic underground charm and know how to handle a harpoon better than your average whale hunter.

—M.J.





Kard-ASS-ians:
Dylan Ryder,
Amia Miley and
Courtney Cummz
(far right) get a
dose of reality.



Keeping It Up for the Kard-ASS-ians #2

HUSTLER VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** OTTO BAUER. **STARRING:** DYLAN RYDER, NICKI HUNTER, COURTNEY CUMMZ, AMIA MILEY, CODI CARMICHAEL, TYLER KNIGHT, TONY DE SERGIO, ALEX GONZ, KRIS SLATER & OTTO BAUER.



Geneticists should be studying Kris Jenner to find out how she keeps churning out one insanely fuckable daughter after another. Even those underage Jenner brats are models. It's not easy finding XXX chicks who measure up to the real man-eating trio of Kim, Kourtney and Khloé Kardashian, but this parody comes close. Wine-guzzling manager-mama Kris (Nicki Hunter) brings in porn stars to promote Khloé's G-A-S-H opening by banging her family members. That's why Kris is the brains of the family! Bombshell Dylan Ryder delivers a hot turn as Kim, but the real stroker standout is sultry, pouty Amia Miley as Kourtney. (She even has a matching boobjob!) Hunter rounds out this episode with an anal scorcher that proves nothing beats experience. Director Otto Bauer gets lively reality-style performances out of his spoiled and slutty cast, giving us what we want (but don't always get) from parody porn. *Keeping It Up #2* is a keeper. Order it now on page 140.

—M.J.



Scooby-Doo: A XXX Parody

NEW SENSATIONS. **DIRECTOR:** EDDIE POWELL.
STARRING: BREE OLSON, BOBBI STARR, LILY LaBEAU,
 CHAD ALVA, EVAN STONE & MICHAEL VEGAS.



Remember when *Scooby-Doo* was for kids? Not anymore! Shaggy—the name finally makes sense—wakes up one morning to find Scoob missing. (No budget for a CGI dog, apparently.) Time to get to the bottom of things, which Shaggy does in a flashback to his party fuck with Lily LaBeau. Clueless Daphne (played by Bree Olson, who should have dyed her hair red for this) and Velma (a spunky Bobbi Starr) decide it's time to track down some clues but get sidetracked by their hormones. (They're teenagers, remember?) Following Charlie Sheen's example, Fred looks for answers in Daphne's vagina, then appears to find them in her ass. Mystery solved? Guess not, since everyone piles into the Mystery Machine and creeps around an old house to burn some screen time before Velma decides to jump Shaggy's bones. (Yes, Bobbi is too tall for the part, but she's insanely cute in that outfit and wig.) The girls round out the sleuthing with some mutual muff diving (extra points for the 1970s-style rugs down there) before bringing in the boys to help. *Scooby-Doo: A XXX Parody* is a fun strokefest, but don't leave it lying around. Kids TV isn't supposed to be *this* educational.

M.J.

Dog missing: Bobbi Starr,
 Lily LaBeau and Bree Olson
 search every crack
 for *Scooby-Doo*.



Fame **Whores**: Capri Anderson (with Shyla Jennings), Gigi Rivera and Kacey Jordan (below right) make an old man happy.



Not Charlie Sheem's House of Whores XXX

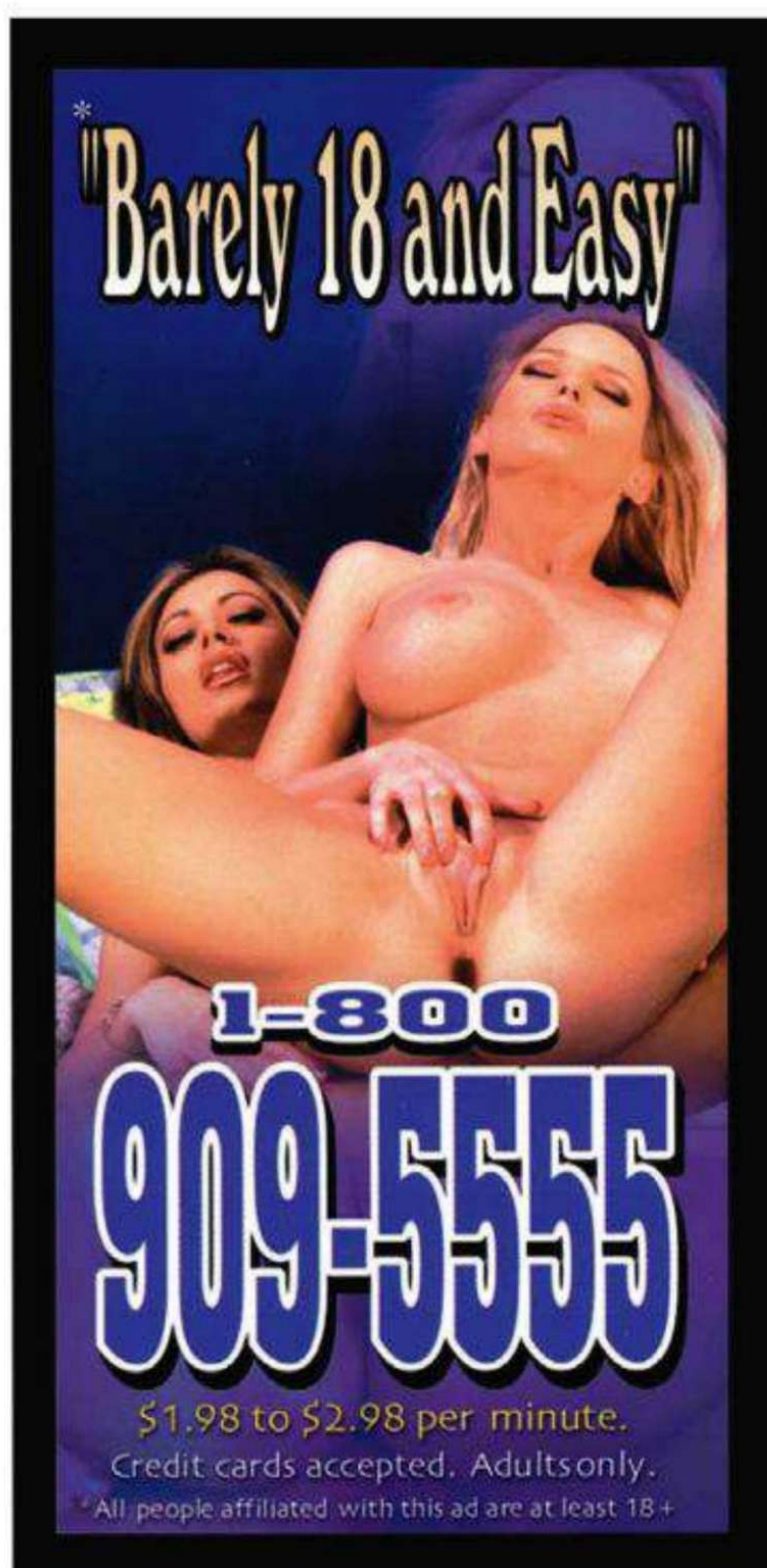
X-PLAY. **DIRECTOR:** WILL RYDER. **STARRING:** KACEY JORDAN, BREE OLSON, CAPRI ANDERSON, MELANIE RIOS, GIGI RIVERA, TANNER MAYES, JENNA PRESLEY, CHLOE JONES, ROSE & TOO MANY DICKS TO MENTION.



Thanks to the Charlie Sheen pussy-hound hype, few people now care that he was one of the highest-profile celebrities to question the events of 9/11. This being the September '11 issue, we just thought we'd mention that. Unlike government agencies, Charlie's not one to hide things from the public. The result: Any porn company that used Sheen's alleged hookers in a movie (meaning pretty much all of them) has been rushing to get its compilation DVDs on the market. Vivid Entertainment and HUSTLER Video released Kacey Jordan discs, but this string of scenes from parody pioneer X-Play trots out no less than eight Charlie Sheem (lawyer spelling!) favorites. What a coincidence: They all look too young to fuck! Was Kacey's performance as little Cindy Brady the clincher? (Try as you might, Charlie, stealing their youth won't make you younger.) If you buy Sheen's concept of rehab through sex, this raunchy, uneven parade of tiny-titted cuties might be the place to start. Keep pushing for truth, Charlie. (And check those IDs carefully.)

—M.J.

"Barely 18 and Easy"



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Alexis Ford with Syren De Mer (left) and Charisma Cappelli (right) are *Home bodies*.



Home Improvement XXX

ADAM & EVE PICTURES. **DIRECTOR:** DAVID LORD. **STARRING:** ALEXIS FORD, CHARISMA CAPPELLI, SYREN DE MER, INDIA SUMMER, BRYNN TYLER, JAY ASHLEY, ANTHONY ROSANO, DANNY WYLDE, SETH GAMBLE & RANDY SPEARS.



It's tool time! If you're a do-it-yourselfer, Alexis Ford in a tool belt should put you in the mood to fix your neglected home life. Jim spices up his own marital blues by bringing in "Tool Time girl" Alexis. (Remember who originally played that role?) Her scene with shapely MILF Syren De Mer is a good pump primer. India Summer as the horny, raven-haired cougar next door keeps things flowing smoothly, but if you like your equipment newer, cock magnet Brynn Tyler climbs through a window right on cue. The real source of "More power!" is Alexis and her supercharged glory hole. She's cute, sleazy and easily slayed by the wisdom of Wilson, who finds the best use for that backyard fence of his. This spoof isn't the funniest you've ever seen, but there's enough comely flesh to keep your tool polished. Now stop making ape noises and go nail your wife before she gets sick of competing with your porn. —M.J.



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Hitchhikers Princess,
 Bethany Benz and Imani
 Rose (below right) get a ride.



Hitchhikers

WEST COAST PRODUCTIONS. **DIRECTOR:** TRIPLE X. **STARRING:** NYOMI BANXXX, BETHANY BENZ, PRINCESS, BELLA MORETTI, IMANI ROSE, BRIAN PUMPER, JON JON, RICO STRONG, L.T., PRINCE YAHSHUA & MARK ANTHONY.



A girl would have to be crazy to hitchhike these days—and these “bitches” are craaaazy. (*Bitches* ain’t our word; it’s in the movie.) This down and nasty, all-black fuck flick doesn’t waste any time stranding brick house Nyomi Banxxx on a lonely highway, ready to trade her backside for a ride. The ensuing two-man deal goes down loudly, with Nyomi working her bootyhole like a well-oiled machine and putting out enough energy to power Chicago. The next one handing out free rides is Bethany Benz, who might be *Hitchhiker*’s major selling point: She was formerly known as reality-TV starlet Caviar. Bethany’s a tire screecher, but if the rookie is going to make it as a porn star, she’d better take some lust pointers from Nyomi. Princess gets as good as she gives, pretty Imani Rose pitches in on gas with some road head and a butt-fuck chaser, while climax lovely Bella Moretti gets by on looks alone. *Hitchhikers* could have used a little more storyline and maybe some backseat fucking, but it’s still a hot ride to Bootytown. How could we not give it a thumbs-up? —M.J.





WorldMags

THIS AIN'T CELEBRITY APPRENTICE XXX

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

For its latest sex parody, HUSTLER Video decided that *Celebrity Apprentice* fans might appreciate seeing the show's ambitious guests forgo making a profit in favor of making each other come.

Evading the watchful eye of series patriarch Donald Trump, Daryl (**Lee Bang**) puts the moves on the big man's daughter Ivanka (**Kylee Reese**). Mrs. Brigg (**Celeste Star**) and Holly (**Misty Stone**) engage in some intimate product-testing, while Bret (**Derrick Pierce**) and Maria (**Jessica Jaymes**) simply get down to business. Finally, even The Donald himself (**Kyle Stone**) is drawn into the sexcapade when he succumbs to the seductive Sharon (**Tanya Tate**).

This cast of characters might drive doppelgänger Donald's empire into bankruptcy, but at least everyone will have plenty of hot fun on the way down.





WorldMags



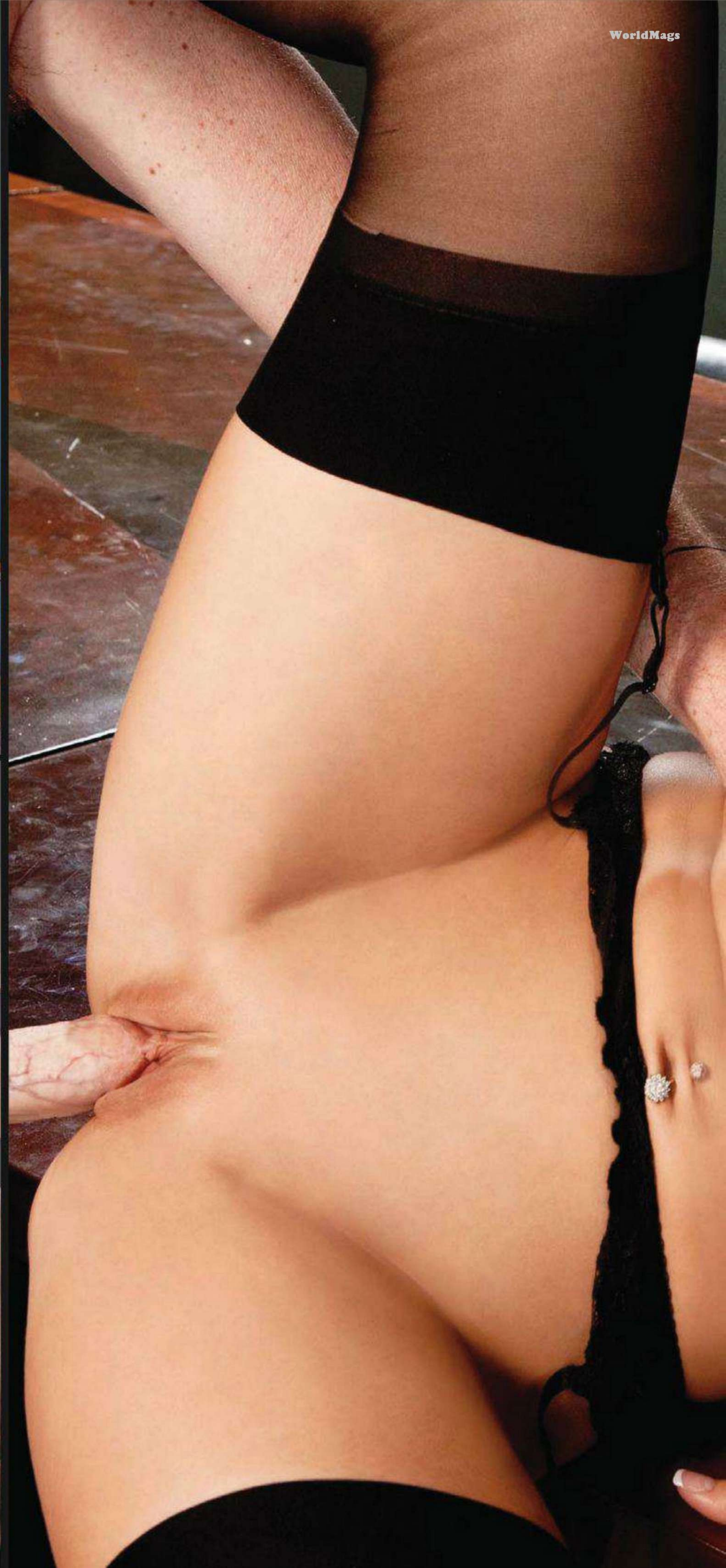
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page 140 to order by mail.



(continued from page 75)

Yes, but every time I come on the TV, they turn the channel. Quickly!

Why do you play only birds?

My career is for the birds. I don't know why I only get hired to play birds. One day I'll branch off and do the voice of a kangaroo. I once did the voice of an ant in an insecticide commercial. But, sadly, I died in the end.

Your career has combined bird voice-overs and dirty jokes. How do you balance the two?

My career walks a tightrope between early-morning children's programming and hard-core porn.

You must be one of the few entertainers who can do that.

Mister Rogers did that too. He had a few stag films he didn't like to talk about. Barney the Dinosaur also has a filthy past.

Is there anything you can't joke about?

No. Well, there is stuff you can't joke about, but I manage to anyway. This is why my career is where it is.

How soon after a national tragedy is it okay to make a joke about it?

I did the Hugh Hefner roast just two weeks after September 11, when there was a weird feeling all over the world. I wanted to be the first one to make a really bad-taste comment. I said, "I can't stay because I have to catch a flight to L.A. I couldn't get

a direct flight. We have to stop at the Empire State Building." People were booing. There was still smoke in the air around New York. One guy yelled out, "Too soon!" I thought he meant that I didn't take a long-enough pause between the setup and the punch line. People were gasping. Then I went into doing the "Aristocrats" joke to try and offend them more. Then they just exploded. I loved that!

Why is it okay for a comic to joke about 9/11 but not the tsunami in Japan?

Well, I can't really comment on that right now. All I can say is things are being worked out and I didn't mean to offend anyone.

Did your telling the 9/11 joke lead to the documentary *The Aristocrats*?

I don't know which came first on that one.

It's rumored you weren't paid to appear in the film.

Penn Jillette, from Penn & Teller, called me up. He wanted me to take part in a movie, and I somehow agreed to do it for no money. Which makes it Penn's greatest magic trick ever.

You didn't get paid?

Not a dime. Which makes me feel much like the people in the "Aristocrats" joke getting fucked in the ass.

How did you end up on *Hannah Montana*,

Miley Cyrus's Disney Channel show?

I love saying that I was *on* Hannah Montana. Or that I was *in* Hannah Montana.

Were you shocked by the footage of Miley smoking a bong?

When I saw that film clip of her sucking on a bong, it made me very sad—sad that it wasn't my cock! At best she only gave me a handjob on the set. Actually, her father [Billy Ray Cyrus] is the one that gave me a handjob. It was okay.

Do you plan on doing any more TV work?

Yes, actually I'll be repairing TVs from now on.

If Charlie Sheen dies, will you step in on *Two and a Half Men*?

No. Actually, my career could never be that successful. If Charlie Sheen dies, I'll replace Emilio Estevez. I'll have his career.

Why do you like classic movie monsters so much?

Because I'm a total loser who stayed home my entire childhood watching movies. So I know all about horror films. Way too much! The sad thing is that if you're a horror nerd, you somehow still think you're cooler than a *Star Trek* nerd.

Have any comedians influenced you?

I always felt that *influenced* means that you blatantly stole from them.

Who is the greatest comedian of all time?

Me. Only no one has ever realized it.

When you die, what do you want etched on your tombstone?

I'm not planning on dying, because a tombstone costs money.

Any chance you'll do a sequel to your *Dirty Jokes* DVD?

You mean the one for sale at GilbertGottfried.com? Shameless. Of course, if I do a sequel, I'm not sure I'll come back for it. Kate Winslet might play me.

How many impressions do you do?

I do a bunch of them. I've never actually counted them.

How many of them are of dead people that no one remembers?

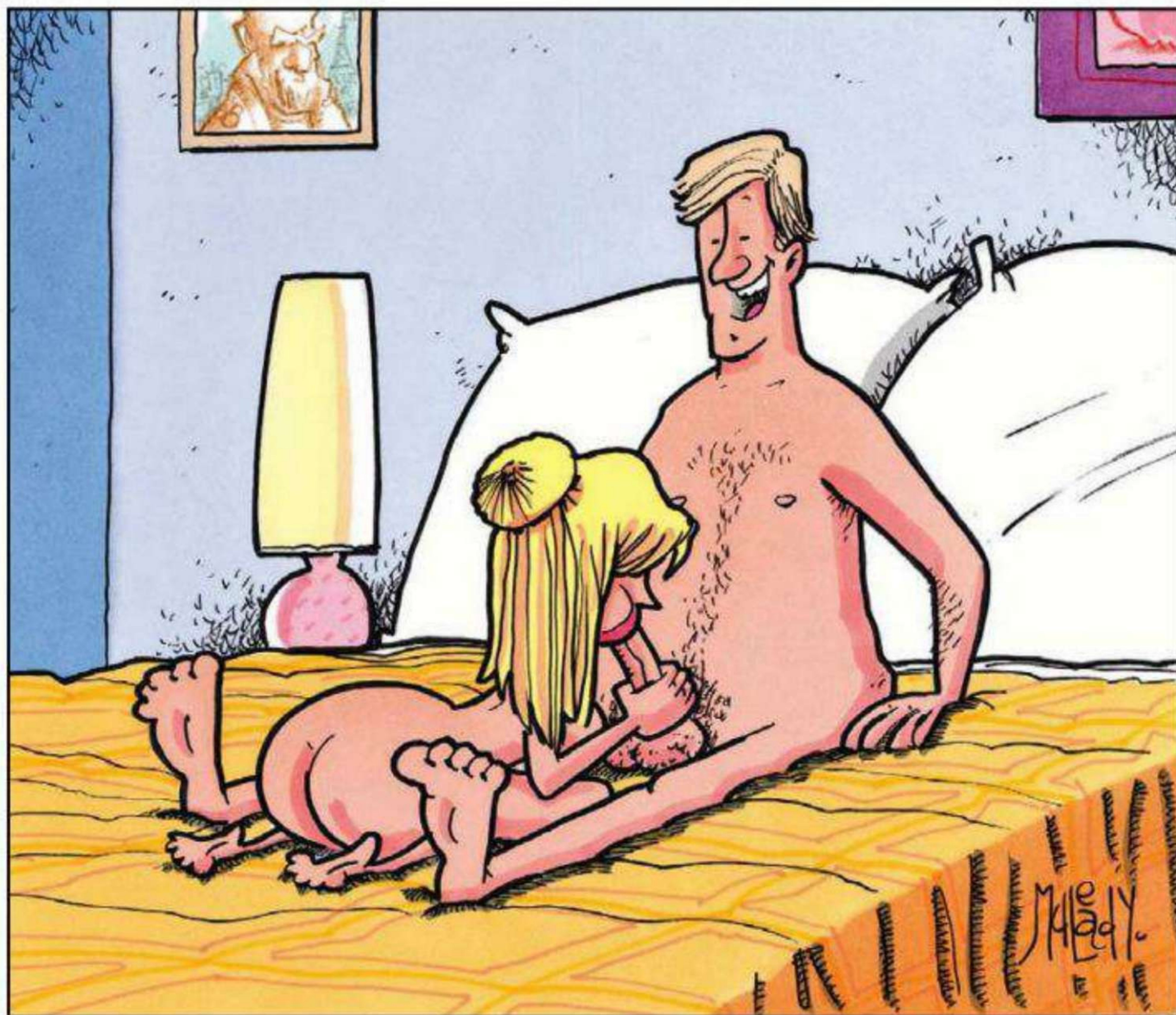
Ninety-nine percent.

What is the most obscure impression you do?

I do Huntz Hall [*Dead End Kids* and *The Bowery Boys* actor]. I do Bernard Gorcey, who played Louie the candy store owner in *The Bowery Boys* movies. It's stuff that older kids like.

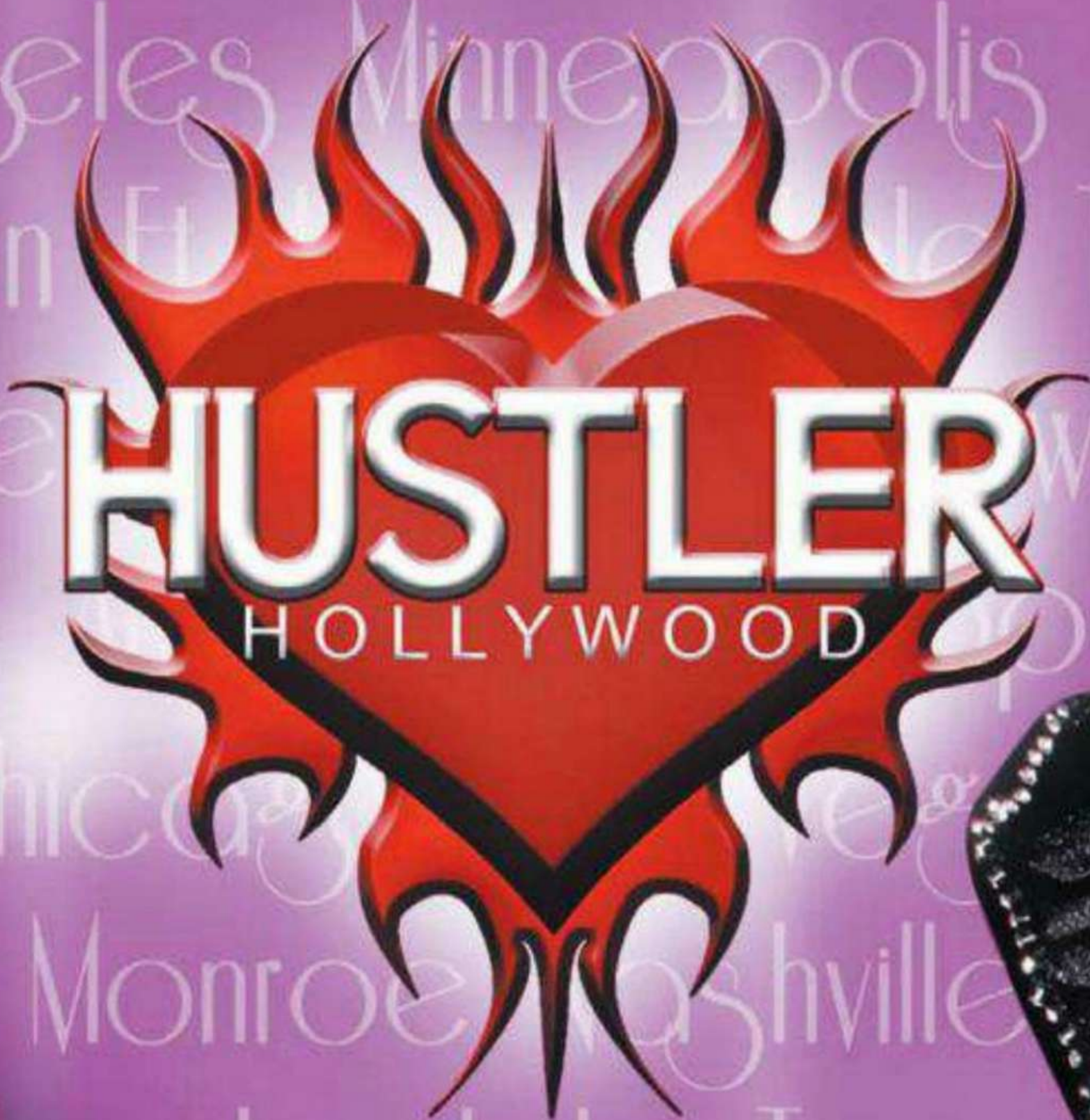
What do you hope this HUSTLER interview will accomplish?

What I'm hoping is that when people pick up the magazine, they'll say, "Hmm, I'm tired of jerking off to naked women. Maybe I'll jerk off to this Gilbert Gottfried interview." 



"I feel threatened by intelligent women. Thank God you're a Republican!"

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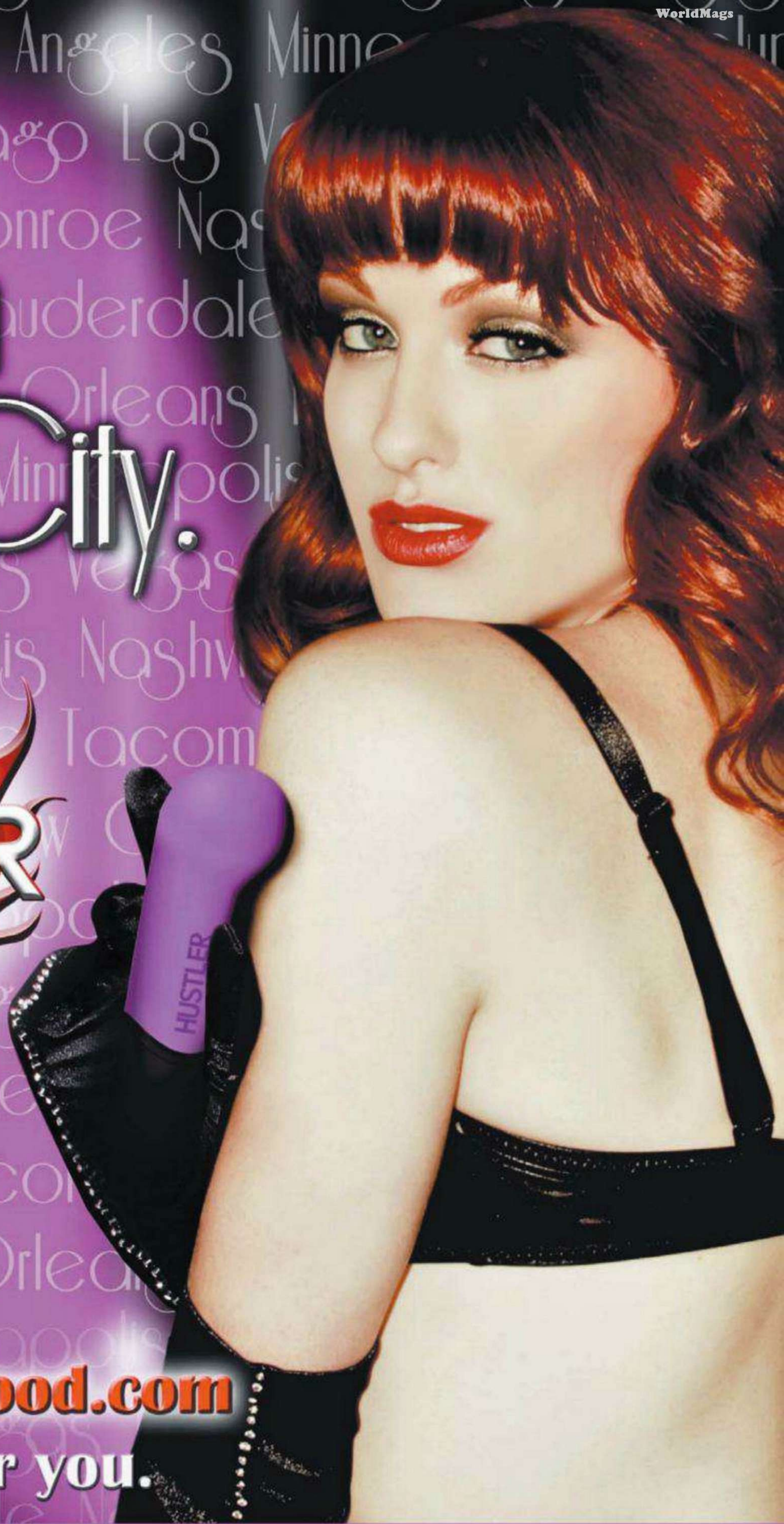


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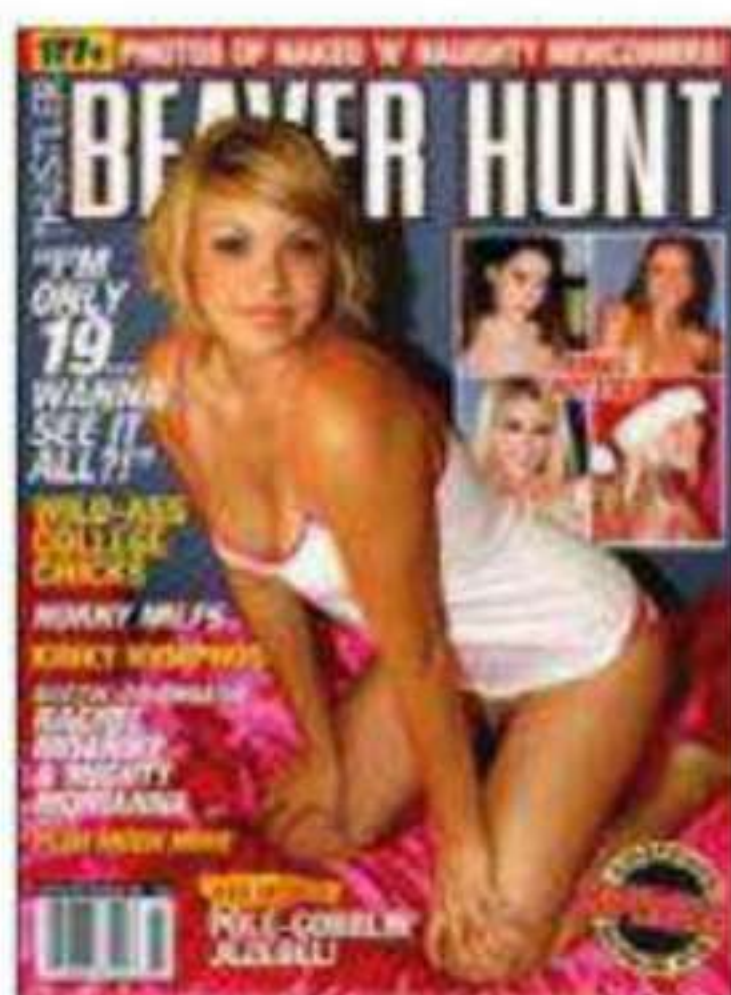
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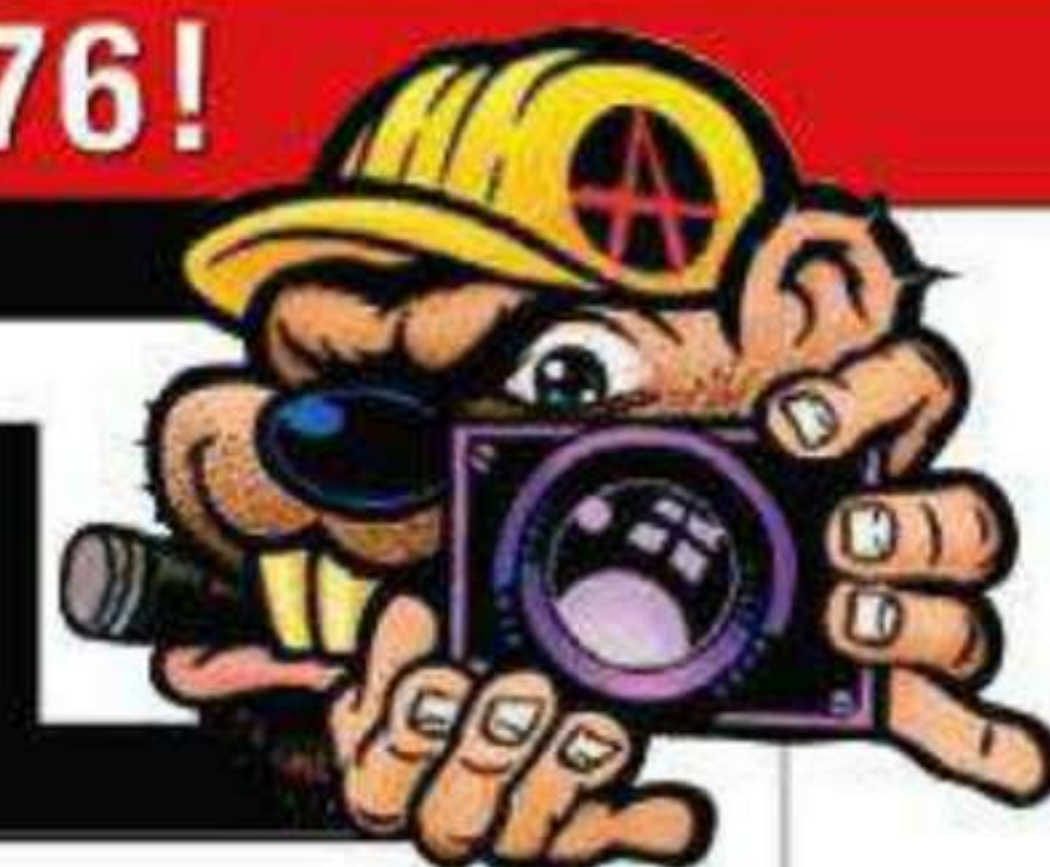
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"I love to straddle
a big, hard dick!"

**MAY LIN**

Downsizing isn't solely a workplace concept, so we've launched this abbreviated roundup with a diminutive salesgirl by way of Anchorage, Alaska. (Something had to budge so the Prez could be depicted taking it up the ass, which by the way isn't 5-foot-0 May Lin's cup of tea.) "I love being naked where people can see me," the enticing fancier of *America's Next Top Model*, *16 and Pregnant*, hip-hop dancing and hot dogs lays on us. But that's just the tip of the iceberg. "I like girls, but I gotta have the dick!" May Lin exults. "I give fabulous head, and I love to be fucked!" On the verge of blowing out a milestone 21 candles in September, the cocky Frontier Stater waxes, "It would be awesome to spend my entire birthday having sex." —Photos by Friend



MORGAN

"As a woman in the boring working world, it's exciting for me to show off my sexy side in a magazine," proclaims this "girly, intellectual, seductive and risk-taking" radiologist from Chagrin Falls, Ohio.* More titillating than any X-ray, Morgan marvels, "I love, love, love threesomes—me and two guys! But once in a while I like to have another woman around." Being around the 5-foot-3 thirtysomething is advisable: "I'm fun to watch TV with because I always wear crotchless lingerie." Morgan, whose fave shows are *Cold Case Files* and *The Office*, also savors sky diving, Korn, Prince, Madonna, sex in public (notably a cinema and amusement park), masturbating—"I squirt, squirt, squirt!"—and cornholing. "The bigger and juicier the cock in my ass, the better!" howls Morgan, who ardently wishes to "seduce a Blue Angel pilot in his plane" and "corrupt an Amish guy." —Photos by DavidKPhoto.com

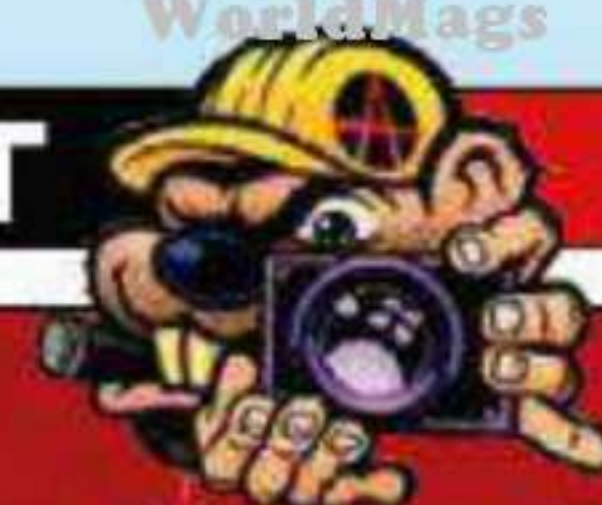


"I want two big cocks for my birthday!"



MISTY

"I'm back, doing my thing," asserts this "seductive, unashful and motivated" office worker from Grand Prairie, Texas. "I love posing nude." Misty has done it here before—we're not blind!—but now the 5-foot-*nada* aficionada of "panty hose, salsa dancing and giving great head" gets to encore as a September birthday gal. Misty hopes to turn 24 with an extra-special bang. "It would be the perfect time to experience my first double penetration," she coos. "Just thinking about my tight pussy and tighter asshole being filled by huge cocks at the same time is making me wet." Happy birthday, Misty! And thanks much for adding extra sizzle to *Beaver Hunt*. —Photos by Boyfriend



SISSY

Once a member of her high school's dance team, this "loud, funny and temperamental" denizen of Dawson, Texas, has now graduated to topless dancer and frisky wife. "Sex is like brushing your teeth," avows

Sissy, 29, whose fave TV show is *The First 48*. "I need to do it three times a day. I'm bi, seductive, aggressive and wet, wet, wet. I love having my clit licked, fucking doggy-style and masturbating with my trusty vibrator." Buzzing with vigor, the 5-foot-5 filly also mentions, "I shave my pussy so everyone can see Mickey, and everyone loves my ass—and not just to gawk at." Sissy's most memorable romp? "Me and hubby went to a swingers party. We were all fuckin', and I turned around to see a priest was fuckin' me. It was Halloween." —Photos by Friend

"One of my fantasies is to be fucked in a prison cell by a guard."



RACHEL ANNE

"I used to have MySpace and Facebook accounts, but they kept getting deleted for violating the terms of service," reveals this "open-minded and free-spirited" Webcam girl from Sumter, South Carolina. "It might have been the sliced-cheese or electrical-tape bikini pictures."

The uncensored Rachel Anne, 36, is welcome here. "I love showing off my body," adds the 5-foot-6 hard rock and country music enthusiast (topped by AC/DC and Stevie Ray Vaughan), who also digs *America's Next Top Model*, *Castle* and *CSI*. "The thought of HUSTLER readers getting off to my pics is a big turn-on. I especially love modeling nude outdoors. It's fun to tease strangers from a distance when they have no chance of getting to me." But those who merit getting close to Rachel Anne are in for a blast. "My favorite thing to do sexually is giving blowjobs," she gushes. "I'm really good at it. I also love riding a hard cock, being fingered till I squirt and fucking women with a strap-on dildo." Squeezing in a wild fantasy, Rachel Anne muses, "On a rainy day I want to make a guy stop his car somewhere, then bend over the hood and have him fuck me." —Photos by Friend



"Follow me on Twitter @Rachel_Anne_XXX."

**KAYLA**

"I love making sure all the old guys go home with their Viagra so they can fuck their wives," reflects this "outgoing and sexy" 25-year-old out of Winter Haven, Florida. "Being a pharmacy tech is a satisfying job." Determined to do a great job satisfying onlookers, Kayla continues, "I check out the Beavers every month and figured it was time to be one myself. I hope all of HUSTLER's readers get the same enjoyment from looking at me as I've gotten looking at some of the Beavers. I'd love to know I am making someone out there come." For her own enjoyment, the 5-foot-5 newbie relishes reading, going to the beach, TV (*Two and a Half Men*, *House*, *Bones*), Nickelback, XXX flicks and sex. "I love 69 and being fucked hard and deep," Kayla confides. "And I love trying new things. Group sex is amazing!" As is Kayla: "I always make sure my husband is pleased. I even let him have sex with other girls while I watch. My most memorable bedroom adventure was the first time I was with my best friend and my husband at the same time. Watching him fuck her was the biggest turn-on, and I had to have a taste." Kayla, who once had sex on a lifeguard stand, fantasizes, "I would love to fuck Jesse Jane in a porn movie with my seven-inch dildo named Adam. I'd also love to fuck Hugh Laurie, the guy who plays Dr. House." —Photos by Husband



"My husband loves the thought that other men and women will get to look at me."





Anchoring our shorter-than-usual roundup is a 5-foot-1 newcomer who doesn't hail from Anchorage but is quite arousing thanks to a smokin' bod and shortage of attire. "I'm confident, friendly, outgoing and willing to try anything," reckons Tata, 26, a stay-at-home mom from Louisville, Kentucky, with a yen for NASCAR (especially Tony Stewart), *Jersey Shore*, basketball and social networking. "So why not HUSTLER? I thought modeling nude would be exotic." To say the least, Tata is very erotic. "I'm always horny," she toots. "I'm also straight, but I have experimented with girls. I like it slow, but I'll end up getting butt-nasty. I love doggy-style!" Tata is also a wanker: "I like using a dildo and playing with my clit while watching a porno." With "a quickie at the Kentucky State Fair" under her belt, Tata now dreams of "having sex anywhere at a speedway." —Photos by Friend



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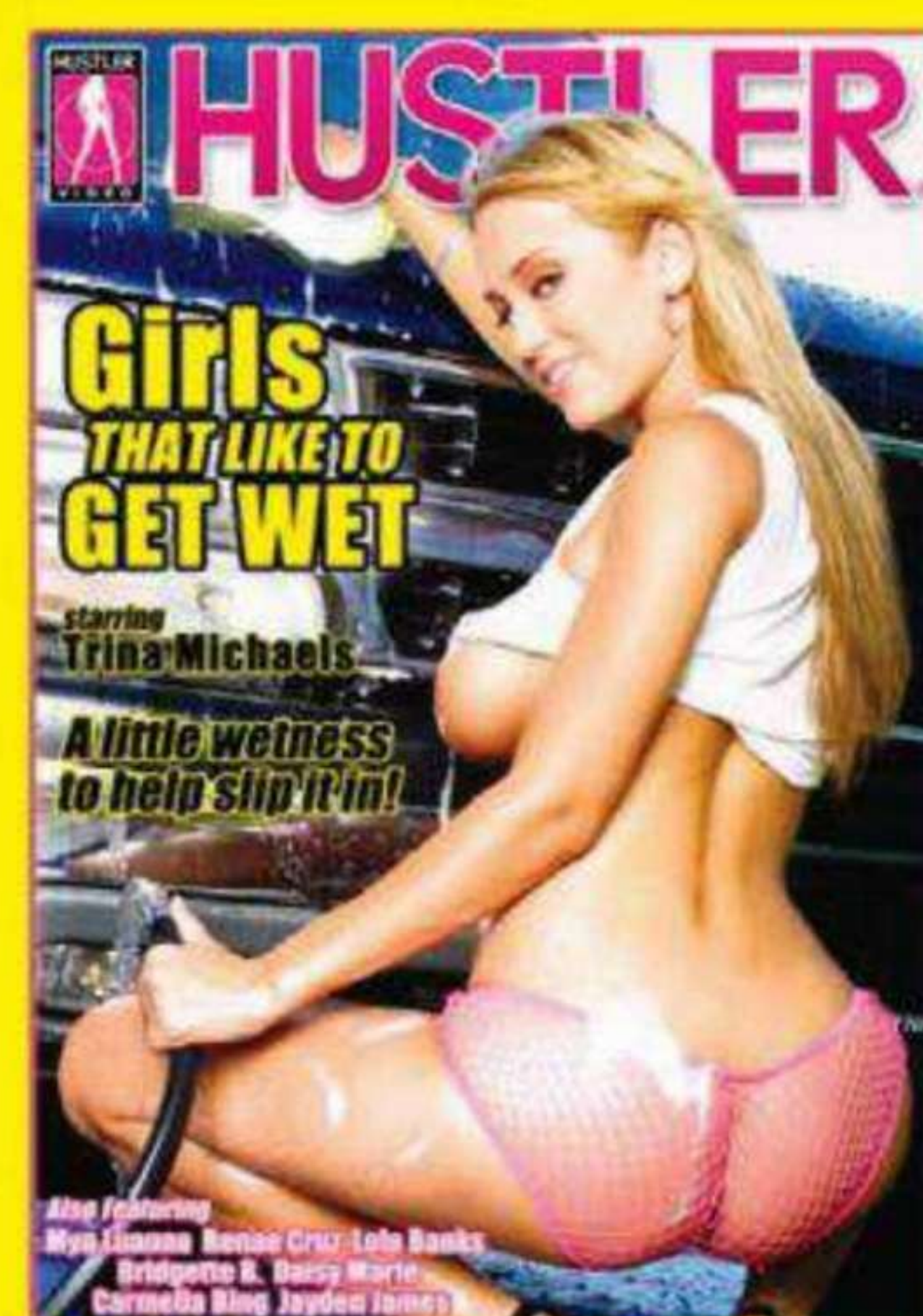
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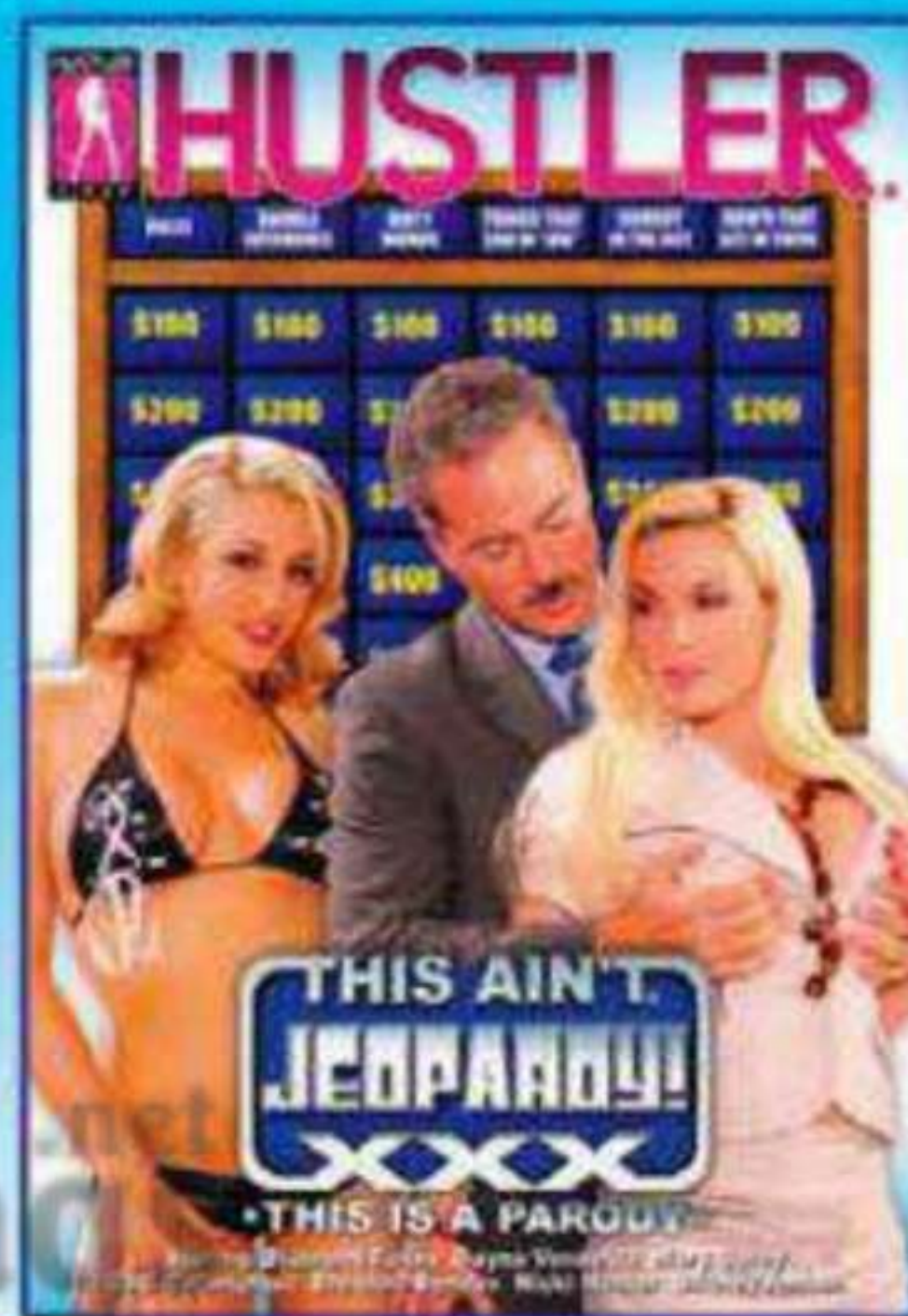
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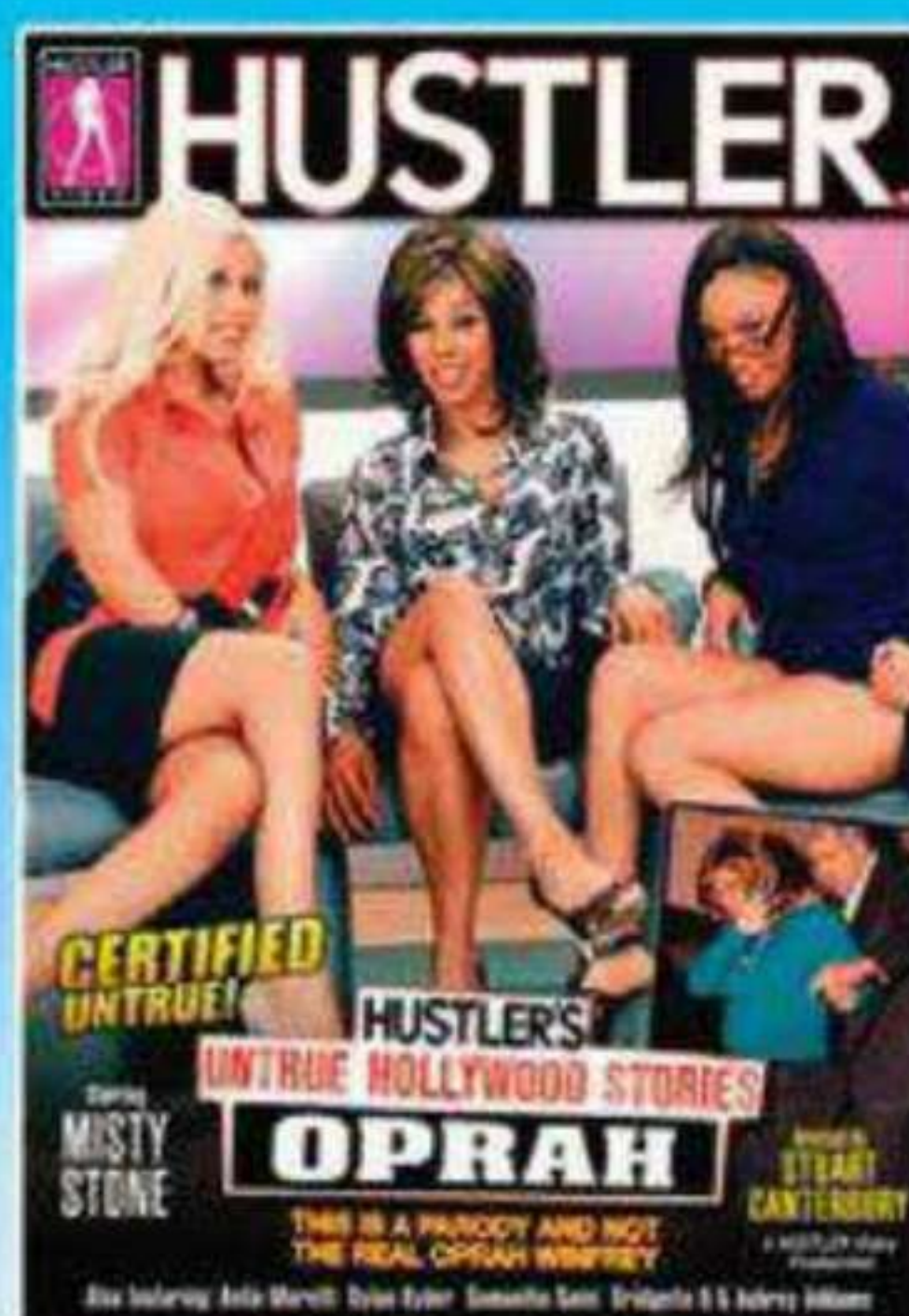
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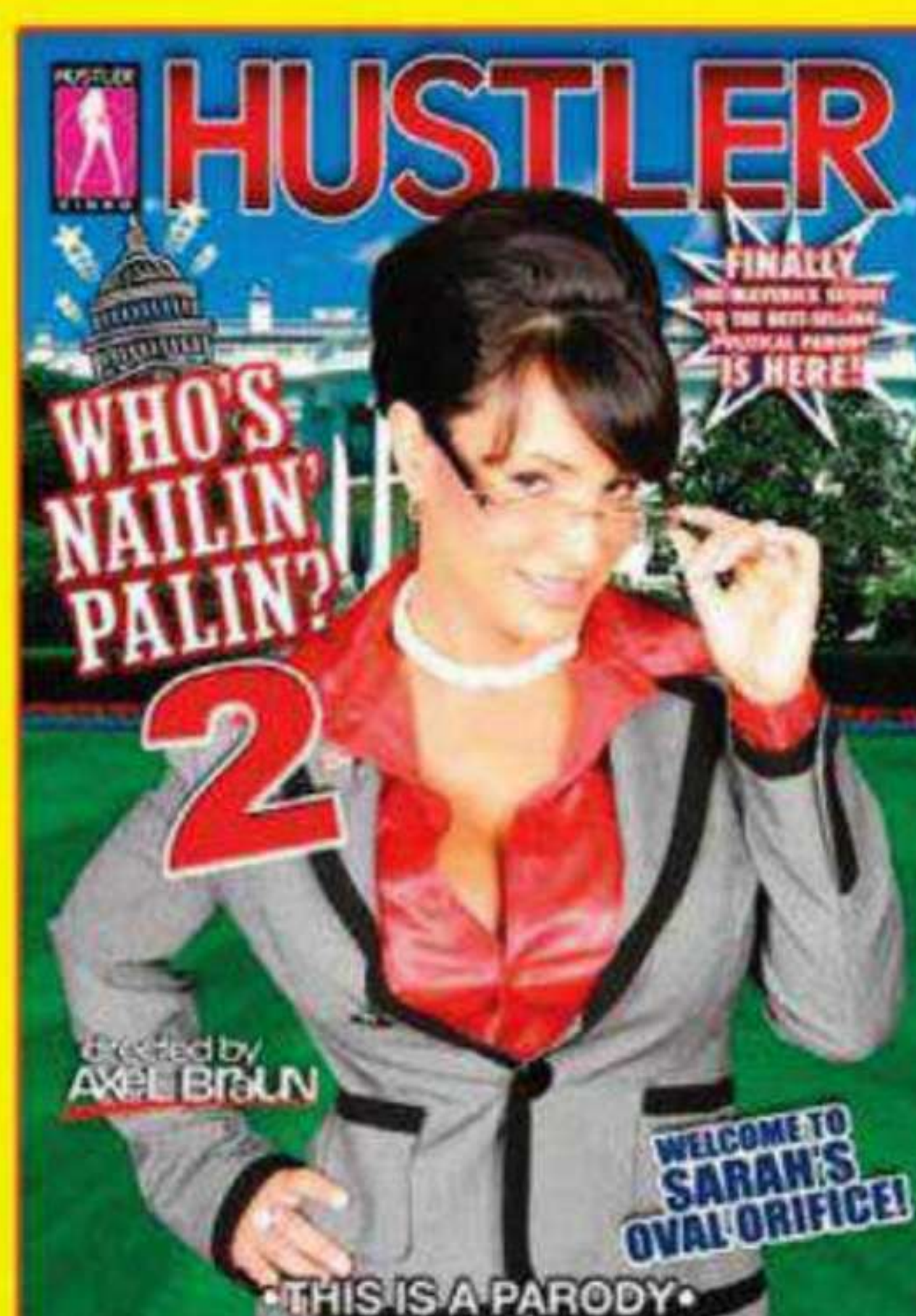
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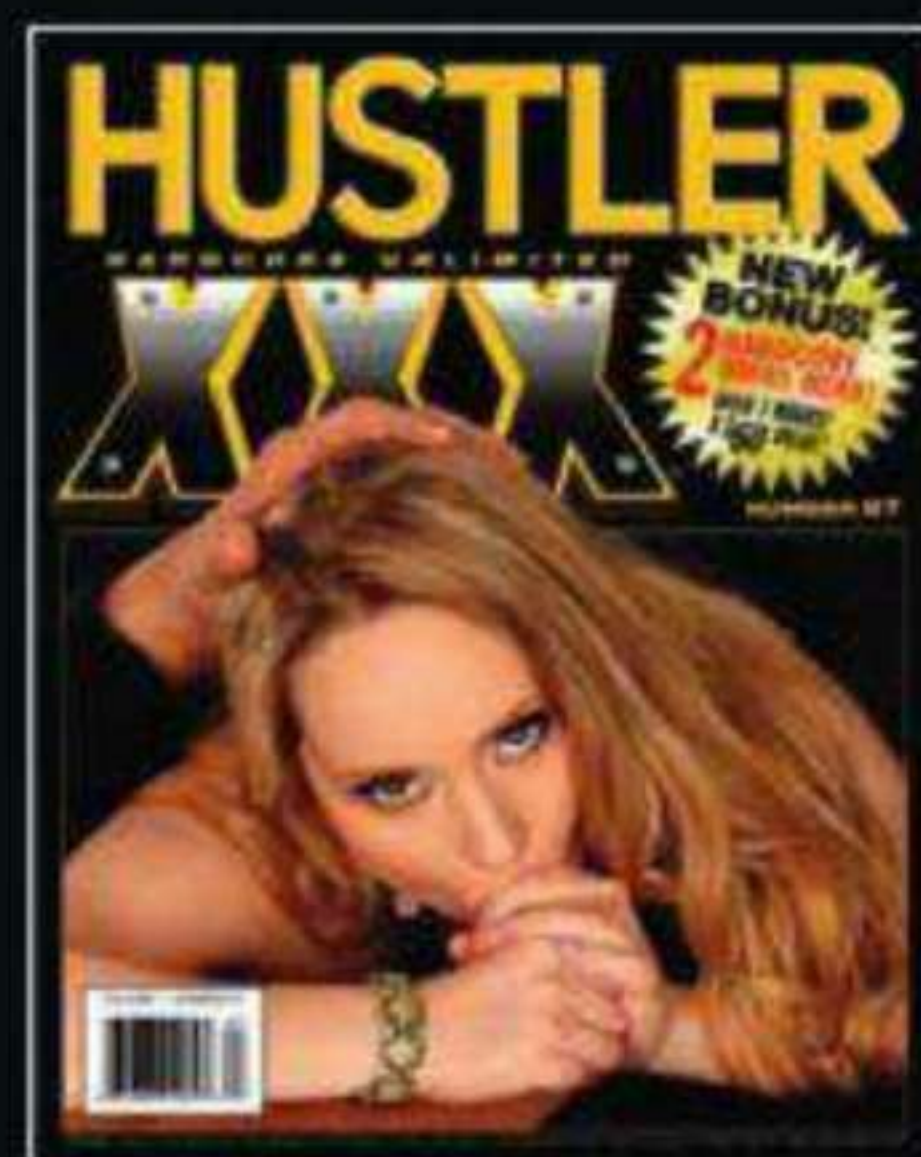
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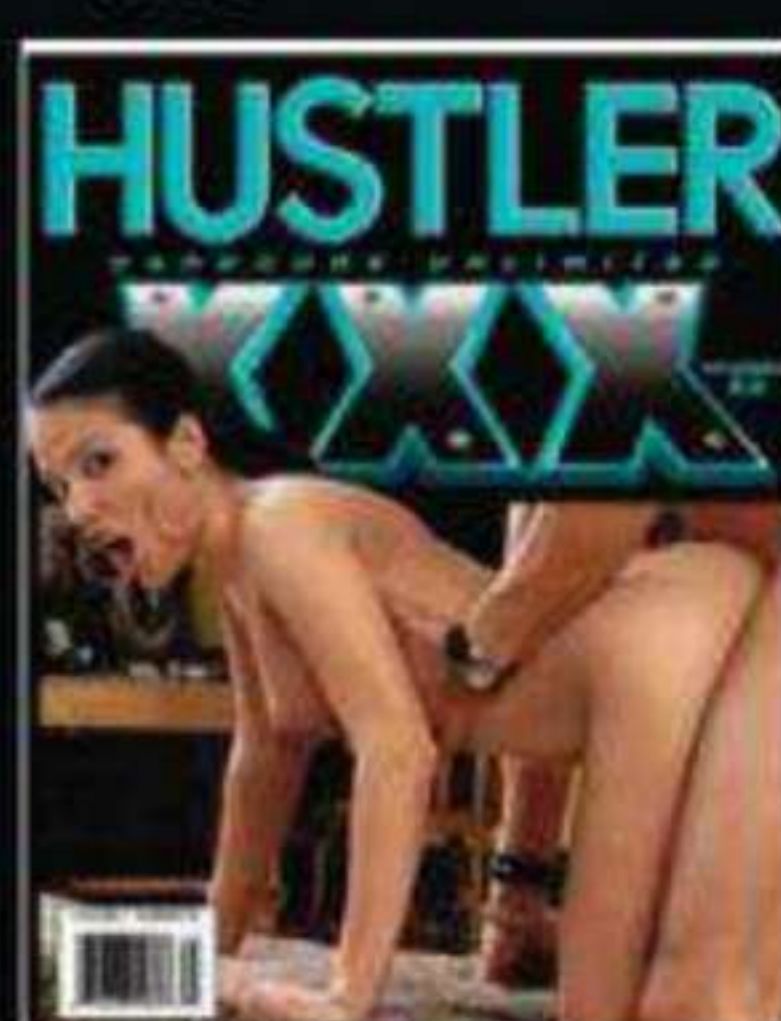
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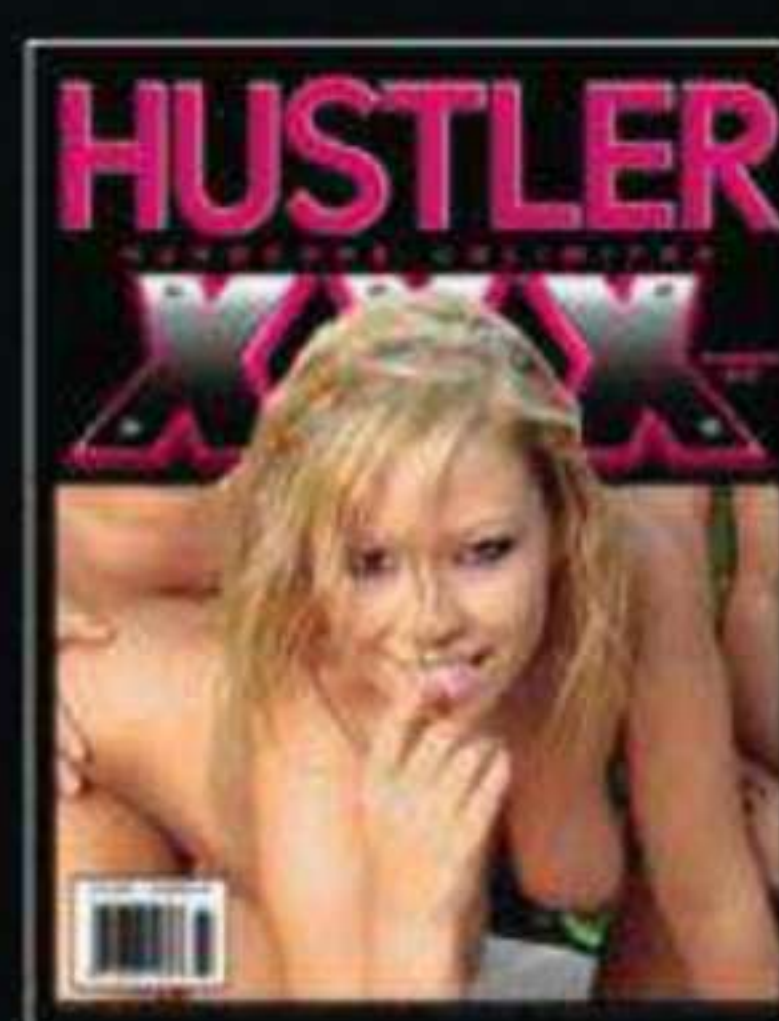
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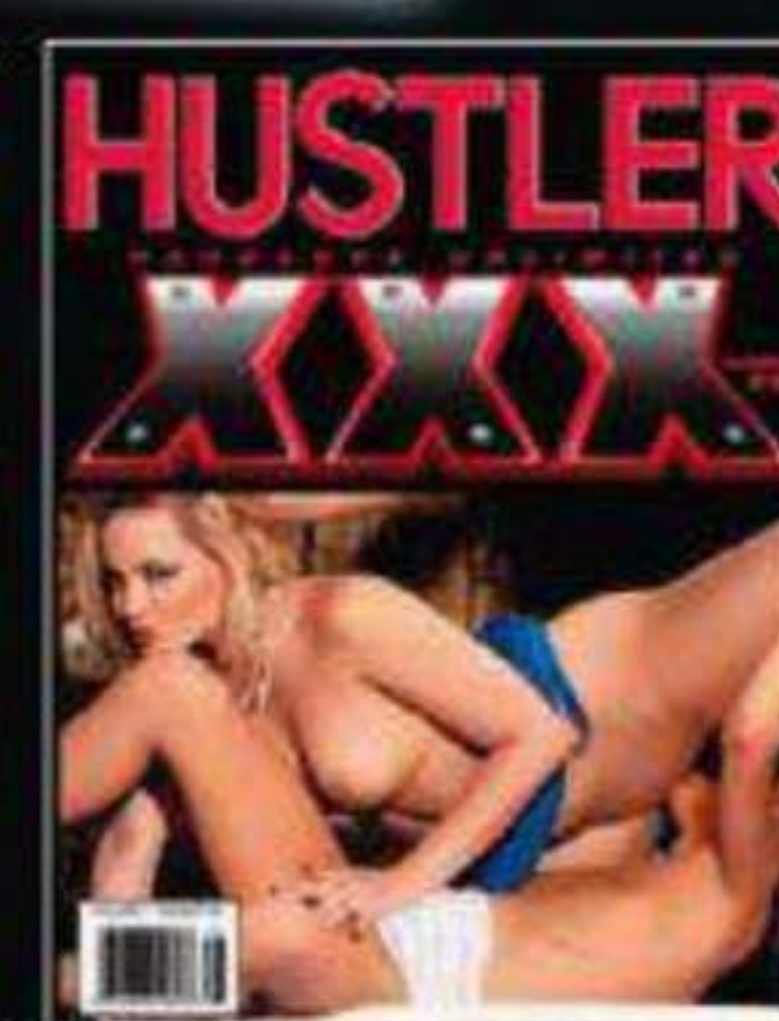
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PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIVE MCLEAN









HUSTLER: What are your measurements?

CHRISTY CANYON: You know, I've never had my measurements taken. I know that my chest size is 36D, but I don't know what my hips or waist are.

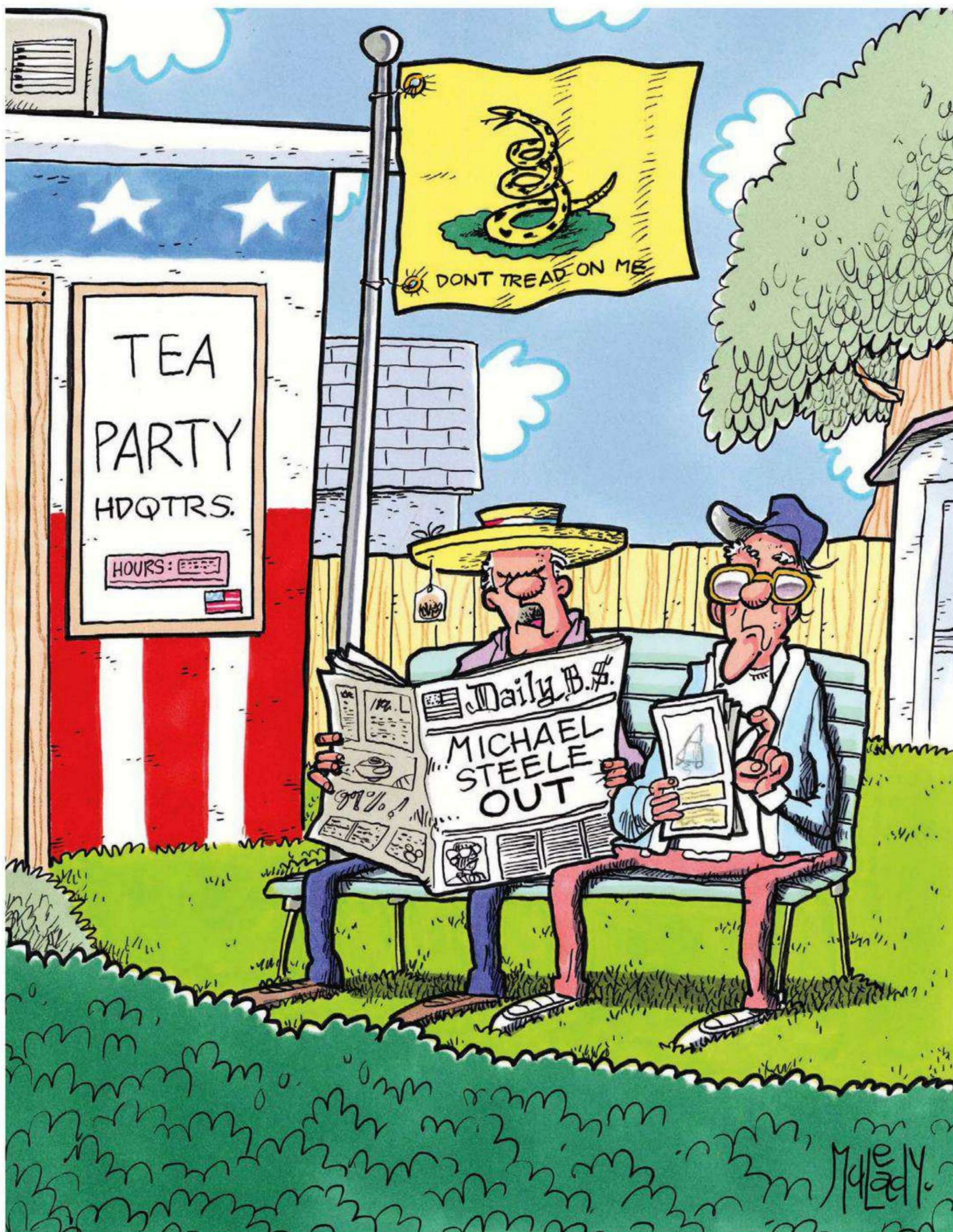
When you were young, did you ever envision yourself getting into this business?

Never! Before I started as a performer, I had only watched one porn film. I'll never forget it. It was Hal Freeman's *California Valley Girls*. I was over at a guy's house. I felt so young at the time.

How does it make you feel knowing that out there your audience is largely guys beating off to you having sex?

It's a compliment. I know the first time I watched a porn video, I got turned on.





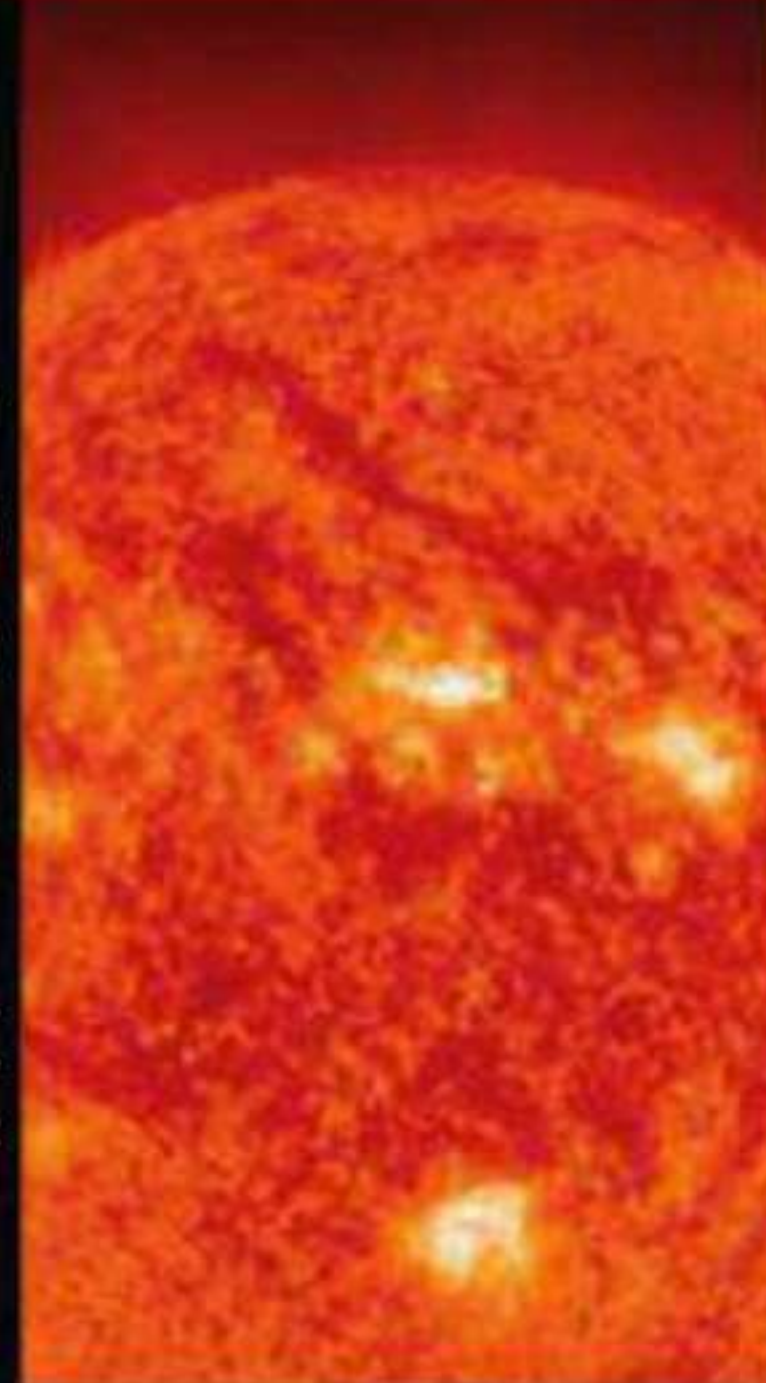
"The Republicans got rid of their worthless nigger. Now the Democrats have to get rid of theirs."

COMING NEXT

SOLAR MAXIMUM

PART 1: DEATH RAY FROM THE SUN

Solar activity has an 11-year cycle, and at its peak, eruptions on the sun's surface send supercharged particles leaping across space. But in 2013 this blast is predicted to be even more severe than usual, thereby frying communications satellites and power grids across the planet. Investigative reporter Christopher Ketcham spells out what will happen, and it won't be merely a temporary loss of your household appliances and cell phone service.



PART 2: THE NUCLEAR PERIL

In a companion article, Professor Karl Grossman discusses how all of America's 104 nuclear power plant reactors could melt down thanks to a solar superstorm. With electricity knocked out and water in short supply, overheated fuel rods would explode across the land, releasing enormous amounts of radioactive materials into the atmosphere. Such a cataclysm would dwarf Three Mile Island, Chernobyl and Fukushima.



SNEAK PEEK: PORN STAR JASMIN ST. CLAIRE'S INCREDIBLE MEMOIRS

How does a woman move on after wearing the crown of Gang-Bang Queen? Go-getter Jasmin St. Claire did it by making a name for herself in pro wrestling and the heavy metal music scene. Now she's recounted her roller coaster life in *What the Hell Was I Thinking?!! Confessions of the World's Most Controversial Sex Symbol*. As reviewer Mike McClay marvels, "It strips the XXX star naked in a way her porn movies never could." Of course, we'll toss in lots of unforgettable Jasmin pics.



THE SKIN MAGS THAT PAVED THE WAY FOR PLAYBOY AND HUSTLER

Back in the '50s and '60s, *Knave* and *Fiesta* were two newsstand sources of erotic photography. Although showing genitalia was strictly taboo, the models were glamorous, curvaceous and stimulating. We'll be showcasing a bevy of the bedazzlers who inspired Hugh Hefner and our own Larry Flynt to snub their noses at censorship and give men what they really wanted to see.



SCI-FI ADVENTURES OF COMIC BOOK HEROINE LUCY LASTIQUE

Jaxtraw Studios makes its HUSTLER debut with *Lucy Lastique*, which chronicles the arousing intergalactic exploits of a bodacious nymphomaniac and her pals. You may never see a better mix of cartoon playfulness and hot, messy sex than you will as Lucy unleashes her erototelpathic powers.



WHALE OF A SPECTACLE: THE BIGGEST SHOW ON EARTH

Little Darlings is one of Las Vegas's most popular strip clubs, but for one night its performers were anything but little. Thirteen really, really "big and beautiful" ladies stepped onstage to flap their folds and jiggle their jelly in pursuit of the title Miss BBW 2011. Don't miss Anthony Petkovich's uncoverage of the high-on-the-hog extravaganza.



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